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# ANALYSIS

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THE PRINCIPLES OF

321

# RHETORICAL DELIVERY,

AS APPLIED IN

## READING AND SPEAKING.

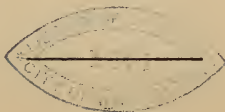
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"RHETORICAL READER," ETC.

Revised and Enlarged. ✓

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# PREFACE.

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## REVISED EDITION

FREQUENT calls for this work have induced the Publishers to issue a new and revised edition.

Few school books have met with more favor, or stood better the test of use, than Porter's Analysis; and few, if any, it is believed, have been made, on the subject of elocution, more philosophical, discriminating, and practical.

No changes have been made in this new edition which affect the original character and design of the work. For convenience in referring to principles and directions, the paragraphs have been numbered, and a suitable variety of type has been used to distinguish such as are most important from the illustrations and exercises. A few pages have been omitted in Part I., which were not deemed especially important to the student. The notation, as applied by Dr. Porter himself, and nearly all the marked exercises, have been retained. For the exercises of Part II., to which Dr. P.'s rhetorical notation was not applied, new pieces, for the most part, have been substituted, and selected in a variety

to correspond with the principles of the work before illustrated. The selections for this Part have been made with much care from writers and orators of the highest character, and may serve as exercises, both in reading and declamation.

Boston, *October*, 1848.

## DIRECTIONS TO TEACHERS.

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To those who may use this book, I have thought it proper to make the following preparatory suggestions:—

1. In a larger number of those who are to be taught reading and speaking, the first difficulty to be encountered arises from bad habits previously contracted. The most ready way to overcome these, is to go directly into the analysis of vocal sounds as they occur in conversation. But to change a settled habit, even in trifles, often requires perseverance for a long time; of course it is not the work of a moment, to transform a heavy, uniform manner of delivery, into one that is easy, discriminating, and forcible. This is to be accomplished, not by a few irresolute, partial attempts, but by a steadiness of purpose and of effort, corresponding with the importance of the end to be achieved. Nor should it seem strange if, in this process of transformation, the subject of it should at first appear somewhat artificial and constrained in manner. More or less of this inconvenience is unavoidable, in all important changes of habit. The young pupil in chirography never can become an elegant penman, till his bad habit of holding his pen is broken up; though for a time the change may make him write worse than before. In respect to Elocution, as well as every other art, the case may be in some measure similar. But let the new manner become so familiar, as to have in its favor the advantages of habit, and the difficulty ceases.



2. The pupil should learn the distinction of inflections, by reading the familiar examples under one rule, occasionally turning to the Exercises, when more examples are necessary; and the teacher's voice should set him right whenever he makes a mistake. In the same manner, he should go through all the rules successively. If he acquires the habit of giving too great or too little *extent* to his slides of voice, he should be carefully corrected, according to the suggestions given in paragraphs 71, 74, 75; also, 83 and notes; also, 162, 163, and 164. After getting the command of the voice, the great point to be steadily kept in view, is to apply the principles of emphasis and inflection, just as nature and sentiment demand. In respect to those principles of modulation, in which the power of delivery so essentially consists, we should always remember, too, that, as no theory of the passions can teach a man to be pathetic, so no description that can be given of the inflection, emphasis, and tones, which accompany emotion, can impart this emotion, or be a substitute for it. No adequate description indeed can be given for the nameless and ever-varying shades of expression which real pathos gives to the voice. Precepts here are only subsidiary helps to genius and sensibility.

3. Previous attention should be given to any example or exercise, before it is read to the Teacher. At the time of reading, the student should generally go through, without interruption; and then the Teacher should explain any fault, and correct it by the example of his own voice, requiring the parts to be repeated. It would be useful often to inquire why such a modification of voice occurs in such a place, and how a change of structure would vary the inflection, stress, etc. When the examples are short, as in all the former part of the work, reference may easily be made to any sentence; and in the long examples, the lines are numbered, on the left hand of the page, to facilitate the reference, after a passage has been read.

4. When any portion of the Exercises is committed to memory for declamation, it should be *perfectly* committed before it is spoken;

as any labor of recollection is certainly fatal to freedom, and variety, and force, in speaking. In general, it were well that the same piece should be subsequently once or more repeated, with a view to adopt the suggestions of the Instructor. The selected pieces are short, because, for the purpose of improvement in elocution, a piece of four or five minutes is better than one of fifteen. And more advance may be made, in managing the voice and countenance, by speaking, several times, a short speech, though an old one, like that of Brutus on the Death of Cæsar, (if it is done with due care each time to correct what was amiss,) than in speaking many long pieces, however spirited or new, which are but half committed, and in the delivery of which all scope of feeling and adaptation of manner, are frustrated by labor of memory. The attempt to speak with this indolent, halting preparation, is in all respects worse than nothing.

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## KEY OF RHETORICAL NOTATION.

### KEY OF INFLECTION.

— denotes monotone.	\ denotes falling inflection.
/ “ rising inflection.	∪ “ circumflex.

### KEY OF MODULATION.

(○) high.	(=) quick.
(○○) high and loud.	(—) plaintive.
(○) low.	(  ) rhetorical pause.
(○○) low and loud.	(<) increase.
(..) slow.	(>) decrease.



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# ANALYSIS

## OF THE

### PRINCIPLES OF RHETORICAL DELIVERY.

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#### CHAPTER I.

##### READING.—ITS CONNECTION WITH SPEAKING.

1. DELIVERY, in the most general sense, is the communication of our thoughts to others by oral language.

2. The importance of this, in professions where it is the chief instrument by which one mind acts on others, is so obvious as to have given currency to the maxim, that an indifferent composition, well delivered, is better received in any popular assembly, than a superior one, delivered badly.

3. In no point is public sentiment more united than in this—that the usefulness of one whose main business is public speaking, depends greatly on an impressive elocution. This taste is not peculiar to the learned or the ignorant; it is the taste of all men.

4. But the importance of the subject is by no means limited to public speakers. In this country, where literary institutions of every kind are springing up, and where the advantages of education are open to all, no one is qualified to hold a respectable rank in well-bred society, who is unable at least to *read*, in an interesting manner, the works of others.

5. They who regard this as a polite accomplishment merely, forget to how many purposes of business, of rational entertainment, and of religious duty, the talent may be applied. Of the

multitudes who are not called to speak in public, including the whole of one sex, and all but comparatively a few of the other, there is no one to whom the art of reading in a graceful and impressive manner may not be of great value.

6. Besides, as the prevalent faults of public speakers arise chiefly from early habits contracted in reading, the correction of those faults should begin by learning to read well.

7. Reading, then, like style, may be considered as of two sorts — the *correct* and the *rhetorical*.

8. *Correct* reading respects merely the sense of what is read.

9. When performed audibly, for the benefit of others, it is still only the same sort of process which one performs silently, for his own benefit, when he casts his eye along the page, to ascertain the meaning of its author.

10. The chief purpose of the correct reader is to be *intelligible*; and this requires an accurate perception of grammatical relation in the structure of sentences; a due regard to accent and pauses, to strength of voice, and clearness of utterance.

11. This manner is generally adopted in reading plain, unimpassioned style, such as that which we find to a considerable extent in those Psalms of David, and Proverbs of Solomon, where the sentences are short, without emphasis. It often prevails, too, in the reading of narrative, and of public documents in legislative and judicial transactions.

12. The character and purpose of a composition may be such, that it would be as preposterous to read it with tones of emotion, as it would be, to announce a proposition in grammar or geometry in the language of metaphor. But, though merely the correct manner suits many purposes of reading, it is dry and inanimate, and is the lowest department in the province of delivery. Still the great majority, not to say of respectable men, but of *bookish* men, go nothing beyond this in their attainments or attempts.

13. *Rhetorical* reading has a higher object, and calls into action higher powers. It is not applicable to a com-

position destitute of emotion, for it supposes *feeling*. It does not barely express the thoughts of an author, but expresses them with the force, variety, and beauty, which feeling demands.

14. The value of the graphic art consists in its being a medium for the *acquisition* of knowledge, and for the *communication* of it. In the former case, I refer to the use we make of language in silent reading. The facility with which this is done depends on our acquaintance with the characters of which words are formed; the meaning of words, singly; and the principles which govern their combination in sentences.

15. Our eye may glance over a page in our own tongue, so as to perceive all its meaning, in the same time that would be employed on a short sentence of a language which we are only beginning to learn. But in silent reading, though the eye perceives at a look the form and meaning of words, it cannot perceive the meaning of sentences, without including also grammatical relation.

16. Hence points or pauses are indispensable in the graphic art, as designed merely for the eye. We may take as an example the celebrated response of the oracle —

“Ibis et redibis nunquam peribis in bello.”

The eye has no means of judging whether the meaning is, *you shall never return*, or, *you shall never perish*, unless a pause is inserted before or after *nunquam*, to determine with which verb it is grammatically connected.

17. So far the principles of written language go; they embrace words and pauses, and here stop. But the moment we come to transform this *written* language into *oral*, by reading aloud, a new set of principles come in with their claims, for which the arts of writing and of printing have made no provision.

18. Here the reader becomes a speaker, and is required to mark with his voice the degrees of emphatic stress, and all the

varieties of pitch, quantity of sound, and rate of utterance, which sentiment demands. But he is trammelled with the narrowness of language as presented to the eye. He has been accustomed to regard words and pauses only, and all the movements of his voice are adjusted accordingly. You may tell him that he has a tone, but he knows not what you mean. Tell him to be natural, to be in earnest, and you have given him an excellent direction indeed; but how to apply it to the case in hand, is the difficulty. He is more rapid perhaps, or more loud, for this admonition, but, under the dominion of inveterate habit, he goes on with his tone still.

19. To the above defect in the art of printing let another fact be added, — that a great proportion of language, as it appears in books, neither demands nor admits any variety of tones and emphasis; and another still, that, in most men, habits of voice, once established, cannot be changed without great and persevering efforts; and it will not seem strange that the number of good readers is so small, even among educated and professional men.

20. British writers have constantly complained of the dull, formal manner in which the Liturgy and the Sacred Scriptures are read in their churches. And often, in the pulpits of this country, the reading of the Bible is apparently so destitute, not of feeling and devotion merely, but of all just discrimination, as to remind one of the question put by Philip to the nobleman of Ethiopia — “Understandest thou what thou readest?”

21. When we consider the extent to which these faults prevail in rhetorical reading, and the correspondent faults which of course prevail in public speaking, it is time that this greatly neglected subject should receive its due share of attention, amid the general advances in other departments of literature and taste.

22. Now, if there could at once spring up in our country a supply of teachers, competent, as living models, to regulate the tones of boys, in the forming age, nothing more would be needed. But, to a great extent, these teachers are to be themselves formed. And to produce the transformation which the



case demands, some attempt seems necessary to go to the root of the evil, by incorporating the principles of spoken language with the written.

23. Not that such a change should be attempted in respect to books generally ; but in books of elocution, designed for this single purpose, visible marks may be employed, sufficient to designate the chief points of established correspondence between sentiment and voice. These principles, being well settled in the mind of the pupil, may be spontaneously applied, where no such marks are used.

But as this subject is to be resumed under the head of inflections, I drop it here, with a remark or two in passing.

REM. 1. Be it remembered, then, that all directions, as to management of the voice, must be regarded as subsidiary to expression of *feeling*, or they are worse than useless. "Emotion is the thing. One flash of passion on the cheek, one beam of feeling from the eye, one thrilling note of sensibility from the tongue, has a thousand times more value than any exemplification of mere rules, where feeling is absent."\* The benefit of analysis and precept is, to aid the teacher in making the pupil conscious of his own faults, as a prerequisite to their correction. The object is, to unfetter the soul, and to set it free to act. In doing this, a notation for the eye, designed to regulate the voice in a few obvious particulars, may be of much advantage ; otherwise why shall we not dismiss *punctuation*, too, from books, and depend wholly on the teacher for pauses, as well as tones ?

REM. 2. The reasonable prejudice which some intelligent men have felt against any system of notation, arises from the preposterous extent to which it has been carried by a few popular teachers, and especially by their humble imitators. A judicious medium is what we want. Five characters in music, and six vowels in writing, enter into an infinitude of combinations in melody and language. So the elementary modifications of voice in speaking are few, and easily understood ; and to mark them, so far as distinction is useful, does not require a tenth part of the rules which some have thought necessary.

REM. 3. The intellectual and moral qualities indispensable to form an orator, are brought into view, in the following pages, no further than they modify delivery. The parts of external oratory, as voice, look, and gesture, are only instruments by which the soul acts ; when the inspiration of soul is absent, these instruments cannot produce eloquence. A treatise on delivery, then, must presuppose the existence of genius, mental discipline, and elevation of moral sentiment ; though a distinct consideration of these belongs to RHETORIC, as a branch of intellectual and Christian philosophy.

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\* Knowles.

## DIVISIONS OF THE WORK.

24. The parts of delivery to be considered in their order are,

I. ARTICULATION.

II. INFLECTION.

III. ACCENT AND EMPHASIS.

IV. MODULATION.

V. ACTION.

REM. I premise here, once for all, that I employ terms according to the best modern use, with as little as possible of technical abstractness. Elocution, which anciently embraced style, and the whole art of rhetoric, now signifies manner of delivery, whether of our own thoughts or those of others. Pronunciation, which anciently signified the whole of delivery, is now equivalent to orthoëpy, or the proper utterance of single words. It were easy, by a critical disquisition, to trace out the etymological affinities of all these terms, and to teach the pupil a distinction between an orator and an eloquent man, between articulation and distinct enunciation of words, etc.; but instead of the scientific air adopted in some works on elocution, it seems to me that the better, because the simpler, course is, to use words as they will be most readily understood by men of reading and taste.

In this view I have chosen to make the head of Modulation so generic, as to include *pitch, quantity, rate, rhetorical pause, transition, expression, and representation*.

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## CHAPTER II.

### ARTICULATION.

#### IMPORTANCE OF A GOOD ARTICULATION.

25. ON whatever subject, and for whatever purpose, a man speaks to his fellow-men, they will never listen to him with interest, unless they can hear what he says; and that without effort. If his utterance is rapid and indistinct, no weight of his sentiments, no strength or smoothness of voice, no excellence of modulation,

emphasis, or cadence, will enable him to speak so as to be heard with pleasure.

26. For his own sake, too, the public speaker should feel the importance of a clear articulation. Without this, the necessary apprehension that his voice may not reach distant hearers, will lead to elevation of pitch, and increase of quantity; till he gradually forms a habit of vociferation, at the expense of all interesting variety, if not (as in too many cases it has turned out) with the sacrifice of lungs and life.

27. Every one who is accustomed to converse with partially deaf persons, knows how much more easily they hear a moderate voice with clear articulation, than one that is loud, but rapid and indistinct. In addressing a public assembly, the same advantage attends a voice of inferior strength, which marks the proper distinction of letters and syllables.\*

28. It has been well said, that a good articulation is to the ear what a fair handwriting, or a fair type, is to the eye. Who has not felt the perplexity of supplying a word, torn away by the seal of a letter; or a dozen syllables of a book, in as many lines, cut off by the carelessness of a binder?

29. The same inconvenience is felt from a similar omission in

\* For these reasons, the ancients regarded articulation as the first requisite in delivery; without which, indeed, all other acquisitions are vain. On this account, Cicero says † the Catuli were esteemed the best speakers of the Latin language; their tones being sweet, and their syllables uttered without effort in a voice neither feeble nor clamorous. So fastidious was the Roman ear, even among the uneducated, that the same orator says, "In repetition of a verse, the whole theatre was in an uproar, if there happened to be one syllable too many or too few. Not that the crowd had any notion of numbers; nor could they tell what it was which gave the offence, nor in what respect it was a fault." It was not because the fire of genius was wanting in the youthful orator of Athens, that his audience repeatedly met his first efforts in speaking with hisses; but it was on account of his feeble, hurried, stammering utterance. To correct these faults it was that he betook himself to speaking amid the sound of dashing waves, the effort of walking up hill, and the inconvenience of holding pebbles in his mouth, that he might acquire a body to his voice, and a habit of distinct and deliberate utterance.

† De Officiis, lib. I.

spoken languages ; with this additional disadvantage, that we are not at liberty to stop and spell out the meaning by construction. I have heard a preacher with a good voice, in addressing his hearers with the exhortation, " Repent, and return to the Lord," utter distinctly but three syllables, namely, *pent*, — *turn*, — *Lord*.

30. Who would excuse the *printer* that should mutilate this sentence in the same manner? When a man reads Latin or Greek, we expect him to utter nouns, pronouns, and even particles, so that their several syllables, especially those denoting grammatical inflections, may be heard distinctly. Let one noun in a sentence be spoken so that the ear cannot perceive whether it is in the nominative, or accusative, or vocative, or ablative, — or one verb, so as to leave it uncertain to what mood or tense it belongs, — and the sense of the whole sentence is ruined.

31. But in the English language, abounding as it does with particles, harsh syllables, and compound words, both the necessity and the difficulty of a perfect utterance are greater still. Our thousands of prefix and suffix syllables, auxiliaries, and little words which mark grammatical connection, render bad articulation a fatal defect in delivery.

32. One example may illustrate my meaning. A man of indistinct utterance reads this sentence : " The magistrates ought to prove a declaration so publicly made." When I perceive that his habit is to strike only the accented syllable clearly, sliding over others, I do not know whether it is meant that they ought to *prove* the declaration, or to *approve* it, or *reprove* it, — for in either case he would speak only the syllable *prove*. Nor do I know whether the magistrates *ought* to do it, or the magistrate *sought* to do it.

33. A respectable modern writer on delivery says, " In just articulation, the words are not to be hurried over ; nor precipitated syllable over syllable ; nor, as it were, melted together into a mass of confusion. They should be neither abridged nor prolonged ; nor swallowed, nor forced ; they should not be trailed, nor drawled, nor let to slip out carelessly, so as to drop unfinished. They are to be delivered out from the lips as beautiful coins newly issued from the mint, deeply and accurately impressed, perfectly

finished, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, in due succession, and due weight.”\*

#### CAUSES OF DEFECTIVE ARTICULATION.

34. This arises from *bad organs*, or *bad habits*, or *sounds of difficult utterance*.

35. Every one knows how the loss of a tooth, or a contusion on the lip, affects the formation of oral sounds. When there is an essential fault in the structure of the mouth; when the tongue is disproportionate in length or width, or sluggish in its movements; or the palate is too high or too low; or the teeth badly set or decayed,—art may diminish, but cannot fully remove the difficulty.

36. In nine cases out of ten, however, imperfect articulation comes not so much from bad organs as from the abuse of good ones.†

37. Besides the mischief that comes from early imitation, the animal and intellectual temperament doubtless has some connection with this subject. A sluggish action of the mind imparts a correspondent character to the action of the vocal organs, and makes speech only a succession of indolent, half-formed sounds,

\* Austin's Chironomia.

† Sheridan says, “In several northern counties of England, there are scarce any of the inhabitants who can pronounce the letter *r* at all. Yet it would be strange to suppose that all those people should have been so unfortunately distinguished from other natives of this island, as to be born with any peculiar defect in their organs, when this matter is so plainly to be accounted for upon the principles of imitation and habit.” Though provincialisms are fewer in this country than in most others, a similar incapacity is witnessed, in families or districts more or less extensive, to speak certain letters or syllables, which are elsewhere spoken with perfect ease. The same fact extends to different nations. There are some sounds of the English language, as the nice distinction between *d* and *t*, and between the two aspirated sounds of *th*, that adult natives of France and Germany cannot learn to pronounce. Some sounds in their languages are equally difficult to us; but this implies no original difference of vocal organs. And surely no defect in these need be supposed, to account for stubborn imperfections in the utterance of those who from infancy have been under the influence of vulgar example.



more resembling the muttering of a dream, than the clear articulation which we ought to expect in one who knows what he is saying.

38. Excess of vivacity, on the other hand, or excess of sensibility, often produces a hasty, confused utterance. Delicacy speaks in a timid, feeble voice ; and the fault of indistinctness is often aggravated, in a bashful child, by the indiscreet chidings of his teacher, designed to push him into greater speed in spelling out his early lessons ; while he has little familiarity with the form and sound, and less with the meaning of words.

#### DIFFICULTIES IN ARTICULATION.

39. The *first* and chief difficulty lies in the fact that *articulation consists essentially in the consonant sounds*, and that many of these are difficult of utterance.

40. My limits do not allow me to illustrate this by a minute analysis of the elements of speech. It is evident to the slightest observation that the open vowels are uttered with ease and strength. On these, public criers swell their notes to so great a compass. On these, too, the loudest notes of music are formed.

41. Hence the great skill which is requisite to distinct articulation in music ; for the stream of voice, which flows so easily on the vowels and half vowels, is interrupted by the occurrence of a harsh consonant ; and not only the sound, but the breath, is entirely stopped by a mute.

42. In singing, for example, any syllable which ends with *p*, *k*, *d*, or *t*, all the sound must be uttered on the preceding vowel ; for when the organs come to the proper position for speaking the mute, the voice instantly ceases. Let any experienced singer carefully try the experiment of speaking, in the notes of a slow tune, these lines : —

“ With earnest longings of the mind,  
My God, to thee I look.”

Each syllable should be spoken by itself, with a pause after it.

43. In this way it will appear that where the syllable ends with

a consonant, especially a mute, the stream of sound is emitted on the preceding vowel, but is broken off when the consonant is finished. This is the case with the syllables *mind*, *God*, *look*; the moment the organs come into a position to speak *d* or *k*, they are shut, so as to stop both sound and breath. But in the syllables *my*, *to*, *thee*, *I*, the closing vowel sounds are perfectly formed at once, and may be continued indefinitely, without any change of the organs.

44. The common mode of singing, indeed, is but a mere succession of musical notes, or open vowel sounds, varying in pitch, with little attempt to articulate the consonant sounds. This explains what has sometimes been thought a mystery, that stammering persons find little difficulty in reading poetry, and none in singing;\* whereas they stop at once in speaking, when they come to certain consonants.

45. Any one who would practically understand this subject, should recollect that the distinction between human speech and the inarticulate sounds of brutes, lies not in the vowels, but in the *consonants*; and that in a defective utterance of these, bad articulation primarily consists.

46. A *second* difficulty arises from the *immediate succession of the same or similar sounds*. [For practice, see Ex. I. No. 344.]

EXAMPLES. (1.) From the recurrence of aspirates and vowels; as,

“Up the *h*igh *h*ill *h*e *h*eaves a *h*uge round stone.”

(2.) From the collision † of open vowels; as,

“Though oft the *e*ar the open vowels tire.”

(3.) A still greater difficulty is occasioned by the immediate recurrence of the same consonant sound, without the intervention

\* This is partly owing, also, to a deliberate metrical movement.

† Every scholar knows that the Greeks adopted many changes in the combination of syllables to render their language euphonic, by avoiding such collisions. On this account they wrote πάντ' ἔλεγον for πάντα ἔλεγον; ἀφ' ου for ἀπὸ οὗ; καγὼ for καὶ ἐγώ; δέδωκεν αὐτῷ for δέδωκε αὐτῷ, etc.



of a vowel or a pause ; as, “ For Christ’s sake.” “ The hosts still stood.” “ The battle lasts still.”

*Examples in which bad articulation affects the sense.*

Wastes and deserts ; — Waste sand deserts.

To obtain either ; — To obtain neither.

His cry moved me ; — His crime moved me.

He could pay nobody ; — He could pain nobody.

47. Two successive sounds are to be formed here, with the organs in the same position ; so that, without a pause between, only one of the single sounds is spoken ; and the difficulty is much increased when sense or grammatical relation forbids such a pause ; as between the simple nominative and the verb, the verb and its object, the adjective and its substantive. In the last example, — “ He could pain nobody,” — grammar forbids a pause between *pain* and *nobody*, while orthoëpy demands one. But change the structure so as to render a pause proper after *pain*, and the difficulty vanishes ; thus, “ Though he endured great pain, nobody pitied him.”

48. A *third* difficulty arises from the *influence of accent*.

49. The importance which this stress attaches to syllables on which it falls, requires them to be spoken in a more full and deliberate manner than others. Hence, if the recurrence of this stress is too close, it occasions heaviness in utterance ; if too remote, indistinctness. An example of the former kind, we have from the poet before quoted.

“ And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.”

50. This, too, is an additional reason for the difficult utterance of the line lately quoted from the same writer : —

“ Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone.”

The poet compels us, in spite of metrical harmony, to lay an accent on each syllable.

51. But the remoteness of accent in other cases involves a greater difficulty still ; as in the words *communicatively*, *authoritatively*, *terrestrial*, *reasonableness*, *disinterestedness*.

52. A *fourth* difficulty arises from a tendency of the organs to *slide over unaccented vowels*.\*

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\* Walker says, “ Where vowels are under the accent, the prince and the lowest of the people, with very few exceptions, pronounce them in the same

53. There is a large class of words beginning with *pre* and *pro*, in which the distinction between the careful scholar and the illiterate man seldom fails to appear. In *prevent*, *prevail*, *predict*, a bad articulation sinks *e* of the first syllable so as to make *pr-vent*, *pr-vail*, *pr-dict*. The case is the same with *o* in *proceed*, *profane*, *promote*; spoken *pr-ceed*, etc. So *e* and *o* are confounded with short *u* in *event*, *omit*, etc., spoken *uvvent*, *ummit*. In the same manner, *u* is transformed into *e*, as in *populous*, *regular*, *singular*, *educate*, etc., spoken *pop-e-lous*, *reg-e-lar*, *ed-e-cate*. A smart percussion of the tongue, with a little rest on the consonant before *u*, so as to make it quite distinct, would remove the difficulty.

54. The same sort of defect, it may be added, often appears in the indistinct utterance of consonants ending syllables; thus in *at-tempt*, *at-tention*, *ef-fect*, *of-fence*, the consonant of the first syllable is suppressed. [For practice, see 344, Ex. III.]

## CAUTIONS.

To the foregoing remarks, it may be proper to add three cautions.

55. The first is, in aiming to acquire a distinct articulation, take care not to form one that is *measured* and *mechanical*.

OBS. Something of preciseness is very apt to appear at first, when we attempt to correct the above faults; but practice and perseverance will enable us to combine ease and fluency with clearness of utterance. The child, in passing from his spelling manner, is ambitious to become a swift reader, and thus falls into a confusion of organs that is to be cured only by retracing the steps which produced it. The remedy, however, is no better than the fault, if it runs into a *scan-ning*, *pe-dan-tic for-mal-i-ty*, giving undue stress to particles and unaccented syllables; thus, "He is *the* man *of* all *the* world whom I rejoice to meet." Perhaps there is something in the technical formalities of language attached to the bar, which inclines some speakers of that profession to this fault. In the pulpit, there is sometimes an artificial solemnity, which produces a drawling, measured articulation, of a still more exceptionable kind.\*

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manner; but the unaccented vowels, in the mouth of the former, have a distinct, open sound; while the latter often totally sink them, or change them into some other sound."

\* In some parts of our country, inhabited by descendants of foreigners,

56. The second caution is, — *let the close of sentences be spoken clearly*; with sufficient strength, and on the proper pitch, to bring out the meaning completely. No part of a sentence is so important as the close, both in respect to sense and harmony.

57. The third caution is, — *ascertain your own defects of articulation, by the aid of some friend, and then devote a short time, statedly and daily, to correct them.*

REM. It is impossible, without a resolute experiment, to know how much the habit of reading aloud, besides all its other advantages, may do for a public speaker in giving distinctness to his delivery.\* At first, this exercise should be in the hearing of a second person, who may stop the reader, and point out, at the moment, the fault to be corrected. For some time, the rate of utterance should be slower than usual, and directed to the single point of distinctness, dismissing all regard to the sense of words, lest this lead him to forget the object. To make sure of this end, if he cannot do it otherwise, he may pronounce the words of a common vocabulary. At any rate, let him make a list of such words and combinations as he has found most difficult to his organs, and repeat them as a set exercise. If he has been accustomed to say *omnip-e-tent, pop-e-lous, pr-mote, pr-vent*, let him learn to speak the unaccented vowels properly.

#### IMPEDIMENTS.

58. As directly connected with articulation, a few remarks on *impediments* seem to be necessary. Stammering may doubtless exist from such causes, and to such degree, as to be insurmount-

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especially the Dutch, there is a prevalent habit of sinking the sound of *e* or *i* in words where English usage preserves it, as in *rebel, chapel, Latin*, — spoken *reb'l, chap'l, Lat'n*. In other cases, where English usage suppresses the vowel, the same persons speak it with marked distinctness, or turn it into *u*; as, *ev'n, op'n, heav'n*, pronounced *ev-un, op-un, heav-un*.

\* A friend of mine, a respectable lawyer, informed me that, in a court which he usually attended, there was often much difficulty to hear what was spoken at the bar and from the bench. One of the judges, however, a man of slender health, and somewhat advanced in age, was heard with perfect ease in every part of the court-room, whenever he spoke. So observable was the difference between him and others, that the fact was mentioned to him as a subject of curiosity. The judge explained it by saying, that his vocal powers, which were originally quite imperfect, had acquired clearness and strength by the long-continued habit of reading aloud for about half an hour, every day.

able ; though, in most cases, a complete remedy is attainable by the early use of proper means.

59. They who have given most attention to this defect, suppose that it should generally be ascribed to some infelicity of nervous temperament. When this is the cause, eagerness of emotion, fear of strangers, surprise, anxiety, — any thing that produces a sudden rush of spirits, — will communicate a spasmodic action to the organs of speech. The process of cure, in such a case, must begin with such attention to bodily health, as will give firmness to the nervous system, and produce a calm, clear, and regular action of the mind.

60. With this preparation, it is best not to put the stammerer at first to the hardest task of his organs, but to begin at a distance, and come to the difficulty by regular approaches. The course that has been pursued, with perfect success, by one respectable teacher, is this : The pupil is to begin with reading verse ; the more simple and regular, the better : he is to mark the feet distinctly with his voice, and beat time with his hand or toe to the movement. From verse of this regular structure, he may proceed to that which is less uniform in metrical order ; then to prose, of the elevated and poetic kind ; then to common prose ; and then, by degrees, to the difficult combinations at which he had been accustomed to stammer.

61. In repeating certain words, there may be an obstinate struggle of the organs ; as, in the attempt to pronounce *parable*, the *p* may be spoken again and again, while the remainder of the word does not follow. In such a case, the advice of the celebrated Dr. Darwin was, that the stammerer should, in a strong voice, eight or ten times, repeat the word, without the initial letter, or with an aspirate before it ; as, *arable*, *harable* ; and then speak it softly, with the initial letter *p*, — *parable*. This should be practised, for weeks or months, upon every word where the difficulty of utterance chiefly occurs.

## CHAPTER III.

## TONES AND INFLECTION.

62. THE former of these terms is more comprehensive than the latter, embracing, in its most extensive sense, all sounds of the human voice. In a more restricted and proper sense, we mean by *tones* those sounds which stand connected with some rhetorical principle of language. In a few cases, passion is expressed by tones which have no inflection; but more commonly inflection is what gives significance to tones. Except a few general remarks here, no consideration of tones seems necessary, distinct from the subject of the following chapters, especially Modulation.

## TONES CONSIDERED AS A LANGUAGE OF EMOTION.

63. SIGHT has commonly been considered as the most active of all our senses. As a source of emotion, we derive impressions more various, and in some respects more vivid, from this sense, than from any other. Yet the class of tender emotions, such as grief and pity, are probably excited more strongly by the ear than the eye.

64. Whether any reason can be assigned for this or not, the fact seems unquestionable. A groan or shriek, uttered by the human voice, is not only more intelligible than words, but more instantly awakens our sensibility than any signs of distress that are presented to the sight.

65. Our sympathy in the sufferings of irrational animals is increased in the same way. The violent contortions of the fish, in the pangs of death, being exhibited without the aid of vocal organs, very faintly excite our compassion, compared with the plaintive bleatings of an expiring lamb.

66. And a still stronger distinction seems to prevail among brutes themselves; for while the passion of fear in them is associated chiefly with objects of sight, that of pity is awakened, almost exclusively, by the sense of hearing.



67. The cry of distress from a suffering animal instinctively calls around him his fellows of the same species, though this cry is an unknown tongue to animals of any other class. At the same time, his own species, if he utters no cries, while they see him in excruciating agony, manifest no sympathy in his sufferings.

68. Without inquiring minutely into the philosophy of vocal tones, as being signs of emotion, we must take the fact for granted that they are so. And no man surely will question the importance of this language in oratory, when he sees that it is understood by mere children; and that even his horse or his dog distinguishes perfectly those sounds of his voice which express his anger or his approbation.

#### DESCRIPTION OF INFLECTIONS.

69. The absolute modifications of the voice in speaking are four; namely, *monotone*, *rising inflection*, *falling inflection*, and *circumflex*.

70. The first may be marked to the eye by a horizontal line, thus, (—); the second thus, ('); the third thus, ('); the fourth thus, (—).

71. The monotone is a sameness of sound on successive syllables, which resembles that produced by repeated strokes on a bell.

REM. Perhaps this is never carried so far as to amount to perfect sameness; but it often approaches this point, so as to be both irksome and ludicrous. Still, more or less of this quality belongs to grave delivery, especially in elevated description, or where emotions of sublimity or reverence are expressed. Any one would be shocked, for example, at an address to Jehovah, uttered with the sprightly and varied tones of conversation.

72. The following lines have often been given as a good example of the dignity and force attending the monotone when properly used.

“High on a throne of royal state, which far  
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind,  
 Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,  
 Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,  
 Satan exalted sat.”

73. The rising inflection turns the voice upward, or ends higher than it begins. It is heard invariably in the direct question ; as, “ *Will you go to-day ?* ”

74. The falling inflection turns the voice downwards, or ends lower than it begins. It is heard in the answer to a question ; as, “ *Nò ; I shall go to-mòrrow.* ”

75. As the whole doctrine of inflections depends on these two simple slides of the voice, one more explanation seems necessary, as to the degree in which each is applied, under different circumstances.

76. In most cases where the rising slide is used, it is only a gentle turn of the voice upward, one or two notes. In cases of emotion, as in the spirited, direct question, the slide may pass through five or eight notes. The former may be called the *common* rising inflection, the latter the *intensive*.

77. Just the same distinction exists in the falling inflection. Many, not aware of this difference, have carried Walker’s principles to an extreme. In the question, uttered with surprise, “ *Are you going to-day ?* ” the slide is intensive. But in the following case, it is common : “ *As fame is but breáth, as riches are tránsitory, and life itself is uncértain, so we should seek a better portion.* ” To carry the rising slide in the latter case as far as in the former, is a great fault, though not an uncommon one.

78. The circumflex is a union of the two inflections, sometimes on one syllable, and sometimes on several. Walker’s first example extends it to three syllables, though his description limits it to one. It begins with the falling and ends with the rising slide. This turn of the voice is not so often used, nor so easily distinguished, as the two simple slides just mentioned ; though it occurs, if I mistake not, especially in familiar language, much oftener than Walker seems to suppose.

79. In many cases where it is used, there is something conditional in the thought ; as, “ *I may go to-mòrrow, though I cannot go to-dày.* ” Irony or scorn is also expressed by it ; as, “ *They tell ùs to be moderate ; but thěy, thěy, are to revel in profusion.* ” On



the words marked in these examples, there is a significant twisting of the voice downwards and then upwards, without which the sense is not expressed.\*

REM. As to Mr. Walker's remark on another circumflex, which he calls the falling, I must doubt the accuracy either of his ear or my own; for in his examples I cannot distinguish it from the falling slide, modified perhaps by circumstances, but having nothing of that distinctive character which belongs to the circumflex just described. In mimicry and burlesque, I can perceive a falling circumflex in a few cases, but it is applicable, I think, very rarely, if ever, in grave delivery.†

80. Besides these absolute modifications of voice, there are others, which may be called relative, and which may be classed under the four heads of *pitch*, *quantity*, *rate*, and *quality*. These may be presented thus:—

*Pitch.* { high;    *Quantity.* { loud;    *Rate.* { quick;    *Quality.* { lively;  
          { low;        { soft;        { slow;        { pathetic.

REM. As these relative modifications of voice assume almost an endless variety, according to sentiment and emotion in a speaker, they belong to the chapter on modulation.

\* We may take an example which gives these three inflections of voice successively; though, perhaps, it will hardly be intelligible to a mere beginner. The abrupt clause in Hamlet's soliloquy,—“*To die, to sleep, no more,*” is commonly read with the falling slide on each word, thus, “*to d.e, to slèep, no mòre,*” expressing no sense, or a false one; as if Hamlet meant, “When I die, I shall no more sleep.” But place the rising inflection on *die*, the falling on *sleep*, and the circumflex on *no more*, and you have this sense: “To die?—what is it?—no terrible event; it is merely falling asleep;”—thus, *to die*, — *to slèep*, — *no mòre*. Some skilful readers give the rising slide to the last clause, turning it into a question or exclamation; “*No mòre!*—is this all?” But the circumflex seems better to represent the desperate hardihood with which Hamlet was reasoning himself into a contempt of death.

† I am aware that some, whose opinion I greatly respect, think Walker to be right on this point. Doubtless they mean something by falling circumflex of which I have been able to gain no distinct apprehension, except as stated above.

## CLASSIFICATION OF INFLECTIONS.\*

## BOTH INFLECTIONS TOGETHER.

## RULE I.

81. When the disjunctive *or* connects words or clauses, it has the rising inflection before, and the falling after it.

## EXAMPLES.

Shall I come to you with a *ród* — *or* in *lòve*?  
 Art thou he that should *cóme* — *or* look we for *anòther*?  
 The baptism of John, was it from *heàven* — *or* of *mèn*?  
 Will you *gó* — *or* *stà*y?  
 Will you *ride* — *or* *wà*lk?  
 Will you go *to-dáy* — *or* *to-mòrrow*?  
 Did you see him — *or* his *bròther*?  
 Did he travel for *heàlth* — *or* *pleàs*ure?  
 Did he resemble his *fàther* — *or* his *mòther*?  
 Is this book *yóurs* — *or* *mìne*?

For Exercises, see No. 347.

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\* In order to render the classification which I have given intelligible, I have chosen examples chiefly from colloquial language; because the tones of conversation ought to be the basis of delivery, and because these only are at once recognized by the ear. Being conformed to nature, they are instinctively right; so that scarcely a man in a million uses artificial tones in conversation. And this one fact, I remark in passing, furnishes a standing canon to the learner in elocution. In contending with any bad habit of voice, let him break up the sentence on which the difficulty occurs, and throw it, if possible, into the colloquial form. Let him observe, in himself and others, the turns of voice which occur in speaking, familiarly and earnestly, on common occasions. Good taste will then enable him to transfer to public delivery the same turns of voice, adapting them, as he must of necessity, to the elevation of his subject.

The examples set down under each rule should be repeated by the student, in the hearing of some competent judge, till he is master of that one point, before he proceeds to another. If more examples, in the first instance, are found necessary to this purpose, they may be sought in the exercises.

As the difficulty of the learner at first is, to distinguish the two chief inflections, and as the best method of doing this is by comparing them together,

## RULE II.

82. The direct question, or that which admits the answer of *yes* or *no*, has the rising inflection, and the answer has the falling.

## EXAMPLES.

Are they Hébrews ?	So am 'I.	
Are they 'Israelites ?	So am 'I.	
Are they the seed of 'Abraham ?	So am 'I.	
Are they ministers of Christ ?	I am mòre.	<i>Paul.</i>
Did you spéak to it ?	My lord, I díd.	
Hold you the watch to-night ?	We dò, my lord.	
'Armed, say you ?	'Armed, my lord.	
From top to tóe ?	My lord, from head to foòt.	
Then saw you not his fáce ?	O yès, my lord.	
What, looked he frówningly ?	A countenance more in sòrrow than in anger.	
Pále ?	Này, very pale.	

*Shak. Hamlet.*

For Exercises, see No. 349.

NOTE 1. This sort of question ends with the rising slide, whether the answer follows it or not. But it is not true, as Mr. Walker has seemed to suppose, that every question beginning with a verb is of this sort. If I wish to know whether my friend will go on a journey within two days, I say, perhaps, "Will you go to-dáy or to-mórrow?" He may answer, "Yes,"—because my rising inflection on both words implies that I used the *or* between them conjunctively. But if I had used it disjunctively, it must have had the rising slide before it, and the falling after; and then the question is, not whether he will go within two days, but on which of the two;—thus, "Will you go to-dáy — or to-mòrrow?" The whole question, in this case, though it begins with a verb, cannot admit the rising slide.

The very general habit of elocution which gives this slide to a question beginning with a verb, is superseded by the stronger principle of emphatic *contrast* in Rule 1st. Thus the disciples said to Christ, "Is it lawful to give tribute to Caésar, or nòt? Shall we give, or shall we nòt give?" Pilate said to the Jews, "Shall I release unto you Barábbas, or Jésus?" Let the rising slide be given on both names, in this latter case, and the answer might indeed

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the following classification begins with cases in which the two are statedly found in the same connection; and then extends to cases in which they are used separately; the whole being marked in a continued series of rules, for convenient reference.

be *yes* or *no*, but the sense is perverted, by making these, two names for the same person; just as in the following: "Was this becoming in Zoroáster, or the Philosopher of the Mági?" Such an example may help to satisfy those who doubt the significance of inflection. See No. 349.

NOTE 2. When exclamation becomes a question, it demands the rising slide; as, "How, you say, are we to accòmplish it? How accòmplish it! Certainly not by fearing to attempt it."

### RULE III.

83. When *negation* is opposed to *affirmation*, the former has the rising, and the latter the falling, inflection.\*

### EXAMPLES.

I did not say a *bétter* soldier, — but an *èlder*.  
 Study not for *amusement*, — but for *impròvement*.  
 Aim not to *shów* knowledge, — but to *acqùire* it.  
 He was esteemed, not for *wéalth*, — but for *wìsdom*.  
 He will not come *to-dáy*, — but *to-mòrrow*.  
 He did not act *wisely*, — but *ùnwisely*.  
 He did not call *mé*, — but *yòu*.  
 He did not say *pride*, — but *prìde*.

For Exercises, see No. 351.

NOTE 1. This rule, like the two preceding, is founded on the influence which antithetic sense has on the voice. The same change of inflections we find in *comparison*; as,

"He is more knàve than fòol."

"A countenance more in sòrrow than in ánger."

So in the following case of simple *contrast*, where, in each couplet of antithetic terms, the former word has the rising inflection.

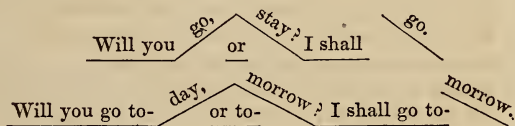
Here regard to virtue opposes insensibility to shàme; púritý to pollùtion; intègrity to injùstice; vùrtue to villany; resòlution to ràge; regulàrity to riòt. The struggle lies between wéalth and wànt; the dignìty

\* Negation alone, not opposed to affirmation, does not by any means always take the rising inflection, as Mr. Knowles supposes. The simple particle *no*, when under the emphasis, with the intensive falling slide, is one of the strongest monosyllables in the language. But when negative and affirmative clauses come into opposition, I think of no exception to the rule but that mentioned under *emphatic succession*, Rule IX. Note 2.

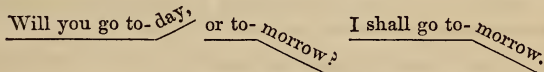
and degèneracy of reason; the fôrce and the frènzý of the soul; between well-grounded hópe and widely-extended despàir.

NOTE 2. The reader should be apprized here, that the falling slide, being often connected with strong emphasis, and beginning on a high and spirited note, is liable to be mistaken, by those little acquainted with the subject, for the rising slide. If one is in doubt which of the two he has employed on a particular word, let him repeat both together, by forming a question, according to Rule I., with the disjunctive *or*; thus, “Did I say *gò*, — or *gò*?” Or let him take each example under Rule I., and according to Rule II. form an answer echoing the first emphatic word, but changing the inflection; thus, “Will you *gò*, — or *stày*? I shall *gò*.” “Will you *ride*, or *wàlk*? I shall *ride*.” This will give the contrary slides on the same word.

But as some may be unable still to distinguish the falling slide, confounding it, as just mentioned, with the rising inflection, or, on the other hand, with the cadence, I observe that the difficulty lies in two things. One is, that the slide is not begun so high, and the other, that it is not carried through so many notes as it ought to be. I explain this by a diagram, thus :



It is sufficiently exact to say, that in reading this properly, the syllables without slide may be spoken on one key or monotone. From this key *go* slides upwards to its highest note, and from the same high note *stay* slides downwards to the key; and *go* does the same, in the answer to the question. In the second example, the case is entirely similar. But the difficulty with the inexpert reader is, that he strikes the downward slide, not above the key, but on it, and then slides downwards, just as in a cadence. The faulty manner may be represented thus :



The other part of the difficulty in distinguishing the falling inflection from the opposite, arises from its want of sufficient extent. Sometimes, indeed, the voice is merely dropped to a low note, without any slide at all. The best remedy is, to take a sentence with some emphatic word, on which the intensive falling slide is proper, and protract that slide, in a drawling manner, from a high note to a low one. This will make its distinction from the rising slide very obvious.

Harmony and emphasis make some exceptions to several of these rules, which the brevity of my plan compels me to pass by without notice.



## RISING INFLECTION.

## RULE IV.

84. The *pause of suspension*, denoting that the sense is unfinished, requires the rising inflection.\*

REM. This rule embraces several particulars, more especially applying to sentences of the periodic structure, which consist of several members, but form no complete sense before the close. It is a first principle of articulate language, that in such a case, the voice should be kept suspended, to denote continuation of sense.

85. The following are some of the cases to which the rule applies.

(1.) *Sentences beginning with a conditional particle or clause* ; as,

“If some of the branches be broken óff, and thóu, being a wild olive-trée, wert grafted in among thém, and with them partakest of the root and fatness of the olive-trée; boast not against the branches.” “As face answereth to face in wáter, so the heart of man to man.”†

(2.) *The case absolute* ; as,

“His father dýing, and no heir being left except himself, he succeeded to the estate.” “The question having been fully discússed, and all objections completely refuted, the decision was unanimous.”

(3.) *The infinitive mood*, with its adjuncts, used as a *nominative* case ; as,

“To smile on those whom we should censure, and to countenance those who are guilty of bad áctions, is to be guilty ourselves.” “To be pure in héart, to be pious and benévolent, constitutes human happiness.”

(4.) *The vocative* ‡ case, without strong emphasis, when it is a respectful call to attention, expresses no sense com-

\* For Exercises on this Rule, see No. 353, Ex. IX.

† In what Walker calls the “inverted period,” the last member, though not essential to give meaning to what precedes, yet follows so closely as not to allow the voice to fall till it is pronounced.

‡ I use this term as better suiting my purpose than that of our grammarians, — *nominative independent*.

pleted, and comes under the inflection of the suspending pause ; as,

“Mén, bréthren, and fáthers, — hearken.” “Friénds, Rómans, cóun-trymen ! — lend me your ears.”

(5.) The *parenthesis* commonly requires the same inflection at the close, while the rest of it is often to be spoken in the monotone.

REM. As an interjected clause, it suspends the sense of the sentence, and for that reason only, is pronounced in a quicker and lower voice, the hearer being supposed to wait with some impatience for the main thought, while this interjected clause is uttered ; as, “*Know ye not, brethren, (for I speak to them that know the law,) that the law hath dominion over a man as long as he liveth?*” The most common exceptions, in this case, occur in rhetorical dialogue, where narrative and address are mingled, and represented by one voice, and where there is frequent change of emphasis.

The same sort of exception may apply to the general principle of this rule whenever one voice is to represent two persons, thus ;

“If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily fód, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peáce, be ye warmed and filled ; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the bódy ; what doth it prófit ?”

Here the sense is entirely suspended to the close, and yet the clause introduced as the language of another, requires the falling slide.

Another exception, resting on still stronger ground, occurs where an antithetic clause requires the intensive falling slide on some chief word to denote the true meaning ; as in the following example : “The man who is in the daily use of ardent spirit, if he does not become a *drúnkard*, is in danger of losing his health and character.” In this periodic sentence, the meaning is not formed till the close ; and yet the falling slide must be given at the end of the second member, or the sense is subverted ; for the rising slide on *drúnkard* would imply that his becoming such is the only way to preserve health and character.

#### RULE V.

86. *Tender emotion* generally inclines the voice to the rising slide.\*

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\* For Exercises, see No. 354.



87. Grief, compassion, and delicate affection, soften the soul, and are uttered in words, invariably with corresponding qualities of voice. The passion, and the appropriate signs by which it is expressed, are so universally conjoined, that they cannot be separated. It would shock the sensibility of any one to hear a mother describe the death of her child with the same intonations which belong to joy or anger. And equally absurd would it be for a general to assume the tones of grief, in giving his commands at the head of an army.

88. Hence the *vocative case*, when it expresses either affection or delicate respect, takes the rising slide ; as,

“Jesus saith unto her, Máry.” “Jesus saith unto him, Thómas.”  
 “Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet.” “Sirs, what must I do to be saved ?”

This inflection prevails in the reverential language of prayer.

89. The same slide prevails in pathetic poetry. Take an example from Milton’s lamentation for the loss of sight :

“Thus with the year  
 Seasons retúrn ; but not to me returns  
 Dáy, or the sweet approach of éven or mórn,  
 Or sight of vernal blóom, or summer’s róse,  
 Or flocks, or hérds, or human face divíne ;  
 But clóud, instead, and ever-during dàrk  
 Surround me ——.”

90. Another example may be seen in the beautiful little poem of Cowper, on the receipt of his mother’s picture :

“My móther ! when I learned that thou wast déad,  
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shéd ?  
 Hovered thy spirit o’er thy sorrowing són,  
 Wretch even thén, life’s journey just begún ?  
 I heard the bell tolled on thy burial dáy,  
 I saw the hearse, that bore thee slow awáy,  
 And, turning from my nursery window, drew  
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adièu.”

In both these examples, the voice preserves the rising slide, till, in the former, we come to the last member, beginning with the disjunctive *but*, — where it takes the falling slide on *cloud* and

*dark.* In the latter, the slide does not change till the cadence requires it, on the last word, *adieu*.

## RULE VI.

91. The rising slide is commonly used at the last pause but one in a sentence. The reason is, that the ear expects the voice to fall when the sense is finished; and therefore it should rise, for the sake of variety and harmony, on the pause that precedes the cadence.

## EXAMPLE.

“The minor longs to be at àge, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honors, then to retire.” “Our lives (says Seneca) are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do.”

## FALLING INFLECTION.

REM. The general principle suggested under Rule V. is to be borne in mind here. In the various classes of examples under the falling inflection, the reader will perceive the prevailing characteristic of decision and force. So instinctively does bold and strong passion express itself by this turn of voice, that, just so far as the falling slide becomes intensive, it denotes emphatic force. Rules VIII. IX. and X. will illustrate this remark.

## RULE VII.

92. The *indirect question*, or that which is not answered by *yes* or *no*, has the falling inflection; and its *answer* has the same.\*

93. This sort of question begins with interrogative pronouns and adverbs. Thus Cicero bears down his adversary by the combined force of interrogation and emphatic series.

“This is an open, honorable challenge to you. Why are you silent? Why do you prevaricate? I insist upon this point; I urge you to it; press it; require it; nay, I demand it of you.”

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\* For Exercises, see No. 355.

So in his oration for Ligarius :

“What, Tubero, did that naked sword of yours mean, in the battle of Pharsàlia? At whose breast was its point aimed? What was the meaning of your arms, your spirit, your eyes, your hands, your ardor of soul?”

94. In conversation there are a few cases where the indirect question has the rising slide; as when one partially hears some remark, and familiarly asks, *What is that? Who is that?*

95. The *answer* to the indirect question, according to the general rule, has the falling slide, though at the expense of harmony; as,

“Who say the people that I am? They answering said, John the Baptist; but some say, Elias; and others say that one of the old prophets is risen again.” “Where is boasting, then? It is excluded.” “Who first seduced them to that foul revolt? The infernal serpent.” \*

#### RULE VIII.

96. The language of *authority*, and of *surprise*, is commonly uttered with the falling inflection.

97. Bold and strong passion so much inclines the voice to this slide, that in most of the cases hereafter to be specified, emphatic force is denoted by it.†

98. The *imperative mood*, as used to express the commands of a superior, denotes that energy of thought which usually requires the falling slide. Thus Milton supposes Gabriel to speak, at the head of his radiant files :

“Uzziel! half these draw off and coast the south,  
With strictest watch; these other, wheel the north.”

\* The want of distinction in elementary books, between that sort of question which turns the voice upwards, and that which turns it downwards, must have been felt by every teacher even of children. This distinction is scarcely noticed by the ancients. Augustine, in remarking on the false sense sometimes given to a passage of Scripture by false pronunciation, says, “The ancients called that question *interrogation*, which is answered by *yes* or *no*; and that *percontation*, which admits of other answers.” Quintilian, however, says the two terms were used indifferently.

† For Exercises, see No. 356.

Ithuriel and Zephon ! with winged speed  
 Search through this garden ; leave unsearched no nook.  
 This evening from the sun's decline arrived  
 Who tells of some infernal spirit seen,  
 Hitherward bent : —  
 Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring."

Thus, in the battle of Rokeby, young Redmond addressed his soldiers : —

"Up, comrades ! up — in Rokeby's halls  
 Ne'er be it said our courage falls."

99. No language surpasses the English in the spirit and vivacity of its imperative mood and vocative case. These often are found together in the same address ; and, when combined with emphasis, separately or united, they have the falling slide, and great strength.

100. *Denunciation* and *reprehension*, on the same principle, commonly require the falling inflection ; as,

"Woe unto you, Phàrisees ! for ye love the uppermost seats in the synagogues. Woe unto you, làwyers ! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge." "But God said unto him, Thou fòol ! this night thy sòul shall be required of thee." "But Jesus said, Why tèmp't ye me, ye hypocrites !" "Paul said to Elymas, O full of all sùbtlety and all mischief ! thou child of the dèvil, thou enemy of all rìghteousness !"

In the beginning of Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar, Marullus, a patriotic Roman, finding in the streets some peasants, who were keeping holiday for Cæsar's triumph over the liberties of his country, accosted them in this indignant strain : —

"Hènce ! — home, you idle creatures, get you hòme ;  
 You blòcks, you stònes ! you wòrse than senseless things !"

This would be tame indeed, should we place the unemphatic, rising slide on these terms of reproach, thus : —

"You blòcks, you stònes, you wòrse than senseless things !"

The strong reprehension of our Savior, addressed to the tempter, would lose much of its meaning, if uttered with the gentle, rising slide, thus : "*Get thee behind me, Sátan.*" But it

becomes very significant, with the emphatic downward inflection :  
 “ *Get thee behind me, Sàtan.*”

101. *Exclamation*, when it does not express tender emotion, nor ask a question, inclines to adopt the falling slide.

102. *Terror* expresses itself in this way. Thus the appearance of the ghost in Hamlet produces the exclamation, —

“ ‘Angels ! and ministers of gràce, — defend us.’ ” \*

Exclamation, denoting surprise, or reverence, or distress, — or a combination of these different emotions, — generally adopts the falling slide, modified indeed by the degree of emotion. For this reason, I suppose that Mary, weeping at the sepulchre, when she perceived that the person whom she had mistaken for the gardener was the risen Savior himself, exclaimed with the tone of reverence and surprise, “ *Rabbòni !*” And the same inflection probably was used by the leprous men when they cried, “ *Jèsus, Màster ! have mercy on us ;*” instead of the colloquial tone, “ *Jésus, Máster,*” which is commonly used in reading the passage, and which expresses nothing of the distress and earnestness which prompted this cry. These examples are distinguished from the vocative case, when it merely calls to attention or denotes affection.

#### RULE IX.

103. Emphatic *succession* of particulars requires the falling slide.†

104. The reason is, that a distinctive utterance is necessary to fix the attention on each particular. The figure *asyndeton*, or

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\* The city watch is startled, not so much by the *words* of distress that echo through the stillness of midnight, as by the *tones* that denote the reality of that distress, — “ *Hèlp ! — mürder ! — hèlp !*” The man whose own house is in flames, cries, “ *Fire ! fire !*” It is only from the truant *boy* in the streets that we hear the careless exclamation — “ *Fire, fire.*”

† The *loose sentence*, though it does not strictly belong to this rule, commonly coincides with it ; because in the appended member or members, marked by the semicolon or colon, a complete sense, at each of these pauses, is so far expressed as generally to admit the falling slide.



omission of copulatives, especially when it respects clauses, and not single words, belongs to this class ; as,

“Go and tell John what things ye have seen and heard ; the blind sèe, the lame wàlk, the lepers are cleànsed, the deaf hèar, the dead are ràised, to the poor the gospel is preached.” “Charity suffereth long, and is kìnd ; charity ènvieth not ; charity vaùnteth not itself ; is not puffed ùp ; doth not behave itself unsèemly ; seeketh not her òwn ; is not easily provóked ; thinketh no èvil.” “Thrice was I beaten with ròds ; once was I stòned ; thrice I suffered shípwreck ; a night and a day have I been in the dèep.”

In each of these examples, all the pauses, except the last but one, (for the sake of harmony,) require the downward slide. The *polysyndeton*, requiring a still more deliberate pronounciation, adopts the same slide ; as,

“Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy hèart, and with all thy sòul, and with all thy strèngth, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself.”

NOTE 1. When the principle of emphatic series interferes with that of the suspending slide, one or the other prevails, according to the nature of the case. When the structure is hypothetical, and yet the sense is such, and so far formed as to admit emphasis, the falling slide prevails, thus :—

“And though I have the gift of pròphècy, and understand all mys-teries, and all knòwledge ; and though I have all fàith, so that I could remove mòuntains, and have not chárity, I am nothing.”

But when the series begins a sentence, and each particular hangs on something still to come, for its sense, there is so little emphasis that the rising slide, denoting suspension, is required, thus :—

“The pains of gètting, the fear of lósing, and the inability of enjóying his wealth, have made the miser a mark of satire, in all ages.”

NOTE 2. The principles of emphatic series may form an exception to Rule III. ; as,

“We are troubled on every síde, yet not distrèssed ; perpléxed, but not in despàir ; pérsecuted, but not forsàken ; cast dówn, but not destròyed.”

NOTE 3. Emphatic succession of particulars grows intensive as it goes on ; that is, on each succeeding emphatic word the slide has more stress, and a higher note, than on the preceding, thus :—

“I tell you, though you, though all the world, though an angel  
from heaven, should declare the truth of it, I could not believe it.”

The rising slide, on the contrary, as it occurs in an emphatic series of direct questions, rises higher on each particular, as it proceeds.

#### RULE X.

105. *Emphatic repetition* requires the falling slide.\*

Whatever inflection is given to a word in the first instance, when that word is repeated with stress, it demands the falling slide. Thus, in Julius Cæsar, Cassius says, —

“You wròng me every way, you wròng me, Brutus.”

The word *wrong* is slightly emphatic, with the falling slide, in the first clause; but in the second, it requires a double or triple force of voice, with the same slide on a higher note, to express the meaning strongly. But the principle of this rule is more apparent still, when the repeated word changes its inflection. Thus I ask one at a distance, “*Are you going to Bòston?*” If he tell me that he did not hear my question, I repeat it with the other slide — “*Are you going to Bòston?*” †

NOTE. The common method of reading our Savior’s parable of the wise and the foolish builder, with the rising slide on both parts, is much less impressive than that which adopts the falling slide, with increase of stress on the series of particulars as repeated.

“Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock, and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds bléw, and beat upon that house, and it fell nót, — for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, that built his house upon the sànd; and the ràin descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon thát house, and it fèll; — and great was the fall of it.”

#### RULE XI.

106. The final pause requires the falling slide.

\* For Exercises, see 358, Ex. XV.

† In colloquial language, the point I am illustrating is quite familiar to every ear. The teacher calls the pupil by name in the rising inflection, and, not being heard, repeats the call in the falling. The answer to such a call, if it is a mere response, is, “*Sir*,” — if it expresses doubt, it is, “*Sir*.” A question that is not understood is repeated with a louder voice, and a change of slide: “*Is this your bòok? Is this your bòok?*” Little children, with their first elements of speech, make this distinction perfectly.



107. That dropping of the voice which denotes the sense to be finished, is so commonly expected by the ear, that the worst readers make a cadence of some sort at the close of a sentence.

108. In respect to this, some general faults may be guarded against, though it is not possible to tell in absolute terms what a good cadence is ; because, in different circumstances, it is modified by different principles of elocution.

109. The most common fault, in the cadence of bad speakers, consists in dropping the voice too uniformly to the same note ; the next, consists in dropping it too much ; the next, in dropping it too far from the end of the sentence, or beginning the cadence too soon ; and another still consists in that feeble and indistinct manner of closing sentences, which is common to men unskilled in managing the voice.

110. We should take care also to mark the difference between that downward turn of the voice which occurs at the falling slide in the middle of a sentence, and that which occurs at the close. The latter is made on a lower note, and, if emphasis is absent, with less spirit than the former ; as, “ This heavenly Benefactor claims, not the homage of our lips, but of our *hearts* ; and who can doubt that he is *entitled* to the homage of our *hearts* ? ” Here the word *hearts* has the same slide in the middle of the sentence as at the close ; though it has a much lower note in the latter case than in the former.

111. It must be observed, too, that the final pause does not always require a cadence. When the strong emphasis with the falling slide comes near the end of a sentence, it turns the voice upwards at the close ; as, “ If we have no regard to our *own* character, we ought to have some regard to the character of *óthers*.” “ You were paid to *fìght* against Alexander, not to *ráil* at him.” This is a departure from a general rule of elocution ; but it is only one case among many, in which emphasis asserts its supremacy over any other principle that interferes with its claims.

112. Indeed, any one who has given but little attention to this point, would be surprised to observe accurately, how often sentences are closed, in conversation, without any proper cadence ;

the voice being carried to a high note on the last word, sometimes with the falling, and sometimes with the rising slide.

## CIRCUMFLEX.

## RULE XII.

113. The circumflex occurs chiefly where the language is either *hypothetical* or *ironical*.

114. The most common use of it is to express indefinitely or conditionally some idea that is contrasted with another idea expressed or understood, to which the falling slide belongs, thus: "*Hume said he would go twenty miles to hear Whitefield preach.*" The contrast suggested by the circumflex here is, *though he would take no pains to hear a common preacher*. You ask a physician concerning your friend who is dangerously sick, and receive this reply, "*He is better.*" The circumflex denotes only a partial, doubtful amendment, and implies, *but he is still dangerously sick*. The same turn of voice occurs in the following example, on the word *importunity*: —

"Though he will not rise and give him, because he is his *friend*, yet because of his *importunity*, he will rise and give him as many as he needeth."

115. The circumflex, when indistinct, coincides nearly with the rising slide; when distinct, it denotes *qualified* affirmation, instead of that which is *positive*, as marked by the falling slide. This hint suggests a much more perfect rule than that of Walker, by which to ascertain the proper slide under the emphasis. See *Emphatic Inflection*, p. 59.

## CHAPTER IV.

## ACCENT.

116. Accent is a stress laid on particular syllables, to promote harmony and distinctness of articulation.

117. The syllable on which accent shall be placed, is determined by custom; and that without any regard to the *meaning* of words, except in these few cases.

118. First, where the same word in form, has a different sense, according to the seat of the accent. This may be the case while the word continues to be the same part of speech; as, des'ert, (*a wilderness*,) desert', (*merit*;) to con'jure, (*to use magic*,) to conjure', (*to entreat*.) Or the accent may distinguish between the same word used as a noun or an adjective; as, com'pact, (*an agreement*,) compact', (*close*;) min'ute, (*of time*,) minute', (*small*.) Or it may distinguish the noun from the verb, thus:—

Ab'stract,	to abstract';	ex'port,	to export';
com'pound,	to compound';	ex'tract,	to extract';
com'press,	to compress';	im'port,	to import';
con'cert,	to concert';	in'cense,	to incense';
con'duct,	to conduct';	in'sult,	to insult';
con'fine,	to confine';	obj'ect,	to object';
con'tract,	to contract';	pres'ent,	to present';
con'trast,	to contrast';	proj'ect,	to project';
con'vert,	to convert';	reb'el,	to rebel';
con'vict,	to convict';	tor'ment,	to torment';
di'gest,	to digest';	trans'port,	to transport'.

119. The province of emphasis is so much more important than that of accent, that the customary seat of the latter is transposed in any case where the claims of emphasis require it. This takes place chiefly in words which have a partial sameness in form, but are contrasted in sense.

## EXAMPLES.

He must *in*crease, but I must *dè*crease.

This *corruptible* must put on *in*corruption; and this *mò*rtal must put on *im*mortality.

What fellowship hath *righteousness* with *unrighteousness*?

Consider well what you have *done*, and what you have left *undone*.

He that *ascended* is the same as he that *descended*.

The difference, in this case, is no less than betwixt *décency* and *inde-cency*; betwixt *religion* and *irreligion*.

In the *suitableness*, or *unsuitableness*, the *propór*tion or *dis*proportion of the affection to the object which excites it, consists the *propriety* or *impropriety* of the consequent action.\*

120. The accented syllable of a word is always uttered with a **LOUDER** note than the rest.

121. When the syllable has the rising inflection, the slide continues upwards till the word is finished; so that, when several syllables of a word follow the accent, they rise to a higher note than that which is accented; and when the accented syllable is the last in a word, it is also the highest.

122. But when the accented syllable has the falling slide, it is always struck with a higher note than any other syllable in that word; as,

“Did he dare to propose such *interrogatories*?”

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## CHAPTER V.

### EMPHASIS.

123. Emphasis is governed by the laws of sentiment, being inseparably associated with thought and emotion. It is the most important principle, by which elocution is related to the operations of mind.† Hence, when it stands opposed to the claims of custom or of harmony, these always give way to its supremacy.

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\* In this last example, the latter accented word, in each of the couplets, perhaps would be more exactly marked with the circumflex; the same case occurs often, as in p. 49, last paragraph.

† The teacher, who would give his pupils a just emphasis and modulation,

124. The *accent*, which custom attaches to a word, emphasis may supersede ; as we have seen under the foregoing article. Custom requires a *cadence* at the final pause, but emphasis often turns the voice upwards at the end of a sentence ; as,

“ You were paid to *fight* against Alexander, not to *rail* at him.”

See 106. Harmony requires the *voice to rise at the pause before the cadence* ; whereas emphasis sometimes prescribes the falling slide at this pause, to enforce the sense ; as,

“ Better to reign in *hèll*, than serve in *hèaven*.”

Now, I presume that every one, who is at all accustomed to accurate observation on this subject, must be sensible how very little this grand principle is regarded in forming our earliest habits of elocution ; and therefore how hopeless are all efforts to correct what is wrong in these habits, without a just knowledge of emphasis.

125. Emphasis is a distinctive utterance of words, which are especially significant, with such a degree and kind of stress, as conveys their meaning in the best manner.

According to this definition, I would include the whole subject under *emphatic stress* and *emphatic inflection*.

#### EMPHATIC STRESS.\*

126. This consists chiefly in the *loudness* of the note, but includes also the *time* in which important words are uttered.

127. Both these are commonly united ; but the latter, since it will require some notice when I come to speak of *rate* and *emphatic pause*, may be dismissed here, as to its separate consideration, with a single remark. A good reader or speaker, when he

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must unceasingly impress on them the importance of entering with feeling into the sentiments which they are to utter.

\* For Exercises, see 367, Ex. XV.



utters a word on which the meaning of a sentence is suspended, spontaneously dwells on that word, or gives it more time, according to the intensity of its meaning.

128. The significance and weight which he thus attaches to words that are important, is a very different thing from the abrupt and jerking emphasis which is often witnessed in a bad delivery. Bearing this fact in mind, we may proceed to consider, more particularly, why emphatic stress belongs to some words, and not to others.

129. Emphatic force is to be governed solely by sense; and the word, to whatever part of speech it belongs, which renders but little aid in forming the sense, should be passed over with but little stress of voice. It is indeed generally true that a subordinate rank belongs to particles, and to all those words which merely express some circumstance of a thought.

130. And when a word of this sort is raised above its relative importance, by an undue stress in pronunciation, we perceive a violence done to other words of more significance; and we hardly admit even the metrical accent of poetry to be any excuse for so obvious an offence against propriety. One example of this sort we have in the common manner of reading this couplet of Watts:—

“Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,  
Let *a* repenting rebel live.”

This stress upon *a*, in the second line, shows the absence of just discrimination in the reader.

131. But to show that emphasis attaches itself not to the part of speech, but to the *meaning* of a word, let one of these little words become important in *sense*, and then it demands a correspondent stress of voice.

132. We have an example in the two following sentences, ending with the particle *so*. In one it is used incidentally, and is barely to be spoken distinctly. In the other it is the *chief word*, and must be spoken forcibly. “And Saul said unto Michal, Why hast thou *deceived* me so?” “Then said the high priest, Are these things *só*?”

133. Another example may show how a change of stress on a particle changes the entire sense of a sentence. In the narrative of Paul’s voyage from Troas to Jerusalem, it is said, “Paul had determined to sail by Ephesus.”



This sentence, with a moderate stress on *Ephesus*, implies that the apostle meant to stop there; just as a common phrase, "The ship is going to Holland by Liverpool," implies that she will touch at the latter place.

Now, what was the fact in the case of Paul? The historian says, "he hasted to be at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost." Therefore he could not afford the time it would require to visit his dear friends, the Ephesian church, and he chose to pursue his voyage without seeing them. But can the words be made to express this sense? Perfectly; and that with only an increase of stress on one particle—"Paul had determined to sail *by* Ephesus."

134. Another example shows us a succession of small words raised to importance, by becoming peculiarly significant. In Shakspeare's Merchant of Venice, Bassanio had received a ring from his wife, with the strongest protestation that it should never part from his finger; but in a moment of generous gratitude for the preservation of his friend's life, he forgot this promise, and gave the ring to the officer to whose kind interposition he ascribed that deliverance. With great mortification at the act, he afterwards made the following apology to his wife, an unemphatic pronounciation of which leaves it scarcely intelligible; while distinct emphasis on a few small words gives it precision and vivacity, thus:—

"If you did know to whom I gave the ring,  
If you did know FOR whom I gave the ring,  
And would conceive for WHAT I gave the ring,  
And how UNWILLINGLY I left the ring,  
When nought would be accepted BUT the ring,  
You would abate the strength of your displeasure."

135. In the case that follows, too, we see how the meaning of a sentence often depends on the manner in which we utter but one word: "One of the servants of the high priest, (being his kinsman whose ear Peter cut off,) saith, Did not I see thee in the garden with him?" Now, if we utter this, as most readers do, with a stress on *kinsman*, and a short pause after it, we make the sentence affirm that the man whose ear Peter cut off was kinsman to the high priest, which was not the fact. But a stress upon *his*, makes this servant kinsman to another man, who received the wound.

136. One more example may suffice, on this point. When our Savior said to Peter, "Lovest thou me more than these?" he probably referred to the confident professions of his own attachment to Christ, which the apostle had presumed would remain unshaken, though that of his brethren should fail; but which profession he had wofully violated in the hour of trial. If this is the spirit of the question, it is a tender but severe admonition, which would be expressed by emphasis, thus: "Lovest *thou* me, more than *these*?" that is, more than thy *brethren* love me?

137. But respectable interpreters have supposed the question to refer to Peter's affection merely, and to contrast two objects of that affection; and this would change the emphasis thus: "Lovest thou *me* more than *these*?" that is, more than thou lovest thy *brethren*?

138. These illustrations show that the principle of emphatic stress is perfectly simple ; and that it falls on a particular word, not chiefly because that word belongs to one or another class in grammar, but because, in the present case, it is important in *sense*. To designate the words that are thus important, by the action of the voice in emphasis, is just what the etymological import of this term implies, namely, to show, to point out, to make manifest.

139. But further to elucidate a subject, that has been treated with much obscurity, emphatic stress may be distinguished into that which is *absolute*, and that which is *antithetic* or *relative*.

#### ABSOLUTE EMPHATIC STRESS.

140. Walker, and others who have been implicitly guided by his authority, without examination, lay down the broad position, that emphasis always implies *antithesis* ; and that it can never be proper to give emphatic stress to a word, unless it stands *opposed* to something in sense. Accordingly, to find the emphasis in a sentence, the direction given is, to take the word we suppose to be emphatical, and try if it will admit of those words being supplied, which antithesis would demand ; and if the words thus supplied agree with the meaning of the writer, the emphasis is laid properly, — otherwise, improperly.

#### EXAMPLE.

Exercise and temperance strengthen even an *indifferent* constitution.

The emphatic word here suggests, as the antithetic clause to be supplied, — *not merely a good constitution* ; and this accords with the meaning of the writer.

141. Now, the error of these treatises is, that what in truth is only one important ground of emphasis, is made the sole and the universal ground. Indeed, if it were admitted that there is no emphasis without antithesis, it would by no means follow (as I shall show under *emphatic inflection*) that all cases of opposition in thought are to be analyzed in the mode above proposed.

142. But the principle assumed cannot be admitted ; for to say that there is no *absolute* emphasis, is to say that a thought is never important, considered by *itself* ; or that the figure of *contrast* is the only way in which a thought can be expressed with force. The theory which supposes this, is too narrow to correspond with the philosophy of elocution.

143. Emphasis is the soul of delivery, because it is the most discriminating mark of emotion. Contrast is among the sources of emotion; and the kind of contrast really intended by Walker and others, namely, that of affirmation and negation, it is peculiarly the province of emphasis to designate.

144. But this is not the whole of its province. There are other sources, besides antithetic relation, from which the mind receives strong and vivid impressions, which it is the office of vocal language to express. Thus exclamation, apostrophe, and bold figures in general, denoting high emotion, demand a correspondent force in pronunciation; and that too in many cases where the emphatic force laid on a word is *absolute*, because the thought expressed by that word is forcible of itself, without any aid from contrast. Of this the reader may be satisfied by turning to 96, 97, and noting such examples as these:—

'*Up!* comrades, — *ùp!*

Woe unto you, *Phàrisees!*

*Hènce!* — *hòme*, you idle creatures —

'*Angels!* and ministers of *gràce*, — defend us.

145. Now, in such a case, we may speculate on the emphatic force of the exclamation, and “try if the sense will admit some antithetic clause to be supplied.” But it is mere trifling. The truth is, when strong passion speaks, it speaks strongly, and if no untoward habit intervenes, speaks with just that degree and kind of stress which the passion itself demands.

#### ANTITHETIC OR RELATIVE STRESS.

146. Though we cannot consider opposition in sense as the exclusive ground of strong emphasis, it is doubtless a more common one than any other. The principle on which the stress depends, in this case, will be evident from a few examples:—

Study, not so much to *show* knowledge as to *acquire* it.

He that cannot *bear* a jest, should not *make* one.

It is not so easy to *hide* one's faults, as to *mend* them.

We think less of the injuries we *do*, than of those we *suffer*.

It is not so difficult to *talk* well, as to *live* well.

We must take heed not only to what we *say*, but to what we *do*.

147. When the antithetic terms in a sentence are both ex-

pressed, the mind instantly perceives the opposition between them, and the voice as readily marks the proper distinction. But when only one of these terms is expressed, the other is to be made out by reflection; and in proportion to the ease or difficulty with which this antithetic relation is perceived by the mind, the emphatic sense is more or less vivid.

148. On this principle, when a word *expresses* one part of a contrast, while it only *suggests* the other, that word must be spoken with force adapted to its peculiar office; and this is the very case where the power of emphasis rises to its highest point.

149. This part of the subject, too, may be rendered more intelligible by a few examples.

Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar furnishes several which are sufficiently appropriate. In the scene betwixt Brutus and Cassius, the latter says, —

“I, that denied thee *gold*, will give my *heart*.”

Here the antithetic terms *gold* and *heart* being both expressed, a common emphatic stress on these makes the sense obvious. But in the following case only one part of the antithesis is expressed. Brutus says, —

“You wronged *yourself*, to write in such a case.”

The strong emphasis on *yourself*, implies that Cassius thought himself injured by some other person. Accordingly we see in the preceding sentence his charge against Brutus, — “You have wronged me.”

Again, Brutus says to Cassius, —

“You have done that you should be sorry for.”

With a slight stress upon *sorry*, this implies that he had done wrong; but suggests nothing of the antithetic meaning, denoted by the true emphasis, thus:—

“You *have* done that you *should* be sorry for.”

This emphasis on the former word implies, “Not only are you liable to do wrong, but you *have* done so already;” on the latter, it implies, “though you are *not* sorry, you *ought* to be sorry.” This was precisely the meaning of Brutus, for he replied to a threat of Cassius, “I *may* do that I shall be sorry for.”

150. One more example from the same source. Marullus, alluding to the reverence in which Pompey had been held, says, —

“And when you saw his chariot but appear,  
Have you not made a universal shout?”

Lay a stress now on *his*, in the first line, and you make a contrast betwixt the emotion felt in seeing *other* chariots, and in seeing *Pompey's*. Lay the stress



on *chariot*, and it is not implied that there was any other besides his in Rome; for then the antithesis suggested is, the sight, not of his person merely, but of the vehicle in which he rode, produced a shout.

EMPHATIC INFLECTION.

151. Thus far our view of emphasis has been limited to the *degree* of stress with which emphatic words are spoken. But this is only a part of the subject. The *kind* of stress is not less important to the sense than the degree.

152. Let any one glance his eye over the examples of the foregoing pages, and he will see that strong emphasis demands, in all cases, an appropriate inflection; and that to change this inflection perverts the sense.

153. This will be perceived at once in the following case: "We must take heed not only to what we *sáy*, but to what we *dò*." By changing this slide, and laying the falling on *say*, and the rising on *do*, every ear must feel that violence is done to the meaning. So in this case, —

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our *stárs*,  
But in *oursèlves*, that we are underlings," —

the rising inflection or circumflex on *stars*, and the falling inflection on *ourselves*, is so indispensable, that no reader of the least taste would mistake the one for the other. The fact in these instances, however, is, that wrong inflection confounds the true sense, rather than expresses a false one.

154. Let us then take an example or two in which the whole meaning of a sentence depends on the inflection given to a single word. Buchanan, while at the University, said in a letter to a Christian friend, —

"In the retirement of a *còllege*, I am unable to suppress evil thoughts."

Here the emphatic downward slide being given to *college*, expresses the true sense, namely, "How difficult must it be to keep my heart from evil thoughts amid the temptations of the *world*, when I cannot do this even in the retirement of a *còllege*!" But lay the circumflex on *college*, thus, "In the retirement of a *còllege*, I cannot suppress evil thoughts," and you transform the meaning to this: "I cannot suppress evil thoughts *hère*, in retirement, though I might perhaps do it amid the temptations of the world."

155. In the Fair Penitent, Horatio says, —

"I would not turn aside from my least pleasure,  
Though all *thý* force were armed to bar my way."

The circumflex on *thy* implies sneer and scorn. "I might turn aside for respectable opposition, but not for such as *thine*." But the falling slide on *thy*

turns contempt into compliment. "I would not turn aside even for *thy* force, great as it is."

156. One more question remains to be answered: How shall we know when an emphatic word demands the rising, and when the falling inflection? A brief reply to this inquiry seems indispensable, before we drop this part of the subject.

157. The plain distinction between the rising and the falling emphasis, when antithetic relation is expressed or suggested, is, the falling denotes *positive* affirmation, or enunciation of a thought with energy; the rising either expresses *negation* or *qualified* and *conditional* affirmation.

158. In the latter case, the antithetic object, if there is one, may be suggested ironically, or hypothetically, or comparatively; thus, *Ironically*:—

"They tell *us* to be moderate; but *thěy*, *thěy*, are to revel in profusion."

*Hypothetically*:—

"If men see our faults, they will talk among *themselves*, though we refuse to let them talk to *us*."

"I see thou hast learned to *răil*."

In this latter example, the *hypothetical affirmation* requires the circumflex on the emphasis, while the indefinite antithesis is not expressed, as in the preceding example, but suggested—"Thou hast learned to *răil*, if thou hast not learned any thing *bétter* than this."

*Comparatively*:—

"Satan —————"

"The *těmpter*, ere the *accűser* of mankind."

"The beggar was *blńd* as well as *lăme*."

"He is more *knàve* than *főol*."

"Căesar deserved *blăme* more than *făme*."

159. In such a connection of two correlate words, whether in contrast or comparison, the most *prominent* of the two in sense,—that in which the essence of the thought lies,—commonly has the strong, falling emphasis; and that which expresses something subordinate or circumstantial, has the rising. The same rising or circumflex emphasis prevails where the thought is *conditional*, or something is *implied* or *insinuated*, rather than strongly expressed.



160. The amount is, that generally the weaker emphasis, where there is a tender, or conditional, or partial enunciation of thought, requires the voice to *rise*; while the strong emphasis, where the thought is bold, and the language positive, adopts the falling slide, except where some counteracting principle occurs, as in the interrogative inflection just mentioned.

161. In closing these remarks on emphatic inflection, the reader should be reminded that the distinction suggested (see 76, 77) between the *common* and the *intensive* inflection, applies to every part of the subject. As emphasis varies with sentiment in degrees of strength, it requires a correspondent difference in the force, the elevation of note, and the extent of slide, which distinguish important words.

## EMPHATIC CLAUSE.\*

162. Before I dismiss the article of emphasis, one or two points should have some notice, because they belong to the general subject, though not distinctly classed under the foregoing heads.

163. It will be readily perceived that the stress proper to be laid on any single word, to denote its importance, depends much on the *comparative* stress with which other words in the same sentence are pronounced. A whisper, if it is soft or strong, according to sense, may be as truly discriminating as the loudest tones.

164. The voice should be disciplined to this distinction, in order to avoid the common fault, which confounds vociferation with emphatic expression.

165. Many, to become forcible speakers, utter the current words of a sentence in so loud a tone, that the whole seems a mere continuity of strong articulate sounds; or if emphatic stress is attempted on particular words, it is done with such violence as to offend against all propriety. This is the declamatory manner. The power of emphasis, when it belongs to single words, depends on concentration. To extend it through a sentence, is to destroy it.

166. But there are cases in which more than common stress belongs to several words in succession, forming an *emphatic clause*. This is sometimes called *general* emphasis. In some cases of this sort, the several syllables have nearly *equal stress*; thus:—

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\* For Exercises, see 368, Ex. XVI.

“————— Heaven and earth will witness,  
 IF — ROME — MUST — FALL — that we are innocent.”

In uttering this emphatic clause, the voice drops its pitch, and proceeds nearly in a grave, deliberate monotone.

167. In other cases, such a clause is to be distinguished from the rest of the sentence by a general increase of force ; and yet its words retain a relative difference among themselves, in quantity, stress, and inflection. This appears in the indignant reply of the youthful Pitt to his aged accuser in debate : —

“But youth, it seems, is not my only crime ; I have been accused, — of *acting a THEATRICAL part.*”

And afterwards, arraigning the ministry, he said, —

“As to the present gentlemen, — I cannot give them my confidence. Pardon me, gentlemen, — *confidence is a plant of SLOW growth.*”

In both these cases, the emphatic thought belongs to the whole clause, as marked, requiring a grave under-tone ; but one word in each must have more stress than the rest, and a note somewhat higher.

168. The want of proper distinctions as to the emphatic clause, occasioned, if I mistake not, the difference of opinion between Garrick and Johnson respecting the seat of emphasis in the ninth commandment — “Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.” Garrick laid the stress on *shalt*, to express the authority of the precept ; Johnson on *not*, to express its negative character. But clearly both are wrong, for in neither of these respects is this command to be distinguished from others with which it is connected. And if we place the stress on *false* or on *neighbor*, still an antithetic relation is suggested, which does not accord with the design of the precept. Now, let it be observed, that here is a *series* of precepts forbidding certain sins against *man*, our *neighbor*. Each of these is introduced with the prohibitory phrase, “Thou shalt not,” and then comes the *thing forbidden* ; in the sixth, *kill* ; — in the eighth, *steal* ; — in the ninth, “*bear false witness.*” This shows the point of emphatic discrimination. In the latter case, the stress falls not on a single word, but on a *clause* ; the last word of this clause, however, in the present case, demanding more stress than either of the others.

169. One more example may make this last remark still plainer. Suppose *Paul* to have said merely, “I came not to *baptize*, but to *preach.*” The contrast expressed limits the emphasis to two words. But take the whole sentence as it is in *Paul’s* language, “I came not to baptize, but to *preach the GOSPEL* ;” — and you have a contrast between an emphatic *word*, and an emphatic *clause*. And though the sense is just as before, you must change the

stress in this clause from *preach* to *gospel*, or you utter nonsense. If you retain the stress on *preach*, the paraphrase is, "I came not to *baptize* the gospel, but to *preach* the gospel."

### DOUBLE EMPHASIS.

170. This is always grounded on antithetic relation, expressed in pairs of contrasted objects. It will be sufficiently illustrated by a very few examples.

"The *young* are slaves to *novelty*, the *old* to *custom*."

"And why beholdest thou the *mote* that is in thy *brother's* eye, but considerest not the *beam* that is in thine *own* eye?"

REM. In such a reduplication of emphasis, its highest effect is not to be expected. In attempting to give the utmost significance to each of the terms standing in close succession, we are in danger of diminishing the amount of meaning expressed by the whole. The only rule that can be adopted is, so to adjust the stress and inflection of voice on the different terms as shall most clearly, and yet most agreeably, convey the sense of the entire passage.



## CHAPTER VI.

### MODULATION.

171. I use this term in the largest sense, as a convenient one to denote that variety in managing the voice which appears in the delivery of a good speaker. This includes a number of distinct topics, which may perhaps with sufficient exactness be brought together in one chapter.

### FAULTS OF MODULATION.

#### 1. *Monotony*.

172. The remark has been made in a former page, that the monotone, employed with skill, in pronouncing a simile, or occasionally an elevated or forcible thought, may have great rhetorical effect. Its propriety, in such a case, is felt instinctively ;

just as other movements of the voice are felt to be proper, when they are prompted by genius and emotion.

173. But the thing I mean to condemn has no such qualities to give it vivacity. It is that *dull repetition of sounds on the same pitch*, and *with the same quantity*, which the hearers are ready to ascribe (and commonly with justice) to the want of spirit in the speaker. They easily excuse themselves for feeling no interest in what he says, when apparently he feels none himself. Want of variety is fatal to vivacity and interest in delivery, on the same principle that it is so in all other cases.

## 2. Mechanical Variety.

174. An unskilful reader, perhaps, is resolved to avoid monotony. In attempting to do this, he may fall into other habits, scarcely less offensive to the ear, and not at all more consistent with the principles of a just elocution. In uttering a sentence, he may think nothing more is necessary, than to employ the *greatest possible number of notes*; and thus his chief aim is to leap from one extreme to another of his voice. In a short time, this attempt at variety becomes a regular return of similar notes, at stated intervals.

175. Another defect, of the same sort, arises from an attempt to produce variety by a *frequent change of stress*. The man is disgusted with the plodding uniformity that measures out syllables and words as a dragoon does his steps. He aims therefore at an *emphatic* manner, which shall give a much greater quantity of sound to some words than to others. But here, too, the only advantage gained is, that he exchanges an *absolute* for a *relative* sameness; for the favorite stress returns periodically, without regard to sense.

176. There is still another kind of this *uniform variety*, which is extremely common at our public schools and colleges, and from them is carried into the different departments of public speaking. It consists in the habit of *striking at a sentence, at the beginning, with a high and full voice, which becomes gradually weaker and lower, as the sentence proceeds*, especially if it has much length,

till it is closed, perhaps, with one quarter of the impulse with which it commenced. Then the speaker, at the beginning of a new sentence, inflates his lungs, and pours out a full volume of sound for a few words, sliding downwards again, as on an inclined plane, to a feeble close.

177. Besides the effort at variety, which often produces this fault, it is increased, in many cases, by that labor of lungs, and that unskilfulness in managing the breath, which attends want of custom in speaking. The man who has this habit (and not a few have it, as any one would perceive, who should place himself just within hearing distance of twenty public speakers, successively) should spare no pains to overcome it, as a deadly foe to vivacity and effect in delivery.

#### REMEDIES.\*

178. To find an adequate remedy for any of the above defects in modulation, we must enter into the elementary principles of delivery. As the meaning of what we read or speak is supposed to continually *vary*, that elocution which best conforms to *sense*, will possess the greatest *variety*.

179. The most indispensable attainment, then, towards the cure of bad habits in managing the voice, is the *spirit of emphasis*.

180. Suppose a student of elocution to have a scholastic tone, or some other of the faults mentioned above; — teach him emphasis, and you have taken the most direct way to remove the defect.

181. It is difficult to give a particular illustration of my meaning, except by the living voice; but the experiment is worthy of a trial, to see if the faulty manner cannot be represented to the eye. Read the following passage from the Spectator; † recollecting, at the beginning of each sentence, to strike the words in the largest type, with a high and full voice, gradually sinking away in pitch and quantity, as the type diminishes to the close.

#### EXAMPLE.

OUR SIGHT IS THE MOST PERFECT, AND MOST DELIGHTFUL, OF ALL OUR SENSES. IT FILLS THE MIND WITH THE

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\* The measures primarily to be adopted, in regard to these habits, will be suggested here, while others, that have an important bearing on the subject, will come into view in the following sections.

† No. 411.



LARGEST VARIETY OF IDEAS, CONVERSES WITH ITS OBJECTS AT THE GREATEST DISTANCE, AND CONTINUES THE LONGEST IN ACTION, WITHOUT BEING TIRED OR SATIATED WITH ITS PROPER ENJOYMENTS. THE SENSE OF FEELING CAN INDEED GIVE US A NOTION OF EXTENSION, SHAPE, AND ALL OTHER IDEAS THAT ENTER AT THE EYE, EXCEPT COLORS. AT THE SAME TIME, IT IS VERY MUCH CONFINED, IN ITS OPERATIONS, TO THE NUMBER, BULK, AND DISTANCE OF ITS PARTICULAR OBJECTS.

REM. 1. If rhetoric had a term something like the *diminuendo* of musicians, it might help to designate the fault here represented, consisting in the habit of striking sentences with a high and strong note, for a few words, and then falling away into a feeble close.

REM. 2. If you succeed in understanding the above illustration, then vary the trial on the same example, with a view to another fault — the periodic stress and tone. Take care to speak the words printed in small capitals with a note sensibly higher and stronger than the rest, dropping the voice immediately after these elevated words, into an undulating tone, on the following syllables, thus : —

Our sight is the most perfect, and most delightful of all our senses. It fills the mind with the largest VARIETY of ideas, converses with its objects at the GREATEST distance, and continues the longest in action without being TIRED or satiated with its proper enjoyments. The sense of feeling can indeed GIVE us a notion of extension, shape, and all other ideas that ENTER at the eye, except colors. At the same time, it is very much CONFINED, in its operations, to the number, BULK, and distance of its particular objects.

It is necessary now to give this same passage once more, so distinguishing the chief words, by the *Italic* character, as to exhibit the true pronunciation.

Our *sight* is the most *perfect* and most *delightful* of all our senses. It fills the mind with the largest variety of *ideas* ; converses with its objects at the greatest *distance* ; and continues the longest in action, without being tired or satiated with its proper enjoyments. The sense of *feeling* can indeed give us a notion of *exténsion*, *shápe*, and all other ideas that enter at the *eye*, except *còlors*. At the same time, it is very much *confined*, in its operations, to the *núnumber*, *búlkl*, and *dídistance* of its particular objects.

Only two or three of the words, as here marked, require intensive emphasis,



and that not of the highest kind ; and yet the student will perceive that a discriminating stress on the words thus marked, will regulate the voice, of course, as to all the rest, and so render a scholastic tone impossible.

182. But as no word in the foregoing passage is strongly emphatic, my meaning may be more evident from an example or two, where a discriminating stress on a single word determines the manner in which the following words are to be spoken.

Take this couplet from Pope, and read it first with the metrical accent and tone, thus : —

“What *the* weak head, with *strongest* bias, rules,  
Is pride, the *never* failing vice of fools.”

Now, let it be observed that in these lines there is really but one emphatic word, namely, *pride*. If we mark this with the strong emphasis, and the falling inflection, the following words will of necessity be spoken as they should be, dropping a note or two below the key-note of the sentence,\* and proceeding nearly on a monotone to the end, thus : —

“What the weak head, with strongest bias, rules,

Is <sup>*pride*</sup> the never failing vice of fools.”

183. Another example may help to render this more intelligible.

“Must we <sup>*crown*</sup> the author of the public <sup>*calamities?*</sup>

Or must we <sup>*des*</sup> <sup>*trdy*</sup> the author of the public calamities?”

NOTE. In pronouncing these examples, which, I trust, need not be further explained, some trifling diversities might, doubtless, be observed in different readers of equal taste. But if the proper sound is given to the emphatic words, all the rest must be spoken essentially as here described. It follows that the most direct means of curing artificial tones, is to acquire a correct emphasis.

184. In order to acquire a correct emphasis, another attainment seems indispensable, namely, some good degree of discrimination as to vocal tones and inflections.

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\* By *key-note*, I mean the *prevailing* note, that which you hear when a man reads aloud in another room, while you cannot distinguish any words that he utters.

185. This has been more than once adverted to in the foregoing pages ; but it is introduced here as inseparably connected with a just modulation. That correct emphasis, which is the best remedy for perverted habits of voice, is not always a spontaneous attendant on good sense and emotion. Its efficacy is often frustrated by the strength of those habits which it might overcome, if there were sufficient knowledge of the subject to apply the remedy.

186. There is something of the ludicrous in the attempt to imitate unseemly tones in speaking ; and those who are unpractised in it, generally feel reluctant to make the attempt at first, especially in the presence of others. For the same reason, they are reluctant to have their own faulty manner in reading a sentence imitated, or to repeat again and again their own attempts to correct it. And some who can imitate a sound immediately after hearing it from another voice, suppose this to be the only way in which it can be done.

187. But let a thousand persons, who understand the English language, repeat the familiar question, “Do you expect to *go* or *stay*?” — and will not every one of the thousand give the same turn of voice on the words in *Italics*? Where is the difficulty, then, of placing such marks on these turns of voice, that they may be transferred to any other word?

188. This simple principle suggested to Walker his notation of sounds for the eye ; and, incomplete as it is, something of the kind is so necessary to the student of elocution, that without it, the aid of a living teacher cannot supply the defect. And in most cases, nothing is wanting to derive advantage from such a theory but a little patience and perseverance in its application.\*

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\* A few years since, I desired a young gentleman to take the following sentence, — “I tell you, though *you*, though all the *world*, though an angel from *heaven*, should declare the truth of it, I could not believe it,” — and read it to me in four different ways, which I described to him in writing, without making with my voice any of the sounds which I wished him to represent. My directions were these :—

1. Read it with monotone.
2. Without any slide on the emphatic words, raise them one note above the key-tone of the sentence, and read the rest in the monotone.
3. Give the emphatic words the rising slide, through three or four notes above the key, and end with the common cadence.
4. Give the same words the falling slide, with increase of force as you proceed ; beginning the slide on *you* one note above the key, that on *world* two, and that on *heaven* three. — The young gentleman, without having acquired, so far as I knew, any uncommon skill in vocal inflections, at the appointed time repeated the passage according to my directions, and most exactly in the manner I had intended. The last mode of reading is that which I described at page 47 ; and the other three modes I may leave, without further elucidation,

189. Without any enthusiastic estimate of the collateral advantages which the student of oratory might derive from musical skill, it may be said that the same strength, distinctness, smoothness, and flexibility of voice, which music both requires and promotes, are directly subservient to the purposes of elocution. And at least so much practical knowledge of music, as readily to mark, with the ear and voice, the difference between high and low, strong and feeble notes, greatly facilitates that analysis of speaking tones, which enables one to understand his own faults and to make such a sound, in a given case, as he wishes to make.

### PITCH OF VOICE.

190. This is a relative modification of voice ; by which we mean that *high* or *low* note, which prevails in speaking, and which has a governing influence upon the whole scale of notes employed.

191. In every man's voice, this governing note varies with circumstances, but it is sufficiently exact to consider it as three-fold ; the *upper* pitch, used in calling to one at a distance ; the *middle*, used in conversation ; and the *lower*, used in cadence, or in a grave, emphatic under key.

192. Exertion of voice on the first, exposes it to break ; and on the last, renders articulation thick and difficult, and leaves no room for compass below the pitch. The *middle* key, or that which we spontaneously adopt in earnest conversation, allows the greatest variety and energy in public speaking, though this will be raised a little by the excitement of addressing an assembly.

193. To speak on a pitch much above that of animated conversation, fatigues and injures the lungs ; though this, of all mistakes, is the one into which weak lungs are most likely to fall.

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to those who have the curiosity to engage in such an exercise. The second mode, it will be seen, is one species of what is often called the *conventicle* tone ; and another sort of this cant would be represented by reading all the words in monotone except the parts in the following specimen printed in *Italic*, which should be raised two notes above the key. "I *tell you*, though you, though *all* the world, though an *angel from heaven*, should declare the truth of it, I could not believe it." Such an exercise might well seem trifling in a man of elevated views, were it not important to bring his voice under discipline, by analyzing its powers, and that for the purpose of correcting his own faults in modulation.

The speaker, then, by his own experiment, or (if he wants the requisite skill) by the aid of some friend, should ascertain the middle key of his own voice, and make that the basis of his delivery.

194. Whether this is high or low, compared with that of another man, is not essential, provided it be not in extreme. Among the first secular orators of Britain, some have spoken on the grave bass key; while Pitt's voice, it is said, was a full tenor, and Fox's a treble.

195. The voice that is on a bass key, if clear and well toned, has some advantages in point of dignity. But a high tone, uttered with the same effort of lungs, is more audible than a low one. Without referring to other proofs of this, the fact just now mentioned is sufficient, that we spontaneously raise our key in calling to one at a distance; for the simple reason that we instinctively know he will be more likely to hear us in a high note than in a low one.

196. So universal is this instinct, that we may observe it in very little children, and even in the call and response of the parent bird and her young, and in most brute animals that have voice. The same principle, doubtless, explains another fact, recently alluded to, that feeble lungs are inclined to a high pitch; this being the effort of weakness, to make up what it lacks in power, by elevation of key; an effort which succeeds perfectly for a few words, but produces intolerable fatigue by being continued.

197. The influence of *emotion* on the voice, is also among the philosophical considerations pertaining to this subject. A man under strong intellectual excitement walks with a firmer and quicker step than when he is cool; and the same excitement which braces the muscles, and gives energy to the movements of the body, has a correspondent effect on the movements of the voice. Earnestness in common conversation assumes a higher note, as it proceeds, though the person addressed is at no greater distance than before.

198. A practical corollary from these suggestions is, that the public speaker should avoid a *high pitch*, at the *beginning* of his discourse, lest he rise, with the increase of interest, to a painful and unmanageable elevation.

199. Through disregard of this caution, some speakers, of warm temperament, sacrifice all command of their voice, as they become animated, and rather scream than speak. Blair lays it down as a useful rule, in order to be well heard, "to fix our

eye on some of the most distant persons in the assembly, and to consider ourselves as speaking to them." But to apply this rule to the outset of a discourse, would probably lead nine out of ten, among unpractised speakers, to err by adopting too high a pitch. Walker, on the other hand, advises to commence "as though addressing the persons who are nearest to us." This might lead to an opposite extreme ; and the safest general course, perhaps, is to adapt the pitch to hearers at a medium distance.

## QUANTITY.

200. This term I use not in the restricted sense of grammarians and prosodists, but as including both the *fulness of tone*, and the *time*, in which words and sentences are uttered.

201. In theory, perhaps, every one can easily understand, that a sound may be either loud or soft, on the same note. The only difference, for example, betwixt the sound produced by a heavy stroke and a gentle one, on the same bell, is the quantity or momentum. This distinction, as applied to music, is perfectly familiar to all acquainted with that art. As applied to elocution, however, it is not so easily made ; for it is a common thing for speakers to confound *high* sounds with *loud*, and *low* with *soft*.

202. Hence we often hear it remarked of one, that he speaks in a low voice, when the meaning is, a *feeble* one ; and, perhaps, if he were told that he is not *loud* enough, he would instantly raise his key, instead of merely increasing his quantity on the same note. But skill in modulation requires that these distinctions should be practically understood. And if any one, who has given no attention to this point, thinks it too easy to demand attention, he may be better satisfied by a single experiment. Let him take this line of Shakspeare, —

"O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome !" —

and read it first in a voice barely audible. Then let him read it, again and again, on the same pitch, doubling his quantity or impulse of sound at each repetition, and he will find that it requires great care and management to do this without raising his voice to a higher note.

203. As it is a prime requisite in a public speaker, that he be heard with ease and pleasure, the importance of his being able to swell his voice to a loud and full sound, without raising his pitch, must be apparent.

204. As a general rule, that voice is loud enough, which per-



fectly fills the place where we speak ; or, in other words, which perfectly reaches the hearers, with a reserve of strength to enforce a passage, in which sentiment demands peculiar energy.

205. If the inquiry be made, On what does strength of voice depend ? — I answer, —

*First*, it depends primarily on *perfect organs* of speech. As it is important for the professed speaker to know something of these wonderful organs, with the preservation and use of which he is so much concerned, a brief enumeration of them may be proper here.

206. Of these, the *lungs* have the first place. Mere vigor in this organ, is not, of course, attended with vocal power, but the latter cannot exist without the former. Other things being equal, he who has the best conformation of chest, and the most forcible action of lungs, will have the strongest voice. Fishes, and those insects that have no lungs, have no voice.

207. Next is the *trachea*, that elastic tube, by which air passes to and from the lungs ; to the length of which, in some *birds*, is ascribed the uncommon power of their voice. At the upper end of this is the *larynx*, a cartilaginous box, of the most delicate vibratory power, so suspended by muscles as to be easily elevated or depressed. The *glottis* is a small aperture, (at the top of the larynx,) by the dilatation or contraction of which, sound becomes acute or more grave. To secure this aperture from injury while food passes over it to the stomach, it is closed by a perfect valve, called the *epiglottis*.

208. These are organs of *sound*, but not of *speech*, without the aid of others adapted to *articulation* — namely, the *tongue*, the *palate*, the *nostrils*, the *lips*, and *teeth*. My limits do not allow me to examine minutely the wonderful adaptation of these latter organs to their end, nor the mode of their action in forming articulate sounds. Such an examination is unnecessary to one who has patience to make it himself, — and to others it would be useless.

209. *Secondly*, next to the importance of good organs, in giving strength of voice, is the proper *exercise* of these organs.\*

210. The capacity of the lungs to bear the effort of speaking with a full impulse, depends much on their being accustomed to it. If I were to give directions to the student, as to the means of

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\* The habit of speaking gave to the utterance of Garrick so wonderful an energy, that even his under key was distinctly audible to ten thousand people. In the same way the French missionary Bridaine brought his vocal powers to such strength, as to be easily heard by ten thousand persons, in the open air ; and twice this number of listening auditors were sometimes addressed by Whitefield.



strengthening his voice by exercise, they would be such as these : —

211. Whenever you use your voice on common occasions, *use as much voice as propriety will permit.* The restriction here intended must be applied by common sense.

212. *Read aloud, as a stated exercise.* This was a daily practice of the first statesmen and generals of Rome, even in the midst of campaigns and public emergencies ; and it was by such a habit of reading and declamation in private, that the sons of these men were trained to a bold and commanding oratory. An erect, and commonly a standing posture, in such exercises, gives the fullest expansion to the chest and lungs.

213. In *public speaking, avoid all improper efforts of the lungs.* These arise chiefly from speaking on too high a key — a fault noticed above ; from extreme anxiety to accommodate delivery to hearers who are partially deaf ; and from attempts to go through a long discourse, with such a degree of hoarseness as greatly augments the labor of the lungs.

214. *Thirdly,* to preserve the lungs, and give strength to the vocal powers, it is necessary to avoid those habits by which public speakers are often injured ; such as, —

(1.) *Bad attitudes of study, especially of writing,* which cramp the chest and obstruct the vital functions.

(2.) *Late preparations,* by which the effort of public delivery immediately succeeds the exhaustion of intense and long-continued study.

(3.) *Full meals immediately before,* and *stimulating drinks immediately before or after speaking.*

(4.) *Inhaling cold air* by conversation, and sudden change of temperature, when the lungs are heated by speaking.

215. Now, the case is summed up in a few words. The public speaker needs a powerful voice. The quantity of voice which he can employ, — at least can employ with safety, — depends on his strength of lungs ; and this again depends on a sound state of general health. If he neglects this, all other precautions will be useless.

216. But besides strong and feeble tones, as belonging to quantity, it includes also a proper regard to *time*. This respects single words, clauses, and sentences. No variety of tones could produce the thrilling effects of music, if every note were a semibreve. So, in elocution, if every word and syllable were uttered with the same length, the uniformity would be as intolerable as the worst monotony.

217. This is illustrated in the line which Pope framed purposely to represent a heavy movement:—

“And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.”

The quantity demanded on each of these monosyllabic words renders fluency in pronunciation quite impracticable. On the other hand, in a line of poetry, which has a regular return of accent on every second or third syllable, we find a metrical pronunciation, so spontaneously adopted, as often to require much caution, not to sacrifice sense to harmony.

218. The easy flow of delivery requires that particles, and subordinate syllables, should be touched as lightly as is consistent with distinctness; while both sentiment and harmony demand, that the voice should throw an increase of quantity upon important words by resting on them, or by swell and protraction of sound, or both.

219. But *time*, in elocution, has a larger application than that which respects words and clauses,—I mean that which respects the general *rate* of delivery. In this case, it is not practicable, as in music, nor perhaps desirable, to establish a fixed standard, to which every reader or speaker shall conform.

220. The habits of different men may differ considerably in rate of utterance, without being chargeable with fault. But I refer rather to the difference which emotion will produce, in the rate of the same individual.

221. I have said before, that those passions which quicken or retard a man's step in walking, will produce a similar effect on his voice in speaking. Narration is equable and flowing; vehemence, firm and accelerated; anger and joy, rapid; whereas dignity, authority, sublimity, awe,—assume deeper tones, and a slower movement. Accordingly we sometimes hear a good

reader or speaker, when there is some sudden turn of thought, check himself in the full current of utterance, and give indescribable power to a sentence, or part of a sentence, by dropping his voice, and adopting a slow, full pronunciation.

## RHETORICAL PAUSE.

222. This has a very intimate relation to the subject of the foregoing section. As quantity in music may consist partly of *rests*, so it is in elocution. A suspension of the voice, of proper length, and at proper intervals, is so indispensable, that, without this, sentiment cannot be expressed impressively, nor even intelligibly, by oral language.

223. Rhetorical punctuation has a few marks of its own, as the point of interrogation, and of admiration, the parenthesis, and the hyphen, all of which denote no grammatical relation, and have no established length. And there is no good reason, if such marks are used at all, why they should not be rendered more adequate to their purpose.

224. The interrogative mark, for example, is used to denote, not length of pause, but appropriate modification of voice, at the end of a question. But it happens that this one mark, as now used, represents two things, that are exactly contrary to each other. When the child is taught, as he still is in many schools, to raise his voice in finishing a question, he finds it easy to do so in a case like this: "*Will you go to-day?*" — "*Are they Hebrews?*" But when he comes to the *indirect* question, not answered by *yes*, or *no*, his instinct rebels against the rule, and he spontaneously reads with the falling slide — "*Why are you silent?*" — "*Why do you prevaricate?*"

225. Now, in this latter case, if the usual mark of interrogation were inverted (‡) when its office is to turn the voice downwards, it would be discriminating and significant of its design. Nor would this discrimination require rhetorical skill in a printer. It would give him far less difficulty, than to learn the grammatical use of the *semicolon*. The same remarks apply to the note of exclamation.

226. As to the adjustment of pauses, to allow the speaker opportunity for drawing his breath, the difficulty seems to have been much overrated by writers and teachers. From my own experience and observation, I am inclined to think that no directions are needed on this point, and that the surest way to make even the youngest pupil breathe at the proper time, is to let him alone.

227. For the sake of those who feel any apprehension on this subject, it may be proper to say, that the opportunities for taking breath in the common current of delivery, are much more frequent than one might suppose, who has not attended to this matter. There is no grammatical relation of words so close, as utterly to refuse a pause between them, except the *article* and *noun*, the *preposition* and *noun*, and the *adjective* and *noun*, in their natural order.

228. Supposing the student to be already familiar with the common doctrine of punctuation, it is not my design to discuss it here; nor even to dwell upon the distinction between grammatical and rhetorical pauses. All that is necessary, is to remark distinctly, that *visible* punctuation cannot be regarded as a perfect guide to *quantity*, any more than to *inflections*. Often the voice must rest where no pause is allowed in grammar; especially does this happen when the speaker would fix attention on a single word, that stands as immediate nominative to a verb. A few examples may make this evident.

“*Industry* is the guardian of innocence.”

“*Prosperity* gains friends, *adversity* tries them.”

“*Some* place the bliss in action, *some* in ease;

*Those* call it pleasure, and contentment these.”

“*Mirth* I consider as an act, *cheerfulness* as a habit of the mind. *Mirth* is short and transient, *cheerfulness* fixed and permanent. *Mirth* is like a flash of lightning that glitters for a moment; *cheerfulness* keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind.”

Here the words in *Italic* take no visible pause after them, without violence to grammatical relation. But the *ear* demands a pause after each of these words, which no good reader will fail to observe.

229. The same principle extends to the *length* of pauses. The comma, when it simply marks grammatical relation, is very short, as, “He took with him Peter, and James, and John, his disciples.” But when the comma is used in language of emotion, though it is the same pause to the eye, it may suspend the voice much longer than in the former case; as in the solemn and deliberate call to attention — “Men, brethren, and fathers, hearken.”

230. This leads me to the chief point which I had in view under this head — the *emphatic pause*. Garrick employed this on the stage, and Whitefield in the pulpit, with great effect. It occurs sometimes before, but commonly after, a striking thought is uttered, which the speaker thus presents to the hearers, as worthy of special attention, and which he seems confidently to expect will command assent, and be fixed in the memory by a moment of uninterrupted reflection.

231. More commonly such a thought as admits the *emphatic pause*, drops the voice to a grave under key, in the manner de-

scribed at the close of the last article. Sometimes it breaks out in the figure of interrogation, with a higher note, and the eye fixed on some single hearer.

232. To produce its proper effect, it must spring from such a reality of feeling as defies all cold imitation; and this feeling never fails to produce, while the voice is suspended on the emphatic pause, a correspondent significance of expression in the countenance.

233. There is still another pause, so important in delivery, as to deserve a brief notice; I mean that with which a good speaker marks the close of a *paragraph*, or division of a discourse. The attempt to keep up an assembly to one pitch of interest, and that by one unremitted strain of address, is a great mistake, though a very common one, as it respects both the composition and the delivery of a discourse.

234. It results from principles with which every public speaker ought to be acquainted, that high excitement cannot be sustained for a long time. He who has skill enough to kindle in his hearers the same glow which animates himself, while he exhibits some vivid argument or illustration, will suffer them to relax, when he has finished that topic; and will enter on a new one with a more familiar tone of voice, and after such a pause as prepares them to accompany him with renewed satisfaction.

#### COMPASS OF VOICE.

235. It may be thought that what has been said already, concerning *high* and *low* notes, is sufficient, on this part of modulation. My remarks on *pitch*, however, related chiefly to the predominant note which one employs in a given case; whereas I now refer to the range of notes, above and below this governing or natural key, which are required by a spirited and diversified delivery.

336. Sometimes from inveterate habit, and sometimes from incapacity of the organs, the voice has a strong, clear bottom, without any compass upwards. In other cases, it has a good top, but no compass below its key. Extreme instances to the contrary there may be, but commonly, I have no doubt that



when a speaker uses only a note or two, above and below the key, it arises from habit, and not from organic defect.\*

237. As I cannot dwell on this point, it may be useful to say briefly, that when the voice of the young speaker is found to be wanting in compass, I would advise him, in the first place, to try an experiment, similar to that which was suggested 202, for increasing strength or loudness of sound, without change of key.

238. Suppose he takes the same line, —

“O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome!” —

and reads it first on the lowest note on which he can articulate. Then let him repeat it a note higher, and so on, till he reaches the highest note of his voice. His compass being ascertained, by such an experiment, on a few words, he may then practise reading passages of some length, on that part of his voice which he especially wishes to improve; taking care, in this more protracted exercise, not to pitch on the extreme note of his voice, either way, so far as to preclude some variety above or below, to correspond with natural delivery.

239. In the second place, I would advise him to read passages where the sentiment and style are specially adapted to the purpose he has in view. If he wishes to cultivate the bottom of his voice, selections from narrative or didactic composition may be made, which will allow him to begin a new sentence in a note nearly as low as that in which he finished the preceding. Or he may take passages of poetry, in which the *simile* occurs — a figure that generally requires a low and equal movement of voice.

240. If he wishes to increase his compass on the higher notes, let him choose passages in which spirited emotion prevails; especially such as have a succession of interrogative sentences. These will incline the voice, spontaneously, to adopt those elevated tones

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\* Few indeed have, or could by any means acquire, the versatility of vocal power, by which Whitefield could imitate the tones of the female or the infant voice at one time, and at another strike his hearers with awe by the thundering note of his under key. Nor is this power essential to an interesting delivery. On the other hand, there are few, if any, who could not, by proper pains in cultivating the voice, give it all the compass which is requisite to grave and dignified oratory.

on which he wishes to cultivate its strength. Instead of giving examples here to illustrate these principles, I refer the reader to EXERCISES, (25,) where a few selections are made for this purpose.

## TRANSITION.

241. By this I mean those *sudden changes* of voice which often occur in delivery.

REM. This article, and those which follow upon modulation, are chiefly intended to combine and apply the principles of the preceding sections. The whole object is, to elucidate that one standing law of delivery, that vocal tones should correspond, in variety, with sentiment; in contradistinction from monotony, and from that variety which is either accidental or mechanical. In this spontaneous coincidence, by which the voice changes its elevation, rate, strength, etc., in conformity with emotion, consists that excellence which is universally felt and admired, in the manner of a good speaker.

242. To designate these changes, besides the rhetorical marks already employed to denote inflection, it will be necessary to adopt several new ones; and the following may answer the purpose, signifying that the voice is to be modified, in reading what follows the marks respectively, thus:—

( ° ) high.	( ° ) low.
( °° ) high and loud.	( °° ) low and loud.
( .. ) slow.	(    ) rhetorical pause.
( — ) plaintive.	

243. In respect to the first six, when one of them occurs, it must be left to the reader's taste to determine how *far* its influence extends in what follows. In respect to this mark ( .. ) it may be used to signify a considerable protraction of sound on that syllable which precedes it, and then it will be inserted in the course of the line, without brackets.

## EXAMPLES.

“————Heaven and earth will witness,  
If ROME . . MUST . . FALL . . that we are innocent.”

“————Thus these two,  
Imparadised in one another's arms,  
The happier Eden shall enjoy ———  
————While I to HELL . . am thrust.”

244. When the same mark is designed to signify that a *passage* is to be uttered with a *slow rate*, it will be inserted thus ( .. ) where that passage begins, — the extent of its influence being left to the reader's taste ; or it may be combined with another mark, thus, ( ö ), which would signify *low* and *slow*.

245. Any one who has a good command of his voice, can use it with a higher or lower, a stronger or feebler note, at pleasure. This distinction is perfectly made, (as I have said before,) even by a child, in speaking to one who is near, and to one who is distant. In rhetorical reading, when we pass from simple narrative to direct address, especially when the address is to distant persons, a correspondent transition of voice is demanded. Many examples of this sort may be found in the *Paradise Lost*, from which the following are selected : —

“ ————— The cherubim,  
 Forth issuing at the accustomed hoúr, stood armed  
 To their night watches, in warlike parade,  
 When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake :  
 (°°) Uzziel ! || half these draw off, and coast the south,  
 With strictest watch ; — these other, || wheel the north,  
 Our circuit meets full west.”

Every reader of taste will perceive that the three last lines, in this case, must be spoken in a much bolder and higher voice than the preceding.

246. Another fine example may be seen in the sublime description of Satan, which ends with a speech to his associates, full of authority and reprehension. It is so long, that I shall give only parts of it, sufficient to show the transition.

(°°) “He scarce had ceased, when the superior fiend  
 Was moving towards the shòre ; his ponderous shield,  
 Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,  
 Behind him cast ; the broad circumference  
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon.———”

“ ————— on the beach  
 Of that inflamed sea he stood, || and called  
 His legions, angel fòrms ; ——  
 He called so loud that all the hollow deep

Of hell .. resounded. (°°) Princes, — *Potentates*,\*  
 WARRIORS ! || the flower of heaven, once yours, now *lòst* :  
 If such astonishment as this can seize  
 Eternal spirits —————”

Here again, where the thought changes from description to vehement address, to continue the voice in the simple tones of narrative, would be intolerably tame. It should rise to a higher and firmer utterance, on the passage beginning with, “*Princes*, — *Potentates*,” etc.

REM. In these cases, the change required consists chiefly in key and quantity. But there are other cases, in which these may be included, while the change consists also in the *qualities* of the voice.

247. It was remarked (87) p. 42, that tender emotions, such as pity and grief, incline the voice to gentle tones and the rising slide ; while emotions of joy, sublimity, authority, etc., conform the tones to their own character respectively. It is where this difference of emotion occurs in the same connection, that the change I have mentioned in the *quality* of voice is demanded, analogous to the difference between plaintive and spirited expression, or *piano* and *forte*, in music.

248. To illustrate this, I select two stanzas from a hymn of Watts, and two from a psalm ; one being pathetic and reverential, the other animated and lively. These stanzas I arrange alternately, so as to exhibit the alternation of voice required by sentiment.†

(°) “Alas ! and did my Savior bleed ?  
 And did my Sovereign die ?  
 Would he devote that sacred head  
 For such a worm as I ?”

(°°) “*Jòy* to the world ! — the *Lòrd* is come !  
 Let earth *recève* her King ;  
 Let every *heart* prepare him room,  
 And heaven and nature sing.”

\* In the examples, and in the exercises, a word in Italics has the common accent, while small capitals are occasionally used to denote a still more intensive stress.

† In the first and third, the voice should be plaintive and soft, as well as high.

(°) "Was it for crimes that *I* had done,  
 He groaned upon the tree?  
 Amaz . . ing pity! grace unknown!  
 And love || beyond degree!"

(°°) "*Jôy* to the earth! the *Sàvior* reigns!  
 Let *men their* songs employ;  
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,  
 Repeat the sounding joy."

249. In the following example, we see Satan lamenting his loss of heaven, and then, in the dignity of a fell despair, invoking the infernal world. In reading this, when the apostrophe changes, the voice should drop from the tones of lamentation, which are high and soft, to those which are deep and strong, on the words "Hail, horrors," etc.

(°) "'Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,'  
 Said then the lost archangel, 'this the seat,  
 That we must change for heaven? This mournful gloom ||  
 For that celestial light?'" —

"'Farewell, happy fields,  
 Where joy forever dwells. (°°) HAIL, horrors! HAIL,  
*Infernal world!* And thou, . . *profoundest hell,* . .  
 Receive thy new possessor! one who brings  
 A mind not to be changed by place or time.'"

#### EXPRESSION.

250. This term I use in a rather limited sense, to denote the proper influence of reverential and pathetic sentiment on the voice.\*

251. There is a modification of voice, which accompanies awakened sensibility of soul, that is more easily felt than described; and this constitutes the *unction* of delivery. Without this, thoughts that should impress, attract, or soothe the mind, often become repulsive.†

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\* A partial illustration of this has been given in the foregoing section, but its importance calls for some additional remarks.

† I have heard the language of our Lord, at the institution of the sacra-



252. The fact cannot have escaped common observation, that sorrow, and its kindred passions, when carried to a high pitch, suspend the voice entirely. In a lower degree, they give it a slender and tremulous utterance. Thus Aaron, when informed that his two sons were smitten dead, by a stroke of divine vengeance, "held his peace." The emotions of his heart were too deep to find utterance in words. The highest passion of this sort is expressed by *silence*; and when so far moderated as to admit of words, it speaks only in abrupt fragments of sentences.

253. Hence it is that all artificial *imitation*, in this case, is commonly so unlike the reality. It leads to metaphors, to amplification and embellishment in language, and to either vociferation or whining in utterance. Whereas the real passion intended to be imitated, if it speaks at all, speaks without ornament, in few words, and in tones that are a perfect contrast to those of declamation.

254. This distinction arises from those laws of the human mind, by which internal emotion is connected with its external signs. A *groan* or a *shriek* is instantly understood, as a language extorted by distress, a language which no art can counterfeit, and which conveys a meaning that *words* are utterly inadequate to express. The heart that is bursting with grief, feels the sympathy that speaks in a silent grasp of the hand, in tears, or in gentle tones of voice; while it is shocked at the cold commiseration that utters itself in many words, firmly and formally pronounced.

255. If these views are correct, passion has its own appropriate language; and this, so far as the voice is concerned, (for I cannot here consider looks and gesture,) is what I mean by *expression*.

256. That this may be cultivated by the effort of art, to some extent, is evident from the skill which actors have sometimes obtained in dramatic exhibition; a skill to which one of the fraternity alluded, in his remark to a dignitary of the church, the cutting severity of which consists in the *truth* it contains: "We speak of fictions as if they were realities; you speak of realities as if they were fictions."

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mental supper, read with just those falling slides on a high note, which belong to the careless, colloquial tones of familiar conversation; thus, "Take, eat;—this is my bddy." Even the *Lord's Prayer* I have sometimes heard read with the same irreverent familiarity of manner. This offence against propriety becomes still more violent, when the sentiment is not only solemn, but pathetic, requiring that correspondent *quality* of voice, to which I have repeatedly alluded.

257. But the dignity of real eloquence, and peculiarly of *sacred* eloquence, disclaims all artifice; and the sensibility which would be requisite to render imitation successful, would at the same time render it *needless*; for why should one aim to counterfeit that of which he possesses the reality?

258. The fact, however, is, that the indescribable power communicated to the voice by a delicate sensibility, especially a Christian sensibility, is quite beyond the reach of art to imitate. It depends on the vivid excitement of real feeling; and, in Christian oratory, implies that expansion and elevation of the soul, which arise only from a just feeling of religious truth. The man whose temperament is so phlegmatic that he cannot kindle with emotion, at least with such a degree of emotion as will show itself in his countenance and voice, may be useful in some departments of learning, but the decision of his Creator is stamped upon him, that he was not made for a public speaker.

### REPRESENTATION.

259. This takes place when one voice personates two individuals or more.

260. Every one must have observed how much more interesting is an exhibition of *men*, as living agents, than of *things* in the abstract. Now, when the orator introduces another man as speaking, he either informs us what that man said, in the third person; or presents him to us as spoken to, in the second person, and as speaking himself, in the first.

261. So far as the principles of *style* are concerned, the difference between the two methods, in point of vivacity, is easily explained. The former is mere *description*, the latter is *representation*. A cold narrator would have said that Verres was guilty of flagrant cruelty, in scourging a man who declared himself to be a Roman citizen. But Cicero shows us the man writhing under the lash of the bloody prætor, and exclaiming, "I am a Roman citizen."

262. A thousand examples are at hand, to show the difference between telling us what was said by another man, and introducing that man to speak to us himself. "The wise men said that they had seen his star in the east, and had come to worship him," is narrative. "We have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him," is representation. "Jesus told Peter that he should deny him thrice," is narrative. "Jesus said, Peter, thou shalt deny me thrice," is representation. The difference between these two modes of communication it is the province of taste to feel, but of criticism to explain.

263. Let us then analyze a simple thought, as expressed in these two

forms: "Jesus inquired of Simon, the son of Jonas, whether he loved him." "Jesus said, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" The difference in point of vivacity is instantly perceived; but in what does this difference consist? In two things.

264. The first manner throws verbs into past time, and pronouns into the third person, producing, in the latter especially, an indefiniteness of grammatical relation, which is unfriendly to the clearness and vivacity of language. At the same time, the energy arising from the vocative case, from the figure of tense, and of interrogation, is sacrificed. As a principle of *composition*, though commonly overlooked, this goes far to explain the difference between the tame and the vivid in style.

265. But the same difference is still more striking when analyzed by the principles of *delivery*. Transform an animated question into a mere statement of the fact, that such a question was asked, and all the intonations of voice are changed, so that you do not seem to hear a real person speaking, but are only told he did speak.

266. This change in expression of voice will be apparent in repeating the two forms of the example last quoted. Doubtless most readers of the New Testament have felt the spirit with which the evangelist relates an interview between the Jewish priests and John the Baptist. Omitting the few clauses of narrative, it is a dialogue, thus:—

*Priests.* Who art thou?

*John.* I am not the Christ.

*Priests.* What then? art thou Elias?

*John.* I am not.

*Priests.* Art thou that prophet?

*John.* No.

*Priests.* Who art thou?—that we may give an answer to them that sent us. What sayest thou of thyself?

*John.* I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness,—Make straight the way of the Lord, as said the prophet Esaias.

*Priests.* Why baptizest thou then, if thou be not that Christ, nor Elias, neither that prophet?

*John.* I baptize with water; but there standeth one among you whom ye know not; etc. The reader will perceive, by turning to the passage in the evangelist John, 1: 19, and repeating it as it stands there, that not only must the same voice ask the questions, with a higher note, and give the answers with a lower; but also must distinguish the intermingled clauses of narrative from the dialogue.

267. Now, all these thoughts might be intelligibly expressed in the language of description, by the very common process of changing the pronouns into the third person, and the verbs into the third person of the past tense, and, of course, transforming all the interlocutory tones into those of narrative. But where would be the variety and spirit of the passage? It would scarcely retain even a dull resemblance of its present form.

268. It is by just this sort of transformation, that reporters of debates in legislative bodies so often contrive to divest a speech of half its interest, if they do not grossly obscure its meaning. As I wish to be understood, I will give a specimen of this kind, where the orator is described as proceeding thus: "He said that the remarks of the honorable member, whether so intended by him or not, were of a very injurious character. If not aimed at him personally, they were adapted to cast suspicion, at least, on his motives. And he asked if any gentleman, in his moments of cool reflection, would blame him, if he stood forth the guardian of his own reputation."

269. Now, let the narrator keep in his own province, and merely state the thing as it was, — and the difference is seen at once. The orator speaks in the first person: "I say that the remarks of the honorable member, whether so intended by him or not, are of a very injurious character. If not aimed at me personally, they are adapted to cast suspicion, at least, on my motives. And I ask, will any gentleman, in his moments of cool reflection, blame me, if I stand forth the guardian of my own reputation?"

270. Here, if any one will analyze the language, in both cases, he will see that, in the former, verbs are accommodated to past time, and pronouns are all thrown into the third person, though belonging to different antecedents; and thus the reporter's pen spreads ambiguity and weakness over a thought, as the torpedo benumbs what it touches.

271. The man who feels the inspiration of true eloquence, will find some of his happiest resources in what I here call *representation*. He can break through the trammels of a tame, inanimate address. He can ask questions, and answer them; can personate an accuser and a respondent; can suppose himself accused or interrogated, and give his replies. He can call up the absent or the dead, and make them speak through his lips.

272. The skill of representing two or more persons, by appropriate management of language and voice, may properly be called *rhetorical dialogue*. It was thus that the great orators of antiquity, and thus that Chrysostom and Massillon, held their hearers in captivity.

273. I will only add, that when a writer, in the act of composition, finds himself perplexed with clashing pronouns of the third person, — or when he is at a loss, whether part or the whole of a sentence should or should not be distinguished with a mark of interrogation, — he should suspect in himself some aberration from the true principles of style.

## READING OF POETRY.

274. Before we dismiss the general subject of this chapter, some remarks may be expected on proper management of the voice in the reading of verse. These remarks, however, must necessarily be so brief as to give only a few leading suggestions on this difficult branch of elocution. I say difficult, because, on the one hand, the genius of verse requires that it be pronounced with a fuller swell of the open vowels, and in a manner more melodious and flowing than prose. As the peculiar charms of poetry consist very much in delicacy of sentiment and beauty of language, it were absurd to read it without regard to these characteristics. But, on the other hand, to preserve the metrical flow of versification, and yet not impair the sense, is no easy attainment. The following general principles may be of use to the student.

275. In proportion as the sentiment of a passage is elevated, inspiring emotions of dignity or reverence, the voice has less variety of inflection, and is more inclined to the monotone. The grand and sublime in description and in poetic simile, the language of adoration and of supplication, are universally distinguished, in the above respect, from familiar discourse.

276. When the sentiment of a passage is delicate and gentle, especially when it is plaintive, it inclines the voice to the rising inflection; and for this reason, poetry oftener requires the rising inflection than prose; yet,

277. The *rights of emphasis* must be respected in poetry. When the language of a passage is strong and discriminating, or familiarly descriptive, or colloquial, the same modifications of voice are required as in prose. The *emphatic stress* and *inflection*, that must be *intensive*, in prose, to express a thought forcibly, are equally necessary in poetry.

## EXAMPLES.

“Say first, of God above, or man below,  
What can we *rēason*, but from what we *know*?”



"Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,  
And drawn, supports, — upheld by *Gód* or *thèe*?"

"Who thus define it, say they more or less  
Than this, — that *háppiness* is *hàppiness*?"

"Order is Heaven's first law; and, this confest,  
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest;  
More *rìch*, more *wìse*; but who infers from hence  
That such are *hàppier*, — shocks all common sense."

"But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed:  
What *thèn*? — is the reward of virtue *brèad*?"

278. The *metrical accent* of poetry is subordinate to sense, and to established usage in pronunciation. It is a general rule, that though the poet has violated this principle in arranging the syllables of his feet, still it should not be violated by the reader. This is a childish conformity to poetic measure, which we sometimes hear, as marked in the following examples: —

"False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,  
Its gaudy colors spreads on every place."

Again: —

"Their praise is still, the style is excellent;  
The sense they humbly take upon content."

And worse still: —

"My soul ascends above the *sky*,  
And triumphs in her *liberty*."

279. In most instances of this sort, where the metrical accent would do violence to every ear of any refinement, the reader should not attempt to hide the fault of the poet by committing a greater one himself. There are some cases, however, in which the best way of obviating the difficulty, is to give both the metrical and the customary accent; or at least to do this so far, that neither shall be very conspicuous; thus: —

"Our *sùprême* foe in time may much relent."

"Of thrones and mighty seraphim *próstrate* ——"

"Encamp their legions, or with *óbscüre* wing."

I think of only two exceptions to these remarks on accent. 1. The first occurs where a distinguished poet has purposely violated harmony, to make

the harshness of his line correspond with that of the thought. This Milton has effectually done, in the following example, by making the customary accent supersede the metrical : —

“ ————— On a sudden open fly,  
With *impétuous* recoil, and jarring sound,  
The infernal doors ; and on their hinges grate  
Harsh thunder.”

2. The other exception occurs, where a poet of the same order, without any apparent reason, has so deranged the customary accent, that to restore it, in reading, would be a violation of euphony not to be endured ; thus : —

“ ————— And as is due  
With glory *attributed* to the high  
Creator ? ” ———  
“ Only to shine, yet scarce to *contribute*  
Each orb a glimpse of light.”

280. The *pauses* of verse should be so managed, if possible, as most fully to exhibit the sense, without sacrificing the harmony of the composition. No good reader can fail to observe the *cæsural* pause, occurring after the fourth syllable, in these flowing lines : —

“ Warms in the sun || refreshes in the breeze,  
Glow in the stars || and blossoms in the trees.”

Yet no good reader would introduce the same pause, from regard to melody, where the sense utterly forbids it, as in this line : —

“ I sit, with sad civility I read.”

While the ear, then, in our heroic measure, commonly expects the *cæsura* after the fourth syllable, it often demands its postponement to the sixth or seventh, and sometimes rejects it altogether.

281. But there is another poetical pause, namely, that which occurs at the *end of the line*, concerning which there has been more diversity of opinion and practice among respectable authors. The most competent judges have, indeed, very generally concurred in saying, that this pause should be observed even in blank verse, except on the stage. Lowth, Johnson, Garrick, Kames, Blair, and Sheridan, were all of this opinion. Others,

particularly Walker, have questioned the propriety of pausing at the end of the line, in blank verse, except where the same pause would be proper in prose.

282. Now, it seems clear to me that, (if there is any tolerable harmony in the measure,) even when the sense of one line runs closely into the next, the reader may, generally, mark the end of the line by a proper protraction and suspension of voice, on the closing syllable, — as in the following notation : —

“————— Thus with the year ..  
 Seasons return, but not to me returns ..  
 Day || or the sweet approach of even or morn.”  
 “And over them triumphant Death his dart ..  
 Shook || but delayed to strike.”  
 “————— All air seemed then ..  
 Conflicting fire ; long time in even scale ..  
 The battle hung.”  
 “————— For now the thought ..  
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain ..  
 Torments him.”

NOTE. In none of these cases, perhaps, would a printer insert a pause at the end of the line ; and yet there appears to be no difficulty in making one with the voice, by a moderate swell and protraction of sound. But there certainly are examples, and those not a few, in which the writers of blank verse have so amalgamated their lines by prosaic arrangement of pauses, that all attempts of the reader to distinguish these lines would be useless. Here, again, as was said of misplaced accent, the reader must look to the sense, and let the poet be responsible for the want of musical versification.

283. In regard to *rhyme*, there can be no doubt that it should be so read as to make the end of the line quite perceptible to the ear ; otherwise the correspondent sound of the final syllables, in which rhyme consists, would be entirely lost. It is a strange species of trifling, therefore, which we sometimes witness in a man, who takes the trouble to adjust his rhymes, in a poetic composition, and then, in reading or speaking, slurs them over with a preposterous hurry, and confounds them by an indiscriminating utterance, so that they are necessarily unperceived by the hearers.

284. I entirely concur with Walker in his remark that the

vowels *e* and *o*, when apostrophized, in poetry, should be preserved in pronunciation. But they should be spoken in a manner so slight and accelerated, as easily to coalesce with the following syllable. An example or two of this will require no explanation.

“But of the two less dang’rous is the offence.”

“Who durst defy th’ Omnipotent to arms?”

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## CHAPTER VII.

### RHETORICAL ACTION.

285. I use the term *action*, not for the whole of delivery, according to the most extensive sense given to it by the ancients; nor yet in the most restricted modern sense, as equivalent to *gesture* merely; but as including also *attitudes*, and *expression of the countenance*.

286. That action, which Cicero calls “*sermo corporis*,” is an important part of oratory, is too evident to demand proof. If any one doubts this, let him ask himself, How does a great painter give reality and life to his portrait? How do children speak? How do the dumb speak? Action and attitude in these cases are the language of nature to express feeling and emotion.

There are two extremes respecting this subject, each of which deserves a brief notice, in this place, as being at variance with common sense.

287. The first is, that which encumbers a speaker with so much technical regulation of his movements, as to make him an automaton. It is a great mistake to suppose that a young student, before he can commence his efforts in oratory, must commit to memory a system of rules respecting gesticulation, just as arithmetical tables must be learned by the tyro in numbers.

288. When a beginner in elocution shall be able to look at an assembly without an unmanly flutter of spirits, and shall have acquired a good degree of ease in the attitudes and motions of his body, then it will be time enough to rectify, one after another, the faults of his own manner, by attention to good models and correct principles of action. This, I am persuaded, should be attempted *gradually*, rather than all at once ; for the transforming influence of *practice* is essential to any useful application of precepts. And these precepts, too, when given to an individual, I am fully satisfied, after much observation, instead of being confined to minute directions respecting his own gesticulation, should especially be adapted to instruct him in general principles.

289. All attempts to regulate the attitudes and movements of his body, by diagrams and geometrical lines, without great skill in the teacher, will lead to an affected, mechanical manner. His *habits* are of prime importance. By these, good or bad, he must be governed in the act of speaking ; for to think of his manner then will be the certain ruin of all simplicity. Let all these habits be well formed, and be his own, so as to govern his movements spontaneously, and trust the rest to emotion.

290. The other extreme to which I alluded, is that which condemns all precepts, and all preparatory practice too, as mischievous in their influence, because no one can learn to speak till he comes into the real business of speaking, as his profession.

291. On this I can make but one passing remark. Preparatory discipline of the faculties necessarily wants the stimulus of real business, in respect to every liberal art and valuable talent among men. Why, then, shall not such discipline be deemed useless in all other cases, as well as in elocution ? Why shall we not neglect to learn any thing, which relates to practical skill in a profession, till we actually enter on that profession ?

I now proceed to offer my remarks on Rhetorical Action, dividing the subject into two parts.



## PART I.

## THE PRINCIPLES OF RHETORICAL ACTION.

292. The power of action consists wholly in its correspondence with thought and emotion; and this correspondence arises either from *nature* or *custom*.

293. The body is the instrument of the soul, or the medium of expressing internal emotions by external signs. The less these signs depend on the will, on usage, or on accident, the more uniform they are, and the more certainly to be relied on.

294. The soul speaks most intelligibly, so far as *visible* signs are concerned, in those muscles which are the most pliant and prompt to obey its dictates. These are the muscles of the *face*; which spontaneously, and almost instantaneously, respond to the impulse from within.

295. Anger, for example, shows itself in the contraction of the brow, the flash of the eye, the quivering of the lip, and the alternate paleness and crimson of the cheek. Terror is expressed by convulsive heaving of the bosom, and by hurried respiration and speech. Joy sparkles in the eye, — sorrow vents itself in tears.

296. Now, why is it that these signs, invariably, and every where, are regarded as the stamp of reality? The reason is, they are not only the genuine language of emotion, but are independent of the *will*. A groan or shriek speaks to the ear, as the language of distress, with far more thrilling effect than words. Yet these may be counterfeited by art. Much more may common tones of voice be rendered loud or soft, high or low, at pleasure.

297. But not so with the signs which emotion imprints on the face. Whether anger, fear, joy, shall show themselves in the

hue of my cheek, or the expression of my eye, depends not at all on my choice, any more than whether my heart shall beat, and my blood circulate. So unequivocal is this language of the passions, and so incapable of being applied to purposes of deception, that all men feel its force, instinctively and immediately. They know that the *hand* or the *tongue*, which obey the dictates of the will, may deceive ; but the *face* cannot speak falsehood.

298. I might add, that he whose soul is so destitute of emotion, as not to impart this expression to his countenance, or he whose acquired habits are so unfortunate, as to frustrate this expression, whatever qualities he may possess besides, lacks one grand requisite to true eloquence.

299. If the visible signs of passion are thus invariable, so that even a child instinctively understands the smile or the frown of its nurse, it is probably no visionary theory which supposes a correspondence, to some extent, between the *habits* of the mind, and certain configurations in the features of the face.

300. Every one knows the difference between the cheerful aspect of innocence, the vivacity of intelligence, the charming languor of pity or grief, as imprinted on the countenance ; and the scowl of misanthropy, the dark suspicion of guilt, the vacant stare of stupidity, or the haggard frenzy of despair. And it is reasonable to suppose that affections and intellectual habits, such as benevolence or malignity, cheerfulness or melancholy, deep thought or frivolity, must imprint themselves, just in proportion to their predominance, in distinct and permanent lines upon the face.

#### ATTITUDE AND MIEN.

301. Here, again, all distinctions, of any value, result from our knowledge of the influence which the mind has on the body. An erect attitude denotes majesty, activity, strength. It becomes the authority of the commander, the energy of a soldier in arms, and, in all cases, the dignity of conscious innocence. Adam and Eve, in the description of Milton, on account of their noble shape and erect carriage, “seemed lords of all.” The leaning attitude, in

its varieties of expression, may denote affection, respect, the earnestness of entreaty, the dignity of composure, the listlessness of indifference, or the lassitude of disease.

302. The *air* of a man, too, including his general motion, has its language. That peculiarity in the *walk* of different persons, which enables us to distinguish, at a distance, one friend from another, does not of course make a correspondent description of character. But the measured pace of the ploughman, the strut of the coxcomb, and the dignified gait of the military chief, we necessarily associate with a supposed difference of personal qualities and habits in the individuals. Hence the queen of Olympus is represented, in poetic fable, as claiming to be known by her stately carriage — “*divûm incedo regina.*” And so Venus was known to her son by the elegance of her motion — “*incessu patuit dea.*”

303. In those parts of the body which act frequently and visibly in the common offices of life, motion is more or less significant, according to circumstances. A deaf man places his hand by his ear, in such a manner as partially to serve the purpose of a hearing trumpet. He opens his mouth in the attitude of listening, because defective hearing is assisted by transmission of sound through a passage from the mouth to the ear.

304. Joy, approaching to rapture, gives a sparkling brilliancy to the eye and a sprightly activity to the limbs. We see this in a long absent child springing to the arms of its parent ; we see it in the beautiful narrative of the lame man, who had been miraculously healed, “walking, and *leaping*, and praising God.”

305. The head, gently reclined, denotes grief or shame ; erect, — courage, firmness ; thrown back or shaken, — dissent, negation ; forwards, — assent.

The hand, raised and inverted, repels ; more elevated and extended, denotes surprise ; placed on the mouth, silence ; on the head, pain ; on the breast, affection, or an appeal to conscience ; clinched, it signifies defiance. Both hands raised, with the palms united, express supplication ; gently clasped, thankfulness ; wrung, agony.

306. In most of these cases, action is significant because it is spontaneous and uniform. The mother, who saw her son just shot dead in Covent Garden, expressed her amazement by a motion of her hand, such as a thousand others would make, probably without one exception, in similar circumstances.

307. A Greek eulogist of Cæsar says, "His right hand was mighty to command, which by its majestic power did quell the fierce audacity of barbarous men." "A man standing by the bed of an expiring friend, waving his hand with the palm outward, tells an officious nurse to stand back at a distance. Again the same hand beckons, with the palm inward, and the nurse flies to his assistance." \* The Roman who held up the *stump* of his arm, from which the hand was lost in the service of his country, pleaded for his brother, with an eloquence surpassing the power of words. And all the influence of the tribunes could not persuade the people to pass a vote of condemnation against Manlius, while he stood and silently stretched out his hand towards the Capitol, which his valor had saved.

#### ACTION CONSIDERED AS SIGNIFICANT FROM CUSTOM.

308. In this respect, its meaning, like that of words, is arbitrary, local, and mutable. In Europe, respect is expressed by uncovering the head; in the East, by keeping it covered. In one country, the same thing is expressed by bowing; in another, by kneeling; in another, by prostration. The New Zealander presses his nose against that of his friend, to denote what we express by a squeeze of the hand.† The European welcomes the return of a beloved object by an embrace; the Tahëitan signifies the same emotion by tearing his hair and lacerating his body.

309. On gestures of this description I shall say nothing more, except that they have very little concern with grave oratory. This allows nothing as becoming, that does not correspond with the time and place, the age of the orator, and the elevation of the subject. It abjures mimicry and pantomime. The theatre admits of attitude and action, that would be altogether extravagant in the senate. The forum, too, though much more restricted than the

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\* Siddons.

† Homer makes Glaucus and Diomed, two chiefs of the opposing armies, *shake hands*, as a token of individual friendship. *Iliad*, VI. 233.

stage, allows a violence that would be unsuitable to the business of the sacred orator.

310. Indeed, the dignity of eloquence can in no case condescend to histrionic levity. The comic actor may descend to minute imitation ; he may, for example, represent the fingers of the physician applied to the pulse of his patient, or of the musician to the strings of his instrument. But in the orator, all this is to be, as Quintilian says, “*longissime fugiendum.*”

## PART II.

### FAULTS OF RHETORICAL ACTION.

311. Before I proceed to that cursory view of these which I propose to give, it may be useful to advert to the *sources* from which they are derived. These are, chiefly, *personal defects*, *diffidence*, and *imitation*.

312. Any considerable defect, original or accidental, in the *conformation* of the *body*, may injure the force or gracefulness of its movements. The walk of Achilles must have had more dignity than the halting gait of Thersites. If Cicero had lost his right hand, or even the thumb or forefinger of that hand, though he would have been still the first orator of Rome, he would have been somewhat less than Cicero. Austin observes that shortness of neck and of arms is unfavorable to oratorical gesture. But I am not aware that this remark is justified by facts, except so far as corpulence is unfriendly to agility and freedom of movement.

313. Many defects, in the action of public speakers, have their origin probably in an *unmanly diffidence*. When one, who has had no preparatory discipline in public speaking, rises to address a large assembly, he is appalled at the very aspect of his audience, and dares not stir a limb, lest he should commit some mistake. Before he surmounts this timidity, he is liable to fall under the dominion of habits, from which he can never release himself.



314. When, therefore, Walker says, "A speaker should use no more gesture than he can help," he must mean an *accomplished* speaker, whose external powers spontaneously obey the impulse of his feelings. But it would be idle to say that a prisoner, whose hands are pinioned by cords, should stir them no more than he can help. And it is no less idle to say this of a speaker whose hands are pinioned by habit. Cut the cords that bind him, set his limbs at liberty to obey his inward emotions, and I readily admit the justice of the principle. But when diffidence does not acquire such an ascendancy as to suppress action, it may render it constrained and inappropriate, and in many ways frustrate its utility.

315. The only cause of the imperfections which I am about to notice, is *imitation*. This, when combined with the one just mentioned, operates with an influence more powerful, perhaps, than in any other case. Addison, in describing English oratory, says, "We can talk of life and death in cold blood, and keep our temper in a discourse that turns upon every thing that is dear to us." This censure he extends to the pulpit, the bar, and the senate. The fact he accounts for partly by the charitable supposition that the English are peculiarly modest; while he allows us, if he does not oblige us, to ascribe it ultimately to a frigid national temperament. And yet, in this he seems hardly consistent; for he adds, "Though our zeal breaks out in the finest tropes and figures, it is not able to stir a limb about us."

316. But how can the external signs of emotion be thus incongruous? A zeal that kindles the soul of a speaker, that bursts from his mouth in tropes, never fails to stir his limbs, unless some powerful counteracting cause prevents. Now, we have just seen that such a cause may exist, which, even in spite of emotion, will as effectually confine a man's hands, as if they were literally bound. And what absurdity is there in supposing, that what was excess of modesty in a few Englishmen of distinction, at some early period, was transferred to others by imitation; so that the want of gesture, of which Addison complains, became a national characteristic?

317. National habits result from individual, often by a process of ages, the effects of which are manifest, while the operation is unseen. And it is more philosophical to ascribe the fact, on which I am remarking, to a public taste, formed and perpetuated by imitation, than to suppose, as is often done, a temperament singularly phlegmatic in a people, whose poets, and secular orators, have unquestionably surpassed all their contemporaries in powers of imagination.

318. But *want of action* is not the only fault that may spring from imitation. In the case of individuals, excess and awkwardness may arise from undue regard to some improper model. Cicero mentions an orator, who was distinguished for pathos and a wry face ; and says that another, who made him his pattern, imitated his distortion of feature, but not his pathos.

319. Special faults in one whom we mean to imitate, strike attention, because they commonly appear in the form of peculiarity. This, while it renders imitation more preposterous, renders it, at the same time, more obvious. The worst gesture of Hamilton has been transmitted by imitation to this time ; and is used by some who never saw that great man, and who know nothing of his manner as a speaker. In this way, some peculiarity, that was perhaps accidental at first, may acquire ascendancy in a college, and be transmitted from one generation to another of its students.

In proceeding now to mention, with more particularity, the faults of action, I shall follow the order of my previous remarks on *countenance*, *attitude*, and *gesture*.

320. The *eye* is the only part of the face that it falls within my design to notice here, both because this is the chief seat of expression, and because its significance is especially liable to be frustrated by mismanagement. For reasons already mentioned, the intercourse of soul between speaker and hearers is carried on more unequivocally through the eye, than in any other way. But if he neglects to look at them, and they in return neglect (as they commonly will) to look at him, the mutual reaction of feeling

through the countenance is lost ; and vocal language is all the medium of intercourse that remains.\*

321. The eye "bent on vacuity," as the artists call it, is the next most common defect of this sort. The glass eye of a wax figure at once tells its own character. There may be, in other respects, the proportion and complexion of a human face ; but that *eye*, the moment it is examined, you perceive, is nothing more, and, at best, it *can* be nothing more, than a bungling counterfeit. So the eye of a speaker may be open, and yet not see ; at least there may be no *discrimination*, no *meaning* in its look. It does not look *at* any thing. There is in its expression a generality, a vacuity, so to speak, that expresses *nothing*.

322. To the same class belongs that indefinite sweep of the eye, which passes from one side to another of an assembly, resting nowhere ; and that tremulous, waving cast of the eye, and winking of the eyelid, which is in direct contrast to an open, collected, manly expression of the face.†

So fatal are these faults to the impression of delivery, that too much care cannot be taken to avoid them.

323. *Attitude* I use, not in the theatrical sense of the word, (for this has no concern with oratory,) but as denoting the general positions of the body, which are becoming or otherwise in a

\* The reader will please to observe that, in the following pages, such remarks as apply solely or peculiarly to the *pulpit* are given in the notes.

It falls not within my design here to inquire how far the prevalent practice of reading sermons ought to be dispensed with. But it is plainly absurd to speak of expression in a preacher's eye, while it is fixed on a manuscript. Nearly the same infelicity, and on some accounts a greater one, attends the rapid, dodging cast of the eye from the notes to the hearers, and back again ; implying a servile dependence on what is written, even in repeating the most familiar declarations of the Bible. And this infelicity is still aggravated by such a position of the manuscript, as to require the eye to be turned directly downward in looking at it.

† Here, again, the habit acquired by some preachers, from closely reading their sermons, is such, that when they raise their eye from the paper, they fix it on the floor of the aisle, or on a post or pannel, to avoid a direct look at their hearers.

speaker. In some few instances, I have observed the head to be kept so erect, as to give the air of haughtiness. In others, it is dropped so low, that the man seems to be carelessly surveying his own person. In others, it is reclined towards one shoulder, so as to give the appearance of languor or indolence.\*

324. As to the *degree of motion* that is proper for the body, it may be safely said, that while the fixedness of a post is an extreme, all violent tossing of the body from side to side, rising on the toes, or writhing of the shoulders and limbs, are not less unseemly.

The remarks which come next to be made on *gesture*, are more various.†

325. One principal fault which I have noticed in this, is want of *appropriateness*. By this I mean that it is not sufficiently adapted to circumstances. An address to an assembly of com-

\* There is often something characteristic in the air with which a preacher enters a church, ascends the pulpit, and rises in it to address an assembly. If he assumes the gracefulness of a fine gentleman, as if he were practising the lessons of an assembly room, every hearer of discernment will see that his object is to exhibit *himself*, and will be offended at so gross a want of that seriousness which becomes his sacred office.

In minor points, what constitutes decorum depends not on philosophy nor accident, but on *custom*. From real or affected carelessness on such points, the preacher may fix on some trivial circumstance that attracts the attention of his hearers which should be devoted to greater things. He may do this, for example, by standing much too high, or too low, in the pulpit; by rising, as in the act of commencing his sermon, before the singing is closed; or delaying for so long an interval, as to excite apprehension that something has befallen him; by an awkward holding his Psalm-book, or especially his Bible, with one side hanging down or doubled backwards; by drawing his hands behind him, or thrusting them into his clothes.

In these things, as in all others, connected with the worship of God, it is the province of good sense to avoid *peculiarity in trifles*.

† The prevailing taste in our own country, like that of England, has been to employ but little action in the pulpit. Whitefield, in the last century, broke through the trammels of custom, in a boldness and variety of action bordering on that of the stage. But his gesture, like his elocution, was far from the declamatory. His hand had scarcely less authority than Cæsar's; and the movement even of his finger gave an electric thrill to the bosoms of his hearers. Massillon's action was less diversified, and less powerful, though more refined, as was the general character of his eloquence.



mon men, admits a boldness of action that would be unseemly in one delivered to a prince.\*

326. More vivacity and variety is admissible in the action of a young speaker, than of one who is aged; and the same boldness of manner which is proper when the orator is kindled to a glowing fervor, in the close of a discourse, would be out of place at its commencement. Yet the same action is used, by some speakers, in the exordium as in the conclusion—in cool argument to the understanding, as in impassioned appeals to the heart. Good sense will lead a man, as Quintilian says, “to *act*, as well as to *speak*, in a different manner, to different persons, at different times, and on different subjects.”

327. Nearly of the same class is another kind of faults arising from want of *discrimination*. Of this sort is that puerile imitation which consists in acting *words*, instead of *thoughts*. The declaimer can never utter the word *heart*, without laying his hand on his breast; nor speak of *God* or *heaven*, in the most incidental manner, without directing his eye and his gesture upwards. Let the same principle be carried out, in repeating the prophet’s description of true fasting,—“It is not for a man to bow down his head as a bulrush,” etc.,—and every one would see that to conform the gesture to the words, is but childish mimicry. This false taste has been reprobated even on the stage, as in the following passage from Hamlet:—

“—— Why should the poor be flattered?  
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,  
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,  
When thrift may follow fawning. ——  
————— Give me the man  
That is not passion’s slave.”

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\* On this principle it is, that gesture is felt to be so unreasonable in personating God, and in addresses made to him. When we introduce him as speaking to man, or when we speak of his adorable perfections, or to him in prayer, the sentiments inspired demand composure and reverence of manner. Good taste, then, can never approve the stretching upwards of the hands at full length, in the manner of Whitefield, at the commencement of prayer; nor the frowning aspect and the repelling movement of the hand, with which many utter the sentence of the final Judge, “Depart, ye cursed,” &c.



A certain actor, in repeating these lines, *bent the knee*, and *kissed the hand*, instead of assuming, as he ought, the firm attitude and indignant look proper to express Hamlet's contempt for a cringing parasite. But it is still more absurd, in grave delivery, to regard mere phraseology, instead of sentiment and emotion.

328. There is no case in which this want of discrimination oftener occurs, than in a class of words denoting sometimes *numerical*, and sometimes *local* extent, accompanied by the spreading of both hands; the significance of this gesture being destroyed by misapplication. The following examples may illustrate my meaning:—

EXAM. 1. "The goodness of God is the source of *all* our blessings." The declaimer, when he utters the word *God*, raises his eye and his right hand; and when he utters the word *all*, extends both hands. Now, the latter action confounds two things, that are very distinct, *number* and *space*. When I recount all the blessings of my life, they are very *many*; but why should I spread my hands to denote a multiplicity that is merely numerical and successive? when the thought has no concern with *local dimensions*, any more than in this case: "*All* the days of Methuselah were nine hundred and sixty and nine years."

EXAM. 2. "*All* the actions of our lives will be brought into judgment." Here, again, the thought is that of arithmetical succession, not of local extent; and if any gesture is demanded, it is not the spreading of both hands.

EXAM. 3. "I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to *all* people." Here the local extent which belongs to the thought, is properly expressed by action of both hands.

329. If there is language in action, it requires propriety and precision. The indiscriminate movement of the hands signifies nothing. Want of *emphasis* in this language is a great but common fault. When the speaker, however, has an emphatic stroke of the hand, its effect is lost, if that stroke does not accompany the emphasis of the voice; that is, if it falls one syllable after the stress of voice, or if it is disproportionate in force to that stress, in the same degree its meaning is impaired. The direction of the hand, too, in which the emphatic stroke terminates, is significant. The elevated termination suits high passion; the horizontal, decision; the downward, disapprobation. And any of these may denote definite designation of particular objects.

330. Another fault of action is *excess*. In some cases it is too *constant*. To enter on a discourse with passionate exclamations and high-wrought figures, while the speaker and audience are both cool, is not more absurd than to begin with continual gesticulation. No man probably ever carried the language of action to so high a pitch as Garrick. Yet Dr. Gregory says of this great dramatic speaker, "He used less action than any performer I ever saw; but his action always had meaning; it always spoke. By being less than that of other actors, it had the greater force." But if constant action has too much levity, even for the stage, what shall we say of that man's taste, who, in speaking on a subject of serious importance, can scarcely utter a sentence without extending his hands? "*Nequid nimis*." \*

331. But action may be not merely too *much*;—it may be too *violent*. Such are the habits of some men, that they can never raise the hand, without stretching the arm at full length above the head, or in a horizontal sweep; or drawing it back, as if in the attitude of prostrating some giant at a stroke. But such a man seems to forget that gentleness, and tranquillity, and dignity, are attributes that prevail more than violence, in real oratory. The full stroke of the hand, with extended arm, should be reserved for its own appropriate occasions. For common purposes, a smaller movement is sufficient, and even more expressive. The meaning of a gesture depends not on its compass. The tap of Cæsar's finger was enough to awe a senate.

332. Action is often *too complex*. When there is want of precision in the intellectual habits of the speaker, he adopts perhaps two or three gestures for one thought. In this way all

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\* Fenelon says, "Some time ago, I happened to fall asleep at a sermon; and when I awaked, the preacher was in a very violent agitation, so that I fancied, at first, he was pressing some important point of morality. But he was only giving notice, that on the Sunday following, he would preach upon repentance. I was extremely surprised to hear so indifferent a thing uttered with so much vehemence." The motion of the arm is proper, when the orator is very vehement, but he ought not to move his arm in order to *appear* vehement. Nay, there are many things that ought to be pronounced calmly, and without any motion.

simplicity is sacrificed ; for though the idea is complex, an attempt to exhibit each shade of meaning by the hand is ridiculous. After one principal stroke, every appendage to this commonly weakens its effect.

333. Another fault of action is *too great uniformity*. Like periodic tones and stress of voice, the same gesture recurring constantly, shows want of discriminating taste. "In all things," says Cicero, "repetition is the parent of satiety."\*

334. This barren sameness usually prevails, in a man's manner, just in proportion as it is ungraceful. Suppose, for example, that he is accustomed to raise his arm by a motion from the shoulder, without bending the elbow ; or that the elbow is bent to a right angle, and thrust outward ; or that it is drawn close to the side, so that the action is confined to the lower part of the arm and hand ; or that the hand is drawn to the left, by bending the wrist so far as to give the appearance of constraint, or backwards so far as to contract the thumb and fingers ; — in all these cases, the motion is at once stiff and unvaried.

335. The same thing is commonly true of all short, abrupt, and jerking movements. These remind you of the dry limb of a tree, forced into short and rigid vibrations by the wind ; and not of the luxuriant branch of the willow, gently and variously waving before the breeze. The action of the graceful speaker is easy and flowing, as well as forcible. His hand describes curve lines, rather than right or acute angles ; and when its office is finished, in any case, it drops gently down at his side, instead of being snatched away, as from the bite of a reptile. The action of young children is never deficient in grace or variety ; because it is not vitiated by diffidence, affectation, or habit.

336. There is one more class of faults, which seems to arise from an attempt to shun such as I have just described, and which I cannot better designate, than by the phrase *mechanical variety*.

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\* "When a preacher," says Reybaz, "has only *one* gesture, it will, necessarily, be incorrect or insignificant : a dull uniformity of action is the common defect of preachers."

337. This is analogous to that variety of *tones* which is produced by an *effort* to be various, without regard to sense. The diversity of notes, like those of the chiming clock, returns periodically, but is always the *same* diversity. So a speaker may have several gestures, which he repeats always in the same successive order.

338. The most common form of this artificial variety consists in the alternate use of the right hand and the left. I have seen a preacher, who aimed to avoid sameness of action, in the course of a few sentences, extend first his right hand, then his left, and then both. This order was continued through the discourse; so that these three gestures, whatever might be the sentiment, returned with nearly periodical exactness. Now, whatever variety is attained in this way, is at best but a *uniform* variety; and is the more disgusting, in proportion as it is the more studied and artificial.

339. But the question arises, Does this charge always lie against the use of the left hand *alone*? I answer, By no means. The almost universal precepts, however, in the institutes of oratory, giving precedence to the right hand, are not without reason. It has been said, indeed, that the confinement of the left hand in holding up the robe, was originally the ground of this preference; and that this is a reason which does not exist in modern times. But how did it happen that this service, denoting inferiority, came to be assigned to the *left*, rather than the *right* hand? Doubtless because this accords with a general usage of men, through all time. When Joseph brought his two sons to be blessed by Jacob, the patriarch signified which was the object of special benediction, by placing the right hand on his head, and the left on the head of the other. As a token of respect to his mother, Solomon gave her a seat on the right hand of his throne. Throughout the Bible, the right hand is spoken of as the emblem of honor, strength, authority, or victory.

340. The common act of salutation is expressed by the right hand; and hence its name *dextra*, from *δέχομαι*, to *take*, that is, by the hand; and hence, by figure, the English word *dextrous*, denoting skill and agility. General custom has always given preference to the right hand, when only one is used, in the common offices of life. The sword of the warrior, the knife of the surgical operator, the pen of the author, belong to this hand. With us to call a man *left-handed*, is to call him awkward; and it is a curious fact that the Sandwich Islanders use the same phrase to denote ignorance or unskilfulness. To give the left hand in salutation, denotes a careless familiarity and levity never offered to a superior. To employ this in taking an oath, or in giving what is called the "*right hand* of fellowship," as a religious act, would be deemed rusticity or irreverent trifling.



341. Now, so long as this general usage exists, without inquiring here into its origin, it is manifest that the left hand can never, without incongruity, assume precedence over the right, so as to perform alone the principal gesture, with the few exceptions mentioned below. To raise this hand, for example, as expressing authority; or to lay it on the breast, in an appeal to conscience, would be likely to excite a smile. Though it often acts, with great significance, in conjunction with the right hand, the only cases that I recollect, where it can with propriety act alone, in the principal gesture, are these:—

342. *First*, when the left hand is spoken of in contradistinction from the right. *Secondly*, when there is local allusion to some object on the left of the speaker. For example, if his face is to the north, and he points to the setting sun, it is better, perhaps, to do it with his left hand, than to turn his body, so as to make it convenient to do it with his right. *Thirdly*, when two things are contrasted, though without local allusion, if the case requires that the one be marked by the action of the right hand, it is often best to mark the anti-thetic object with the left.

343. But I would not magnify, by dwelling on it, a question of so small moment. It would have been despatched in a sentence or two, had it not seemed proper to show, that what some are disposed to call an arbitrary and groundless precept of ancient rhetoric, has its foundation in a general and instinctive feeling of propriety. Still I would say, that when a departure from this precept results, not from affectation, but from emotion, it is far better than any minute observance of propriety, which arises from a coldly correct and artificial habit.

344. In finishing this chapter, the general remark may be made as applying to action, and indeed to the whole subject of delivery, that many smaller blemishes are scarcely observed in a speaker who is deeply interested in his subject; while the affectation of excellence is never excused by judicious hearers. To be a first rate orator, requires a combination of powers which few men possess; and no means of cultivation can ever confer these highest requisites for eloquence, on public speakers generally. But neither is it necessary to eminent usefulness, that these requisites should be possessed by all. Any man, who has good sense and a warm heart, if his faculties for elocution are not essentially defective, and if he is patient and faithful in the discipline of these faculties, may render himself an agreeable and impressive speaker.



## EXERCISES.

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### PART I.

DESIGNED TO ILLUSTRATE THE PRINCIPLES OF RHETORICAL  
DELIVERY.

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#### REMARKS AND DIRECTIONS.

THESE Exercises are divided into two parts. The first part consists of selections, which are made expressly to illustrate the principles laid down in the foregoing ANALYSIS OF RHETORICAL DELIVERY. The classification of these selections is denoted, in each case, by the number, corresponding with the marginal figures in the Analysis. In using these exercises of the first part, the student may be assisted by the following remarks and directions : —

1. When a principle is supposed to be already familiar, the illustrations will be few ; in cases of more difficulty, or more importance, they will be extended to greater length.

2. In these examples, a rhetorical notation is applied, to designate inflection, emphasis, and, in some instances, modulation. When a word has but a moderate stress, it will often be distinguished only by the mark of inflection ; when the stress amounts to decided emphasis, it will be denoted by the *Italic* type ; and sometimes, when strongly intensive, by small capitals. The reader is desired to remember, too, that in passages taken from the Scriptures, *Italic* words are not used as in the English Bible, but simply to express emphasis.

3. This rhetorical notation is applied only to cases in which my own judgment is pretty clear ; though, in many of these cases,

I am aware that there is room for diversity of taste. Should this notation be found useful in practice, it may be more extensively applied, in a separate collection of exercises.

4. The principle to be illustrated by any exercise, should be carefully examined and well understood, in the first place; and, until the student has become quite familiar with this praxis of the voice, he should not attempt to read an example, longer or shorter, without previous attention to it.

5. The reader will observe that only very short examples can be expected to apply exclusively to a single principle. On account of the great labor and difficulty of selecting such examples, longer ones are often chosen, which include other principles besides the one specially in view. It will be deemed sufficient, in such cases, that there is an obvious relation to the point *chiefly* to be regarded.

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## EXERCISES ON ARTICULATION.

### EXERCISE I.

(See 46.\*)

#### 345. DIFFICULT ARTICULATION FROM IMMEDIATE SUCCESSION OF THE SAME OR SIMILAR SOUNDS.

1. The youth hates *study*.
2. The wild beasts *straggled* through the vale.
3. The steadfast *stranger* in the forests *strayed*.
4. It was the finest *street* of the city.
5. When Ajax *strives* some rock's vast weight to throw.
6. It was the severest *storm* of the season, but the *masts*  
stood through the gale.
7. That lasts *till* night. }  
    That last *still* night. }

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\* The figures refer to paragraphs in the body of the work.

8. He can debate *on either* side of the question. }  
     He can debate *on neither* side of the question. }  
 9. Who ever imagined such *an* ocean to exist? }  
     Who ever imagined such *a* notion to exist? }

## EXERCISE II.

(See 46, 3.)

## 346. DIFFICULT SUCCESSION OF CONSONANTS WITHOUT ACCENT.

1. He has taken leave of *terrestrial* trials and enjoyments, and is laid in the grave, the common *receptacle* and home of mortals.

2. Though this barbarous chief received us very courteously, and spoke to us very *communicatively* at the first interview, we soon lost our confidence in the *disinterestedness* of his motives.

3. Though there could be no doubt as to the *reasonableness* of our request, yet he saw fit *peremptorily* to refuse it, and *authoritatively* to require that we should depart from the country. As no alternative was left us, we *unhesitatingly* prepared to obey this arbitrary mandate.

## EXERCISE III.

(See 52, 53, 54.)

## 347. TENDENCY TO SLIDE OVER UNACCENTED VOWELS.

1. Several, delivered, separate, propose, melody, history, regular, government, regulate, premeditate, garrulous, miraculous, miracle, often, soften, opposite.

2. There were several princes in the procession.

3. All deliberation, therefore, is excluded.

4. He studies history and rhetoric.

5. His deliverance was almost miraculous.

6. Be prepared to precede them.

7. The communications of the competitors were compared together.

## EXERCISES ON INFLECTION.

## EXERCISE IV.

(See 81, Rule I.)

348. THE DISJUNCTIVE (*Or*) HAS THE RISING INFLECTION BEFORE, AND THE FALLING AFTER IT.

1. Then said Jesus unto them, I will ask you one thing : Is it lawful on the Sabbath days to do góod, or to do èvil ? to sáve life, or to destròy it ?

2. Whether we are hurt by a mád or a blínd man, the pain is still the same. And with regard to those who are undone, it avails little whether it be by a man who decéives them, or by one who is himself decèived.

3. Has God forsaken the works of his own hánds ? or does he always graciously presèrve, and kèep, and guíde them ?

4. Therefore, O ye judges, you are now to consider, whether it is more probable that the deceased was murdered by the man who inherits his estáte, or by him who inherits nothing but bèggary by the same death ; by the man who was raised from penury to plénty, or by him who was brought from happiness to mìsery ; by him whom the lust of lucre has inflamed with the most inveterate hatred against his own relátions, or by him whose life was such that he never knew what gain was, but from the product of his own làbors ; by him, who, of all dealers in the trade of blood, was the most audácious, or by him who was so little accustomed to the forum and trials, that he dreads not only the benches of a court, but the very tòwn. In short, ye judges, what I think most to this point is, you are to consider whether it is most likely that an éenemy, or a sòn, would be guilty of this murder.

5. As for the particular occasion of these [charity] schools, there cannot any offer more worthy a generous mind. Would you do a handsome thing without retúrñ ? — do it for an infant that is not sensible of the obligation.\* Would you do it for the

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\* Disjunctive *or* is understood.

public gòod? — do it for one who will be an honest artificer  
Would you do it for the sake of Hèaven? — give it for one who  
shall be instructed in the worship of Him for whose sake you  
gave it.

## EXERCISE V.

(See 82, Rule II.)

349. THE DIRECT QUESTION HAS THE RISING INFLECTION, AND  
THE ANSWER HAS THE FALLING.

1. Will the Lord cast off foréver? and will he be favorable no  
móre? Is his mercy clean gone foréver? Doth his promise fail  
forevermóre? Hath God forgotten to be grácious? Hath he in  
anger shut up his tender mércies?

2. Is not this the carpenter's sòn? is not his mother called  
Máry? and his brethren, James, and Joses, and Simon, and  
Júdas? and his sisters, are they not all with ús?

3. Are we intended for actors in the grand drama of etérnity?  
Are we candidates for the plaudit of the ráational creation? Are  
we formed to participate the supreme beatitude in communicat-  
ing háppiness? Are we destined to coöperate with God in ad-  
vancing the order and perfection of his wórks? How sublime a  
creature then is mǎn!

4. Can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual prog-  
ress of improvement, and travelling on from perfection to per-  
fection, after having just looked abroad into the works of his  
Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness,  
wisdom, and power, must perish at his first setting out, and in the  
very beginning of his inqúries?

*The following are examples of both question and answer.*

5. Who are the persons that are most apt to fall into peevish-  
ness and dejection — that are continually complaining of the  
world, and see nothing but wretchedness around them? Are  
they those whom want compels to toil for their daily bréad? —  
who have no treasure but the labor of their hánds? — who rise,



with the rising sun, to expose themselves to all the rigors of the seasons, unsheltered from the winter's cold, and unshaded from the summer's heat? *Nò*. The labors of such are the very blessings of their condition.

6. What, then, what was Cæsar's object? Do we select extortioners, to enforce the laws of equity? Do we make choice of profligates, to guard the morals of society? Do we depute atheists, to preside over the rites of religion? I will not press the answer: I need not press the answer; the premises of my argument render it unnecessary. — What would content you? *Talent? Nò! Enterprize? Nò! Courage? Nò! Réputátion? Nò! Virtue? Nò!* The men whom you would select, should possess, not one, but all of these.

7. Can the truth be discovered when the slaves of the prosecutor are brought as witnesses against the person accused? Let us hear now what kind of an examination this was. Call in *Ruscio*: call in *Casca*. Did *Clodius* waylay *Mílo*? He did: Drag them instantly to execution. — He did not: Let them have their liberty. What can be more satisfactory than this method of examination?

8. Are you desirous that your talents and abilities may procure you respect? Display them not ostentatiously to public view. Would you escape the envy which your riches might excite? Let them not minister to pride, but adorn them with humility. — There is not an evil incident to human nature for which the gospel doth not provide a remedy. Are you ignorant of many things which it highly concerns you to know? The gospel offers you instruction. Have you deviated from the path of duty? The gospel offers you forgiveness. Do temptations surround you? The gospel offers you the aid of Heaven. Are you exposed to misery? It consoles you. Are you subject to death? It offers you immortality.

9. O, how hast thou with jealousy infected

The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?

Why, so didst thou: or seem they grave and learned?

Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?

Why, so didst thòu : seem they relígius ?  
 Why, so didst thòu.

## EXERCISE VI.

(See 82, Note 1.)

350. WHEN *Or* IS USED CONJUNCTIVELY, IT HAS THE SAME INFLECTION BEFORE AND AFTER IT.

In some sentences, the disjunctive and the conjunctive use of *or* are so intermingled as to require careful attention to distinguish them.

1. Canst thou bind the unicorn with his band in the fúrrow ? or will he harrow the valleys áfter thee ? Wilt thou trust him because his strength is greát ? or wilt thou leave thy labor to him ? Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the péacocks ? or wings and feathers unto the óstrich ? Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hóok ? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest dówn ? Canst thou put a hook into his nóse ? or bore his jaw through with a thórn ? Wilt thou play with him as with a bírd ? or wilt thou bind him for thy máidens ? Canst thou fill his skin with barbed írons ? or his head with fish spéars ?

2. But should these credulous infidels, after all, be in the right, and this pretended revelation be all a fable,—from believing it what hàrm could ensue ? Would it render princes more tyrán-nical, or subjects more ungóvernable, the rich more ínsolent, or the poor more disórderly ? Would it make worse párents, or children ; húsbands, or wíves ; másters, or sérvants ; fríends, or néighbors ? *or* \* would it not make men more vîrtuous, and, consequently, more happy in èvery situation ?

## EXERCISE VII.

(See 83, Rule III.)

## 351. NEGATION OPPOSED TO AFFIRMATION.

1. True charity is not a meteor, which occasionally gláres ; but a luminary, which, in its òrderly and règular course, dispenses a benignant influence.

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\* The last *or* is disjunctive.

2. The humble do not necessarily regard themselves as the unworthiest of all with whom they are acquainted ; but while they acknowledge and admire, in many, a degree of excellence which they have not attained, they perceive, even in those to whom they are in some respect supérieurs, much to praise, and much to imitate.

3. Think not that the influence of devotion is confined to the retirement of the closet, and the assemblies of the saints. Imagine not, that, unconnected with the duties of life, it is suited only to those enraptured souls, whose feelings, perhaps, you deride as romantic and visionary. It is the guardian of innocence—it is the instrument of virtue—it is a mean by which every good affection may be formed and improved.

4. Cæsar, who would not wait the conclusion of the consul's speech, generously replied, that he came into Italy not to *injure* the liberties of Rome and its citizens, but to *restore* them.

5. If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous : and he is the propitiation for our sins ; and not for *ours* only, but also for the sins of the whole *world*.

6. It is not the business of virtue to *extirpate* the affections of the mind, but to *règulate* them.

7. These things I say now, not to insult one who is fallen, but to render more secure those who stand ; not to irritate the hearts of the wounded, but to preserve those who are not yet wounded, in sound health ; not to submerge him who is tossed on the billows, but to instruct those sailing before a propitious brèeze, that they may not be plunged beneath the waves.

8. But this is no time for a tribunal of justice, but for showing mercy ; not for accusation, but for philanthropy ; not for trial, but for pardon ; not for sentence and execution, but compassion and kindness.

## EXERCISE VIII.

(See 83, Note 1.)

## 352. COMPARISON AND CONTRAST.

1. By hónor, and dîshonor ; by évil report, and gòod report ; as decéivers, and yet trùe ; as ùnknown, and yet wèll known ; as dýing, and behold we lìve ; as chástened, and not kîlled ; as sórrowful, yet always rejoicing ; as póor, yet making many rìch ; as having nóthing, yet possessing àll things.

Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers ; for what fellowship hath ríghteousness with ùnríghteousness ? and what communion hath líght with dàrkness ? and what concord hath Chríst with Bèlial ? or what part hath he that believeth with an ìnfidel ?

2. The house of the wicked shall be overthrówn ; but the tabernacle of the upright shall flòurish. There is a way which seemeth ríght unto a man ; but the end thereof are the ways of dèath. Even in laughter the heart is sórrowful ; and the end of that mirth is hèaviness. A wise man feareth, and departeth from évil ; but the fool rageth, and is cònfident. The wicked is driven away in his wíckedness ; but the ríghteous hath hòpe in his death. Ríghteousness exalteth a nàtion ; but sin is a repròach to any people. The king's favor is towards a wíse servant ; but his wrath is against him that causeth shàme.

3. Between fame and true honor a distinction is to be made. The former is a blind and nóisy applause ; the latter a more sìlent and internal homage. Fame floats on the breath of the múltitude ; honor rests on the judgment of the thinking. Fame may give praise, while it withholds estéem ; true honor implies esteem, mingled with respèct. The one regards particular dístinguished talents ; the other looks up to the whole chàracter.

4. The most frightful disorders arose from the state of feudal anarchy. Force decided all things. Europe was one great field of battle, where the weak struggled for frèedom, and the strong for dominion. The king was without pówer, and the nobles with-

out principle. They were tyrants at *hóme*, and robbers *abròad*. Nothing remained to be a check upon ferocity and violence.

5. These two qualities, delicacy and correctness, mutually imply each other. No taste can be exquisitely delicate without being correct; nor can be thoroughly correct without being delicate. But still a predominancy of one or other quality in the mixture is often visible. The power of delicacy is chiefly seen in discerning the true *mérit* of a work; the power of correctness in rejecting false *pretensions* to merit. Delicacy leans more to *féeling*; correctness more to *rèason* and judgment. The former is more the gift of *náture*; the latter, more the product of *cùture* and art. Among the ancient critics, Longinus possessed most *délicacy*; Aristotle, most *corrèctness*. Among the moderns, Mr. Addison is a high example of *délicate* taste; Dean Swift, had he written on the subject of criticism, would perhaps have afforded the example of a *corrèct* one.

6. Reason, eloquence, and every art which ever has been studied among mankind, may be abused, and may prove dangerous in the hands of bad *mén*; but it were perfectly childish to contend, that, upon this account, they ought to be *abòlished*.

7. To Bourdaloue, the French critics attribute more solidity and close *réasoning*; to Massillon, a more *plèasing* and engaging manner. Bourdaloue is indeed a great reasoner, and inculcates his doctrines with much zeal, piety, and *éarnestness*; but his style is *verbòse*, he is disagreeably full of quotations from the Fathers, and he wants imagination.

8. Homer was the greater *génius*; Virgil the better *àrtist*: in the one, we most admire the *mán*; in the other, the *wòrk*. Homer hurries us with a commanding *impetuócity*; Virgil leads us with an attractive *màjesty*. Homer scatters with a generous *pro-fú-sion*; Virgil bestows with a careful *magníficence*. Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a sudden *óverflow*; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a constant *strèam*. And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems, like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the *héavens*; Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, coun-



selling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and ordering his whole creation.

9. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either ; for both excelled likewise in prose ; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied ; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind ; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement, and rapid ; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation ; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller. Dryden's performances were always hasty ; either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity : he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

10. Never before were so many opposing interests, passions, and principles, committed to such a decision. On one side an attachment to the ancient order of things, on the other a passionate desire of change ; a wish in some to perpetuate, in others to destroy every thing ; every abuse sacred in the eyes of the former, every foundation attempted to be demolished by the

làtter ; a jealousy of power shrinking from the slightest innová-  
tion, pretensions to freedom pushed to màdness and anarchy ;  
superstition in all its dótage, impiety in all its fùry ; whatever, in  
short, could be found most discordant in the principles, or violent  
in the passions, of men, were the fearful ingredients which the  
hand of divine justice selected to mingle in this furnace of wrath.

## EXERCISE IX.

(See 84, Rule IV.)

## 353. THE PAUSE OF SUSPENSION REQUIRES THE RISING SLIDE.

In the Analysis, several kinds of sentences are classed, to which this rule  
applies. But as the principle is the same in all, no distinction is necessary in  
the exercises.

1. Now in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Caésar,  
Pontius Pilate being governor of Judéa, and Herod being tetrarch  
of Gálilee, and his brother Philip tetrarch of Iturea and of the  
region of Trachonítis, and Lysanias the tetrarch of Abiléne, An-  
nas and Caiaphas being the high priésts, the word of God came  
unto John the son of Zacharias in the wilderness.

2. For if God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them  
down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be  
reserved unto júdgment ; And spared not the old world, but saved  
Noah, the eighth person, a preacher of ríghteousness, bringing in  
the flood upon the world of the ungódly ; and turning the cities  
of Sodom and Gomorrah into ashes, condemning them with an  
overthrów, making them an ensample unto those that after should  
live ungódly ; And delivered just Lot, vexed with the filthy con-  
versation of the wícked : (For that righteous man dwelling among  
them, in seeing and hearing, vexed his righteous soul from day to  
day with their unlawful deeds ; ) The Lord knoweth how to de-  
liver the godly out of temptations, and to reserve the unjust unto  
the dāy of judgment to be pùished.

3. I am content to waive the argument I might draw from  
hence in favor of my cliént, whose destiny was so peculiar, that  
he could not secure his ówn safety, without securing yoùrs and

that of the republic at the same time. If he could not do it lawfully, there is no room for attempting his defence. But if reason teaches the learned, necessity the barbarian, common custom all nations in général ; and if even nature itself instructs the brutes to defend their bodies, limbs, and lives, when attacked, by all possible methods ; you cannot pronounce this action criminal, without determining, at the same time, that whoever falls into the hands of a highwayman, must of necessity perish either by his sword or your decisions. Had Milo been of this opinion, he would certainly have chosen to fall by the hand of Clodius, who had more than once, before this, made an attempt upon his life, rather than be executed by your order, because he had not tamely yielded himself a victim to his rage. But if none of you are of this opinion, the proper question is, not whether Clodius was killed, — for that we grant, — but whether justly or unjustly ; an inquiry of which many precedents are to be found.

4. Seeing, then, that the soul has many different faculties, or, in other words, many different ways of acting ; that it can be intensely pleased or made happy by all these different faculties, or ways of acting ; that it may be endowed with several latent faculties, which it is not at present in a condition to exert ; that we cannot believe the soul is endowed with any faculty which is of no use to it ; that whenever any one of these faculties is transcendently pleased, the soul is in a state of happiness ; and in the last place, considering that the happiness of another world is to be the happiness of the whole man ; who can question but that there is an infinite variety in those pleasures we are speaking of ; and that this fulness of joy will be made up of all those pleasures which the nature of the soul is capable of receiving ?

5. When the gay and smiling aspect of things has begun to leave the passages to a man's heart thus thoughtlessly unguarded ; when kind and caressing looks of every object without, that can flatter his senses, have conspired with the enemy within, to betray him and put him off his defence ; when Music likewise hath lent her aid, and tried her power upon the passions ; when the voice of singing men, and the voice of singing women, with the sound

of the viol and the lute, have broke in upon his soul, and in some tender notes have touched the secret springs of rápture,—that moment let us dissect and look into his hèart ; see how vâin, how wèak, how èmpty a thing it is !

6. Besides the ignorance of masters who teach the first rudiments of reading, and the want of skill or negligence in that article, of those who teach the learned lánguages ; besides the erroneous manner, which the untutored pupils fall into, through the want of early attention in masters to correct small faults in the beginning, which increase and gain strength with yéars ; besides bad habits contracted from imitation of particular persons, or the contagion of example, from a general prevalence of a certain tone or cant in reading or reciting, peculiar to each school, and regularly transmitted from one generation of boys to anóther ; besides all thése, which are fruitful sources of vicious elocution, there is one fundamental error in the method universally used in teaching to read, which at first gives a wrong bias, and leads us ever after blindfold from the right path, under the guidance of a false rùle.

7. The bounding of Satan over the walls of páradise, his sitting in the shape of a cormorant upon the tree of lífe, which stood in the centre of it, and overtopped all the other trees in the gárden ; his alighting among the herd of ânimals, which are so beautifully represented as playing about Adam and E've, together with his transforming himself into different shapes, in order to hear their conversátion, are circumstances that give an agreeable surprise to the reader, and are devised with great art, to connect that series of adventures, in which the poet has engaged this artifice of fraùd.

8. To find the nearest way from truth to trúth ; or from purpose to éffect ; not to use more instruments where fewer will be suffícient ; not to move by wheels and levers, what will give way to the naked hánd, is the great proof of a healthful and vigorous mind, neither feeble with helpless ignorance, nor overburdened with unwieldy knòwledge.

9. A guilty or discontentéd mind, a mind ruffled by ill fortune, disconcerted by its own pássions, soured by negléct or fretting at



disappointments, hath no leisure to attend to the necessity or reasonableness of a kindness desired, nor a taste for those pleasures which wait on beneficence, which demand a calm and unpolluted heart to relish them.

10. "I perfectly remember that when Claudius prosecuted Q. Gallius for an attempt to poison him, and pretended that he had the plainest proofs of it, and could produce many letters, witnesses, informations, and other evidences to put the truth of his charge beyond a doubt, interspersing many sensible and ingenious remarks on the nature of the crime ; I remember," says Cicero, "that when it came to my turn to reply to him, after urging every argument which the case itself suggested, I insisted upon it as a material circumstance in favor of my client, that the prosecutor, while he charged him with a design against his life, and assured us that he had the most indubitable proof of it then in his hands, related his story with as much ease, and as much calmness and indifference, as if nothing had happened." "Would it have been possible," exclaimed Cicero, (addressing himself to Claudius,) "that you should speak with this air of unconcern, unless the charge was purely an invention of your own?—and above all, that you, whose eloquence has often vindicated the wrongs of other people with so much spirit, should speak so coolly of a crime which threatened your life?"

11. France and England may each of them have some reason to dread the increase of the naval and military power of the other ; but for either of them to envy the internal happiness and prosperity of the other, the cultivation of its lands, the advancement of its manufactures, the increase of its commerce, security and number of its ports and harbors, its proficiency in all the liberal arts and sciences, is surely beneath the dignity of two such great nations.

12. To acquire a thorough knowledge of our own hearts and characters,—to restrain every irregular inclination,—to subdue every rebellious passion,—to purify the motives of our conduct,—to form ourselves to that temperance which no pleasure can seduce,—to that meekness which no provocation can ruffle,—to



that patience which no affliction can overwhelm, and that integrity which no interest can shake ; this is the task which is assigned to us, — a task which cannot be performed without the utmost diligence and care.

13. The beauty of a pláin, the greatness of a móuntain, the ornament of a búilding, the expression of a pícture, the composition of a discóurse, the conduct of a third pérson, the proportion of different quantities and númerbers, the various appearances which the great machine of the universe is perpetually exhibiting, the secret wheels and springs which produce them, all the general subjects of science and taste, are what we and our companions regard as having no peculiar relation to either of us.

14. Should such a man, too fond to rule alóne,  
 Bear, like the Turk, no bróther near the throne,  
 View him with scornful, yet with jéalous eyes,  
 And hate for arts that caused himsélf to rise ;
- 5 Damn with faint práise, assent with civil léer,  
 And without sneering teach the rést to sneer ;  
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to stríke,  
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate díslíke ;  
 Alike reserved to blame, or to comménd,
- 10 A timorous foe, and a suspicious fríend ;  
 Dreading even fools, by flatterers besiéged,  
 And so obliging, that he ne'er oblígéd,  
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,  
 And sit attentive to his ówn applause ;
- 15 While Wits and Templars every sentence ráise,  
 And wonder with a foolish face of práise —  
 Who but must làugh, if such a man there be ?  
 Who would not weep, if 'ATTICUS were he !

15. For these reasons, the senate and people of A'thens (with due veneration to the gods, and heroes, and guardians of the Athenian city and territory, whose aid they now implóre ; and with due attention to the virtue of their ancestors, to whom the general liberty of Greece was ever dearer than the particular

interest of their own st  te) have resolved that a fleet of two hundred vessels shall be sent to sea, the admiral to cruise within the straits of Thermopyl  .

16. As to my own abilities in sp  aking, (for I shall admit this charge, although experience hath convinced me, that what is called the power of eloquence depends for the most part upon the hearers, and that the characters of public speakers are determined by the degree of favor which you vouchsafe to   ach,) — if long practice, I say, hath given me any proficiency in speaking, you have ever found it devoted to my country.\*

— Of the various exceptions which fall under the rule of *suspending inflection*, the only one which needs additional exemplification, is that, where emphasis requires the intensive falling slide, to express the true sense. See p. 41. In some cases of this sort, the omission of the falling slide only weakens the meaning; in others, it subverts it.

1. If the population of this country were to remain *stationary*, a great increase of effort would be necessary to supply each family with a Bible; how much more when this population is increasing every day!

2. The man who cherishes a strong ambition for preferment, if he does not fall into *adulation* and *servility*, is in danger of losing all manly independence.

3. For if the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in *S  dom*,† it would have remained unto this day.

#### EXERCISE X.

(See 86, Rule V.)

#### 354. TENDER EMOTION INCLINES THE VOICE TO THE RISING SLIDE.

1. And when Joseph came home, they brought him the present which was in their hand into the house, and bowed themselves to

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\* I have not thought it necessary to give examples of the cases in which emphasis requires the falling slide at the close of a parenthesis.

† *Even in Sodom*, is the paraphrase of this emphasis, and so in the two preceding examples.

him to the earth. And he asked them of their welfare, and said, Is your *fáther* well, the *old mán* of whom ye spake? Is *hé* yet alive? — And they answered, Thy servant our father is in good health, he is yet alive; and they bowed down their heads, and made obeisance. — And he lifted up his eyes, and saw his brother *Bènjamin*, his *mother's sòn*, and said, Is this your younger brother, of whom ye spáke unto me? And he said, God be gracious unto thee, *m̄y sòn*. — And Joseph made haste; for his bowels did yearn upon his brother: and he sought where *tō wēep*; and he entered into his chamber, and wept there.

2. Methinks I see a fair and lovely *chíld*,  
 Sitting composed upon his mother's *knée*,  
 And reading with a low and lisping voice  
 Some passage from the Sabbath;\* while the tears  
 5 Stand in his little eyes so softly *blúe*,  
 Till, quite o'ercome with pity, his white arms  
 He twines around her *néck*, and hides his sighs  
 Most infantine within her gladdened *bréast*,  
 Like a sweet lamb, half sportive, half *afráid*,  
 10 Nestling one moment 'neath its bleating *dám*.  
 And now the happy mother kisses oft  
 The tender-hearted *chíld*, lays down the *bóok*,  
 And asks him if he doth remember still  
 A stranger who once gave him, long *agó*,  
 15 A parting *kíss*, and blessed his laughing eyes;  
 His sobs speak fond *remémbrance*, and he weeps  
 To think so kind and good a man should die.
3. Ye who have anxiously and fondly watched  
 Beside a fading *fríend*, unconscious still  
 The cheek's bright crimson, lovely to the view,  
 Like nightshade, with unwholesome beauty *blóomed*,  
 5 And that the sufferer's bright, dilated eye,  
 Like mouldering wood, owes to *decay* alone

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\* Sabbath, — a poem.

- Its wondrous lústre ; — ye who still have hoped,  
 Even in death's dread presence, but at length  
 Have heard the súmmons, (O heart-freezing cáll !)
- 10 To pay the last sad duties, and to hear  
 Upon the silent dwelling's narrow lid  
 The first earth thrówn, (sound deadliest to the sóul ! —  
 For, strange delusion ! then, and then alone,  
 Hope seems forever fled, and the dread pang
- 15 Of final separation to begin) —  
 Ye who have felt all this — O, pay my verse  
 The mournful meed of sympathy, and own,  
 Own with a sígh, the sombre picture 's just.

## EXERCISE XI.

(See 91, Rule VI.)

This requires no additional illustration ; for, unless emphasis forbids it, every good reader has so much regard to hármoney, as to use the rising slide at the pause before the cadence.

## EXERCISE XII.

(See 92, Rule VII.)

### 355. THE INDIRECT QUESTION AND ITS ANSWER HAVE THE FALLING INFLECTION.

The interrogative mark is here *inverted*, to render it significant of its office, in distinction from the direct question, which turns the voice upward. The reason of this is so obvious, that I trust it will not be regarded, in a work like this, as an affectation of singularity in trifles.

1. The governor answered and said unto them, Whether of the twain will ye that I relèase unto you ? They said, Baràbbas. Pilate saith unto them, What shall I do then with Jèsus, which is called Christ ? They all say unto him, Let him be crùcified. And the governor said, Why ; what èvil hath he done ? But they cried out the more, saying, Let him be crùcified.

2. Where now is the splendid robe of the cònsulate ? Where

are the brilliant torches ; Where are the applauses and dances, the feasts and entertainments ; Where are the coronets and canopies ; Where the huzzas of the city, the compliments of the circus, and the flattering acclamations of the spectators ; All these have perished.

3. I hold it to be an unquestionable position, that they who duly appreciate the blessings of liberty, revolt as much from the idea of exercising, as from that of enduring, oppression. How far this was the case with the Romans, you may inquire of those nations that surrounded them. Ask them, 'What insolent guard paraded before their gates, and invested their strong holds?' They will answer, 'A Roman legionary.' Demand of them, 'What greedy extortioner fattened by their poverty, and clothed himself by their nakedness ;' They will inform you, 'A Roman Quaestor.' Inquire of them, 'What imperious stranger issued to them his mandates of imprisonment or confiscation, of banishment or death ;' They will reply to you, 'A Roman Consul.' Question them, 'What haughty conqueror led through his city their nobles and kings in chains ; and exhibited their countrymen, by thousands, in gladiators' shows for the amusement of his fellow-citizens ;' They will tell you, 'A Roman General.' Require of them, 'What tyrants imposed the heaviest yoke ;—enforced the most rigorous exactions ;—inflicted the most savage punishment, and showed the greatest gust for blood and torture ;' They will exclaim to you, 'The Roman people.'

4. Let us now consider the principal point, whether the place where they encountered was most favorable to Milo, or to Clodius. Were the affair to be represented only by painting, instead of being expressed by words, it would even then clearly appear which was the traitor, and which was free from all mischievous designs. When the one was sitting in his chariot muffled up in his cloak, and his wife along with him ; which of these circumstances was not a very great encumbrance ; the dress, the chariot, or the companion ; How could he be worse equipped for an engagement, when he was wrapped up in a cloak, embarrassed with a chariot, and almost fettered by his wife ; Observe the other



now, in the first place, sallying out on a sudden from his seat ; for what r<sup>è</sup>ason ; — in the èvening ; what ùrged him ; — làte ; to what pùrpose, especially at thàt season ; — He calls at Pompey's seàt ; with what v<sup>ie</sup>w ; To see Pómp<sup>e</sup>y ? He knew he was at 'Alsium. — To see his hóuse ? He had been in it a thousand times. What then could be the reason of this lo<sup>i</sup>tering and shift-  
ing about ? He wanted to be upon the spot when Mìlo came up.

5. Wherefore c<sup>è</sup>ase we then ;  
Say they who counsel war, We are decr<sup>è</sup>ed,  
Res<sup>è</sup>rv<sup>è</sup>d, and destin<sup>è</sup>d, to et<sup>è</sup>rnal w<sup>ò</sup>e ;  
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
- 5 What can we suffer w<sup>ò</sup>rse ; Is this then w<sup>ò</sup>rst,  
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in árms ;  
Whàt ! when we fled amain, pursued and struck  
With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought  
The deep to shelter us — this hell then seem<sup>è</sup>d
- 10 A r<sup>è</sup>fuge from those wounds : or when we lay  
Chained on the burning lake — that sù<sup>re</sup> was worse.  
What if the breath, that kindled those grim fires,  
Awak<sup>è</sup>d, should blow them into sevenfold rage,  
And plunge us in the flàmes ; or from above
- 15 Should intermitted Venge<sup>à</sup>nce arm again  
His red right hand to plàgue us ; what if all  
Her stores were open<sup>è</sup>d, and this firmament  
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,  
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
- 20 One day upon our h<sup>è</sup>ads ! while we perhaps  
Designing or exhorting glorious war,  
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurl<sup>è</sup>d,  
Each on his rock transfix<sup>è</sup>d, the sport and prey  
Of wracking whirlwinds ; or forever sunk
- 25 Under yon boiling ocean, wrapped in chàins ;  
There to converse with everlasting groans,  
Unr<sup>è</sup>s<sup>è</sup>pited, unpit<sup>è</sup>d, unrepr<sup>è</sup>iev<sup>è</sup>d,  
Ages of hopeless end ! This would be worse.

6. But, first, whom shall we send  
 In search of this new world ; whom shall we find  
 Suffìcient ; who shall tempt with wandering feet  
 The dark, unbottomed, infinite abyss,
- 5 And through the palpable obscure find out  
 His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight,  
 Upborne with indefatigable wings,  
 Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive  
 The happy isle ; what strength, what art, can then
- 15 Suffìce, or what evasion bear him safe  
 Through the strict senteries and stations thick  
 Of àngels watching round ; Here he had need  
 All circumspection, and we now no less  
 Choice in our suffrage ; for on whom we send
- 20 The weight of àll, and our last hòpe, relies.

## EXERCISE XIII.

(See 96, Rule VIII.)

356. LANGUAGE OF AUTHORITY AND OF SURPRISE COMMONLY  
 REQUIRES THE FALLING INFLECTION. DENUNCIATION, REPRESENTATION, ETC., COME UNDER THIS HEAD.

1. Go to the ànt, thou sluggard ; consider her ways, and be wìse ? — which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the hàrvest. How long wilt thou slèep, O sluggard ? when wilt thou arìse out of thy sleep ? — Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep : — So shall thy pòverty come as one that travel-  
 leth, and thy wànt as an armed man.

2. And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man that had not on a wedding garment : — And he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hìther, not having a wedding garment ? — And he was speechless. — Then said the king to the servants, Bìnd him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer dàrkness : there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

3. Then he which had received the one talent came, and said, Lord, I knew thee that thou art a hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strewed : — And I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth : lo, there thou hast that is thine. — His lord answered and said unto him, Thou wicked and slothful servant, — thou knewest that I reap where I sowed nòt,\* and gather where I have not strewed : — Thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchàngers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury. — Take therefore the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents. — And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer dàrkness : there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

4. Then began he to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not. — Woe unto thee, Chorazin ! woe unto thee, Bethsaida ! for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon,† they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. — But I say unto you, It shall be more tòlerable for Tyre and Sidon, at thé day of judgment, than for you. — And thou, Capèrnaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hèll ; for if the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in Sòdom, it would have remained until this day. — But I say unto you, That it shall be more tòlerable for the land of Sodom, in the day of judgment, than for thee.

5. Such, sir, was once the disposition of a people who now surround your throne with reproaches and complàints. Do justice to yourself. Banish from your mind those unworthy opinions with which some interested persons have labored to possèss you. Distrust the men who tell you that the English are naturally light and incònstant ; that they complain without a càuse. Withdraw your confidence equally from àll parties ; from ministers, favorites,

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\* This clause, uttered with a high note and the falling slide, expresses *censure* better with the common punctuation, than if it were marked with the interrogation.

† *Even* in Tyre and Sidon, is the paraphrase of the emphasis.

and relations ; and let there be one moment in your life, in which you have consulted your òwn understanding.

6. You *have* done that you *should* be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,  
For I am armed so strong in honesty,  
That they pass by me as the idle wind,

5 Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gòld, which you denièd me : —  
For I can raise no money by vile means ;  
— I had rather coin my heàrt,

And drop my bloòd for drachmas, than to wring  
10 From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,  
By any indirection. I did send  
To you for gold to pay my lègions,  
Which you denièd me : Was that done like *Cassius* ?  
Should *I* have answered Caius Cassius só ?

15 When Marcus Brùtus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
Be rêady, gòds, with àll your thūnderbòlts,  
*Dàsh* him to pieces !

7. The war, that for a space did fail,  
Now trebly thundering, swelled the gale,

And — Stànley ! was the cry ; —  
A light on Marmion's visage spread,  
And fired his glazing eye :

With dying hand, above his head,  
He shook the fragment of his blade,

And shouted, “ Victory !  
Chàrge, Chester, chàrge ! òn, Stanley, òn ! ”  
Were the last words of Marmion !

8. So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,  
Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight  
Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to hèll,

- Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain  
 5 Can equal anger infinite provoked.  
 But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee  
 Came not all hell broke loose? Is pain to them  
 Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than they  
 Less hardy to endure? Courageous chief!  
 10 The first in flight from pain! Hadst thou *allèged*  
 To thy deserted host this cause of flight,  
 Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

9. To whom the warrior angel soon replied:  
 To say, and straight unsay, pretending first  
 Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,  
 Argues no leader, but a liar traced,  
 5 Sàtan — and couldst thou faithful add? O name,  
 O sacred name of faithfulness profaned!  
 Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?  
 Army of fiends! — fit body to fit head!  
 Was this your discipline and faith engaged,  
 10 Your military obedience, to dissolve  
 Allegiance to the acknowledged Power supreme  
 And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem  
 Patron of liberty, who more than thou  
 Once fawned, and cringed, and servilely adored  
 15 Heaven's awful Monarch? wherefore, but in hope  
 To dispossess him, and thyself to reign;  
 But mark what I arreared thee now; — Avaunt:  
 Fly thither whence thou fled'st: if from this hour,  
 Within these hallowed limits thou appear,  
 20 Back to the infernal pit I drag thee *chained*,  
 And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn  
 The facile gates of hell too slightly barred.

Apostrophe and exclamation, as well as the imperative mood, when accompanied by emphasis, incline the voice to the falling inflection.

10. O, deep-enchancing prelude to repose,  
 The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!



- Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,  
 It is a dread and awful thing to die !
- 5 Mystèrious worlds ! untravelled by the sun,  
 Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run,  
 From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres,  
 A warning comes, unheard by other ears —  
 'Tis heaven's commanding trùmpet, long and loud,
- 10 Like Sinai's thùnder, pealing from the cloud !  
 Daughter of Faith, awàke ! arise ! illume  
 The dread unknown, the chàos of the tomb !  
 Melt and dispel, ye spectre doubts, that roll  
 Cimmerian darkness on the parting sòul !
- 15 Fly', like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,  
 Chased on his night-steed, by the star of day !  
 The strife is o'er ! — the pangs of nature close,  
 And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes !  
 Hàrk ! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
- 20 The noon of heaven, undazzled by the blaze,  
 On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,  
 Float the sweet tones of star-born mèlody ;  
 Wild as the hallowed anthem sent to hail  
 Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
- 25 When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still  
 Watched on the holy towers of Zion hill !

11. ————— Piety has found  
 Friends in the friends of science, and true prayer  
 Has flowed from lips wet with *Castalian* dew.  
 Such was thy wisdom, *Nèwton*, child-like sage !
- 5 Sagacious reader of the *Works* of God,  
 And in his *Word* sagacious. Such too thine,  
*Milton*, whose genius had angelic wings,  
 And fed on manna. And such thine in whom  
 Our *British* THEMIS gloried with just cause,
- 10 Immortal *Hàle* ! for deep discernment praised,

And sound integrity, not more, than famed  
For sanctity of manners undefiled.

12. These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
Almighty, thine, this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair ; thyself how wondrous then !  
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens
- 5 To us invisible, or dimly seen  
In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.  
Spèak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
'Angels ; for ye behold him, and with songs
- 10 And choral symphonies, day without night,  
Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in heaven,  
On earth, join, àll ye creatures, to extol  
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.  
Fairest of stàrs, last in the train of night,
- 15 If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,  
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
Thou Sùn, of this great world both eye and soul,
- 20 Acknowledge him thy greater ; sound his praise  
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.  
Mòon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now fly'st  
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies,
- 25 And ye five other wandering Fires, that move  
In mystic dance, not without song, resound  
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.  
'Air, and ye 'Elements, the eldest birth  
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
- 30 Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,  
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change  
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.

- His praise, ye Wìnds, that from four quarters blow,  
 Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye Pines,  
 35 With every plant, in sign of worship, wave.  
 Fòuntains, and ye that warble as ye flow,  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune his praise.  
 Join voices all, ye living Sòuls : ye Bìrds,  
 That singing up to Heaven gate ascend,  
 40 Bear on your wings, and in your notes, his praise.

## EXERCISE XIV.

(See 103, Rule IX., and Notes 1, 2, &amp;c.)

## 357. EMPHATIC SUCCESSION OF PARTICULARS REQUIRES THE FALLING SLIDE.

103, Rule IX., Note 3, should be examined before reading this class of exercises.

1. He answered and said unto them, He that soweth the good seed is the Son of mán ; the field is the wòrld ; the good seed are the children of the kìngdom ; but the tares are the children of the wìcked one ; the enemy that sowed them is the dèvil ; the harvest is the end of the wòrld ; and the reapers are the àngels.

2. For to one is given, by the Spirit, the word of wìsdom ; to another, the word of knòwledge, by the same Spirit ; to another, fàith, by the same Spirit ; to another, the gifts of hèaling, by the same Spirit ; to another, the working of mìracles ; to another, pròphesy ; to another, discerning of spìrits ; to another, divers kinds of tóngues ; to another, the interpretàtion of tongues.

3. Rejoice evermòre, pray without cèasing : — in every thing give thànks ; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concèrning you. Quench not the Spìrit : — Despise not pròphesyings. — Prove all thìngs ; hold fast that which is gòod.

4. As virtue is the most reasonable and genuine source of hónor, we generally find in titles an imitation of some particular merit, that should recommend men to the high stations which they possèss. Holiness is ascribed to the pòpe ; majesty, to kìngs ; serenity, or mildness of temper, to prìnces ; excellence, or per-

fection, to ambàssadors ; grace, to archbìshops ; honor, to pèers ; worship, or venerable behavior, to màgistrates ; and reverence, which is of the same import as the fòrmer, to the inferior clèrgy.

5. It pleases me to think that I, who know so small a portion of the works of the Creator, and with slow and painful steps creep up and down on the surface of this glóbe, shall, ere long, shoot away with the swiftness of imaginàtion ; trace out the hidden springs of nature's opèrations ; be able to keep pace with the heavenly bodies in the rapidity of their carèer ; be a spectator of the long chain of events in the natural and mòral worlds ; visit the several apartments of crèation ; know how they are furnished and how inhàbited ; comprehend the order and measure, the magnitude and distances, of those orbs, which, to us, seem disposed without any regular design, and set all in the same cìrcle ; observe the dependence of the parts of each syster ; and (if our minds are big enough) grasp the theory of the several systems upon one anóther, from whence results the harmony of the ùniverse.

6. He who cannot persuade himself to withdraw from society, must be content to pay a tribute of his time to a multitude of tyrants ; to the lòiterer, who makes appointments he never kèeps — to the consùlter, who asks advice he never tàkes — to the bòaster, who blusters only to be pràised — to the complàiner, who whines only to be pìtied — to the projèctor, whose happiness is only to entertain his friends with expectations, which all but himself know to be v àin — to the ecònomist, who tells of bargains and sèttlements — to the politician, who predicts the fate of battles and breach of alliances — to the ùsurer, who compares the different fùnds — and to the tálker, who talks only because he lòves talking.

7. That a man, to whom he was, in great measure, beholden for his crown, and even for his life ; a man to whom, by every honor and favor, he had endeavored to express his gràtitude ; whose brother, the earl of Derby, was his own fàther-in-law ; to whom he had even committed the trust of his person, by creating him lord chàmberlain ; that a man enjoying his full confidence and affèction ; not actuated by any motive of discontent or appre-

hènsion; that this man should engage in a conspiracy against him, he deemed absolutely false and incrédible.

8. I would fain ask one of those bigoted infidels, supposing all the great points of àtheism, as the casual or eternal formation of the wòrld, the materiality of a thinking sùbstance, the mortality of the sòul, the fortuitous organization of the bòdy, the motion and gravitation of mâtter, with the like particulars, were laid together, and formed into a kind of creed, according to the opinions of the most celebrated átheists; I say, supposing such a creed as this were formed, and imposed upon any one people in the wòrld, whether it would not require an infinitely greater measure of fáith, than any set of articles which they so violently oppòse.

9. I conjure you by that which you profess,  
 (Howe'er you come to know it,) ànswer me :  
 Though you untie the winds, and let them fight  
 Against the chùrches; though the yesty waves  
 Confound and swallow navigàtion up;  
 Though bladed corn be lodged, and trees blown dònwn;  
 Though castles topple on their warders' hèads;  
 Though palaces and pyramids do slope  
 Their heads to their foundàtions; though the treasure  
 Of nature's germins tumble altogèther,  
 Ev'n till destruction sícken: answer me  
 To what I ask you.

This last example exhibits, by the notation, something of Garrick's manner in pronouncing the passage. To make this more intelligible, I add here Walker's remarks accompanying the example. If Quintilian had given me the same precise information respecting the turns of Cicero's voice, in some interesting passage of his orations, it would be no small gratification to my curiosity.

"By placing the falling inflection, without dropping the voice on each particular, and giving this inflection a degree of emphasis, increasing from the first member to the sixth, we shall find the whole climax wonderfully enforced and diversified; this was the method approved and practised by the inimitable Mr. Garrick; and though it is possible that a very good actor may vary in some particulars from the rule, and yet pronounce the whole agreeably, it may with confidence be asserted that no actor *can* pronounce this passage to so much advantage as by adopting the inflections laid down in this rule."



## EXERCISE XV.

(See 105, Rule X.)

358. EMPHATIC REPETITION REQUIRES THE FALLING INFLECTION; THOUGH THE PRINCIPLE OF THE SUSPENDING SLIDE, OR OF THE INTERROGATIVE, MAY FORM AN EXCEPTION.

1. And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son. — And the angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven, and said, 'Abraham, 'Abraham. And he said, Here am I.

2. And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber, over the gate, and wèpt; and as he went, thus he said: O my son Absalóm, my sòn, my son Absalòm! would God I had died for thee, O Absalòm, my sòn, my sòn.

3. O Jerusalem, Jerùsalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!

4. But the subject is too awful for irony. I will speak plainly and directly. *Newton* was a *Christian*! *Nèwton*, whose mind burst forth from the fetters cast by nature upon our finite conceptions — *Nèwton*, whose science was truth, and the foundation of whose knowledge of it was philosophy; not those visionary and arrogant presumptions, which too often usurp its name, but philosophy resting upon the basis of mathematics, which, like figures, cannot lie — *Nèwton*, who carried the line and the rule to the utmost barriers of creation, and explored the principles by which, no doubt, all created matter is held together and exists.

5. To die, they say, is noble — as a sòldier —  
But with such guides to point th' unerring road,  
Such able guides, such arms and discipline  
As I have had, my soul would sorely feel

5 The dreadful pang which keen reflections give,  
Should she in death's dark porch, while life was ebbing,

- Receive the judgment, and this vile reproach : —  
 “ Long hast thou wandered in a stranger’s land,  
 A stranger to thyself and to thy God ;
- 10 The heavenly hills were oft within thy view,  
 And oft the shepherd called thee to his flock,  
 And called in vain. — A thousand monitors  
 Bade thee return, and walk in wisdom’s ways.  
 The seasons, as they rolled, bade thee return ;
- 15 The glorious sun, in his diurnal round,  
 Beheld thy wandering, and bade thee return ;  
 The night, an emblem of the night of death,  
 Bade thee return ; the rising mounds,  
 Which told the traveller where the dead repose
- 20 In tenements of clay, bade thee return ;  
 And at thy father’s grave, the filial tear,  
 Which dear remembrance gave, bade thee return,  
 And dwell in Virtue’s tents, on Zion’s hill !  
 Here thy career be stayed, rebellious man !
- 25 Long hast thou lived a cumberer of the ground.  
 Millions are shipwrecked on life’s stormy coast,  
 With all their charts on board, and powerful aid,  
 Because their lofty pride disdained to learn  
 The instructions of a pilot, and a God.”

(See 106—115.)

On cadence, circumflex, and accent, no additional illustrations seem to be required in the Exercises.

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## EXERCISES ON EMPHASIS.

### EXERCISE XVI.

(See 115—150.)

359. It was necessary in the Analysis to examine and exemplify, at some length, the difference between emphatic stress and emphatic inflection, and also between absolute and relative stress. The examples, however, illustrating

these distinctions, must generally be taken from single sentences and clauses. But as I wish here to introduce such passages as have considerable length, I have concluded to arrange them all under the general head of EMPHASIS, leaving the reader to class particular instances of stress, and inflection, according to the principles laid down in the Analysis.

1. He that planted the ear, shall he not *héar* ? he that formed the eye, shall he not *sée* ? — he that chastiseth the heathen, shall not he *corréct* ? he that teacheth man knowledge, shall not he *knów* ?

2. The queen of the south shall rise up in the judgment with the men of this generation, and condemn them ; for she came from the utmost parts of the earth, to hear the wisdom of *Sòlomon* ; and behold a *gréàter* than Solomon is here. The men of Nineveh shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it : for they repented at the preaching of *Jònas* ; and behold, a *gréàter* than Jonas is here.

3. But when the Pharisees heard it, they said, This fellow doth not cast out devils, but by *Beëlzebub*, the prince of devils. 2 And Jesus knew their thoughts, and said unto them, Every kingdom divided against *itsèlf*, is brought to desolàtion ; and every cìty or hòuse divided against itsèlf shall not stand. 3 And if *Sàtan* cast out *Sàtan*, *he* is divided against himself ; how shall then his kingdom stand ? And if I by *Beëlzebub* cast out devils, by whom do your *chìldren* cast them out ? therefore they shall be your judges. But if I cast out devils by the Spirit of *Göd*, then the kingdom of God is come unto you. 4 Or else how can one enter into a strong man's house, and spoil his goods, except he first *bind* the strong man ? and then he will spoil his house.

4. And behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life ? 2 He said unto him, What is written in the *làw* ? how *rèadest* thou ? 3 And he answering, said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy *heàrt*, with all thy *sòul*, and with all thy *strèngth*, and with all thy *mínd* ; and thy neighbor as thyself. 4 And he said unto him, Thou hast answered *rìght* : this do, and thou shalt live. But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who *is* my neigh-

bor? 5 And Jesus answering, said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jèricho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. 6 And by chance there came down a certain priest that way, and when he saw him he passed by on the other side. And likewise a *Lèvite*, when he was at the place, came and *looked* on him, and passed by on the other side. 7 But a certain *Samăritan*, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had *compàssion* on him, — and *went* to him, and bound up his wóunds, pouring in oil and wíne, and set him on his own béast, and brought him to an ínn, and took *càre* of him. 8 And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take *càre* of him: and whatsoever thou spendest móre, when I come again, I will repay thee. 9 Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was *neìghbor* unto him that fell among the thieves? — And he said, He that showed *mèrcy* on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

5. As to those public works, so much the object of your ridicule, they undoubtedly demand a due share of honor and applause; but I rate them far beneath the great merit of my administration. It is not with stones nor bricks that *'I* have fortified the city. It is not from works like these that *'I* derive my reputátiôn. Would you know *mý* methods of fortifying? Exàmine, and you will find them in the arms, the towns, and territories, the harbors I have secùred; the navies, the troops, the armies I have ràised.

6. For if you now pronounce, that, as my public conduct hath not been right, Ctesiphon must stand condemned, it must be thought that *yoursèlves* have acted wrong, not that you owe your present state to the caprice of fòrtune. But it cannot bé. Nò, my countrymen! It cannot be you have acted wrong, in encountering danger bravely, for the liberty and safety of all *Gréece*. Nò! By those generous souls of ancient times, who were exposed at *Màrathon*! By those who stood arrayed at *Platèa*! By those who encountered the Persian fleet at *Sàlamis*! who fought at *Artemisium*! By all those illustrious sons of Athens,

whose remains lie deposited in the public monuments! 'All of whom received the same honorable interment from their country: Not those only who *prevailed*, not those only who were *victorious*. And with reason. What was the part of gallant men they *all* performed; their success was such as the Supreme Director of the world dispensed to each.

7. Like other tyrants, death delights to smite,  
What, smitten, most proclaims the pride of power,  
And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme,  
To bid the *wretch* survive the *fortunate*;
- 5 The *feeble* wrap the *athletic* in his shroud;  
And weeping *fathers* build their *children's* tomb:  
*Mé thine*, NARCISSA! — What though short thy date?  
*Virtue*, not rolling *suns*, the mind matures.  
That life is long which answers life's great *end*.
- 10 The tree that bears no *fruit*, deserves no *name*;  
The man of *wisdom* is the man of years.  
NARCISSA's *youth* has lectured me thus far.  
And can her *gayety* give counsel too?  
That, like the Jews' famed oracle of gems,
- 15 Sparkles instruction; such as throws new light,  
And opens more the character of death;  
Ill known to thee, LORENZO! This thy vaunt:  
"Give death his due, the *wretched* and the *old*;  
Let him not violate kind *nature's* laws,
- 20 But own man born to *live* as well as *die*."  
Wretched and old thou *giv'st* him; young and gay  
He *takes*; and plunder is a tyrant's joy.  
\* Fortune, with Youth and Gayety, conspired  
To weave a triple wreath of happiness,
- 25 (If happiness on earth,) to crown her brow;  
And could Death charge through such a shining shield?

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\* In this place and in many others, the connection of the author is broken in the selections, without notice.



- That shining shield invites the tyrant's spear,  
 As if to damp our elevated aims,  
 And strongly preach humility to man.
- 30 O, how portentous is prosperity !  
 How, comet-like, it threatens, while it shines !  
 Few years but yield us proof of Death's ambition,  
 To cull his victims from the fairest fold,  
 And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.
- 35 When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er  
 With recent honors, bloomed with every bliss,  
 Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,  
 The gaudy centre, of the public eye, —  
 When Fortune thus has tossed her child in air,
- 40 Snatched from the covert of an humble state,  
 How often have I seen him *dròpped* at once,  
 Our morning's envy, and our evening's sigh !  
 Death loves a shining mark, a single blow ;  
 A blow, which, while it éxecutes, alàrms ;
- 45 And startles thousands with a single fall.  
 (.) As when some stàtely grōwth of ōak or pīne,  
 Which nods aloft, and proudly spreads her shade,  
 The sun's defiance, and the flock's defence ;  
 By the strōng strōkes of lāboring hinds subdūed,
- 50 Loud groans her last, and rushing from her height,  
 In cumberous ruin, thunders to the ground :  
 The conscious forest trembles at the shock,  
 And hill, and stream, and distant dale resound.\* — *Young*.

8. Genius and art, ambition's boasted wings,  
 Our boast but ill deserve. —————

————— If these alone

Assist our flight, *fame's flight* is *glory's fàll*.

5 *Heart-merit* wanting, mount we ne'er so high,

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\* In all the following exercises, the sign of *transition* and other marks of modulation are occasionally used.

- Our height is but the gibbet of our name.  
 A celebrated wretch when I behold,  
 When I behold a genius bright, and base,  
 Of towering talents, and terrestrial aims,  
 10 Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,  
 The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,  
 With rubbish mixed, and glittering in the dust.  
 Struck at the splendid, melancholy sight,  
 At once compassion soft, and envy rise. —
- 15 But wherefore envy ? Talents angel-bright,  
 If wanting worth, are shining instruments  
 In false ambition's hand, to finish faults  
 Illustrious, and give infamy renown.  
 Great *ill* is an achievement of great *powers*.
- 20 Plain sense but rarely leads us far astray.  
*Means* have no merit, if our *end* amiss.  
*Hearts* are proprietors of all applause.  
 Right ends, and means, make *wisdom*. Worldly wise  
 Is but *half*-witted, at its highest praise.
- 25 Let genius then despair to make thee great ;  
 Nor flatter *station*. What *is* station high ?  
 'Tis a proud *mèndicant* : it boasts and begs ;  
 It begs an alms of homage from the throng,  
 And oft the throng denies its charity.
- 30 Monarchs and ministers are awful names ;  
 Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir.  
 Religion, public order, both exact  
 External homage, and a supple knee,  
 To beings pompously set up, to serve
- 35 The meanest slave ; all more is merit's due,  
 Her sacred and inviolable right,  
 Nor ever paid the *mónarch*, but the *màn*.  
 Our *hearts* ne'er bow but to superior *wòrth* ;  
 Nor ever *fail* of their allegiance there.
- 40 Fools, indeed, drop the *măn* in their account,  
 And vote the *màntle* into majesty.

- Let the small *savage* boast his silver fur ;  
 His royal robe unborrowed and unbought,  
 His *òwn*, descending fairly from his sires.
- 45 Shall man be proud to wear his livery,  
 And souls in ermine scorn a soul without ?  
 Can *pláce* or lessen us, or aggrandize ?  
 Pygmies are pygmies stíll, though perched on '*Alps* ;  
 And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
- 50 Each man makes his *own* stature, builds himself ;  
*Virtue* alone outbuilds the pyramids ;  
*Her* monuments shall last when *Egypt's* fall.  
 ————— Thy bosom burns for *pòwer* ;  
*Whàt* station charms thee ? I'll install thee there ;
- 55 'Tis thine. And art thou *gréáter* than before ?  
 Then thou before wast something *less* than *man*.  
 Has thy new post betrayed thee into pride ?  
 That treacherous pride betrays thy dignity ;  
 That pride defames humanity, and calls
- 60 The being *mean*, which *stàffs* or *strìngs* can raise.  
 High *wòrth* is elevated place : 'Tis *mòre* ;  
 It makes the post stand candidate for thee ;  
 Makes more than mōnarchs, makes an *honest mán* ;  
 Though no *exchěquer* it commands, 'tis *wèalth* ;
- 65 And though it wears no ríbbon, 'tis *renòwn* ;  
 Renown that would not quit thee, though *disgràced*,  
 Nor leave thee pendent on a master's smile.  
 Other ambition nature interdicts ;  
 Nature proclaims it most absurd in man,
- 70 By pointing at his origin, and end ;  
 Milk, and a swathe, at first his whole demand ;  
 His whole domain, at last, a turf, or stone ;  
 To whom, between, a *wòrld* may seem too small.

*Young.*

9. Nothing can make it less than mad in man  
 To put forth all his ardor, all his art,  
 And give his soul her full, unbounded flight,

- But reaching *Him*, who gave her wings to fly.
- 5 When blind Ambition quite mistakes her road,  
 And *downward* pores, for that which shines *above*,  
 Substantial happiness, and true renown ;  
 Then like an idiot, gazing on the brook,  
 We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud ;
- 10 At glory grasp, and sink in infamy.  
*Ambition* ! powerful source of good and ill !  
 Thy strength in man, like length of wing in birds,  
 When disengaged from earth, with greater ease  
 And swifter flight transports us to the skies ;
- 15 By toys entangled, or in guilt bemired,  
 It turns a *curse* ; it is our chain, and scourge,  
 In this dark dungeon, where confined we lie,  
 Close grated by the sordid bars of sense ;  
 All prospect of eternity shut out ;
- 20 And, but for execution, ne'er set free.  
 In spite of all the truths the muse has sung,  
 Ne'er to be prized enough ! enough revolved !  
 Are there who wrap the world so close about them,  
 They see no farther than the clouds ? and dance
- 25 On heedless vanity's fantastic toe ?  
 Till, stumbling at a straw, in their career,  
 Headlong they plunge, where end both dance and song.  
 Are there on earth (let me not call them men)  
 Who lodge a soul immortal in their breasts,
- 30 Unconscious as the mountain of its ore,  
 Or rock of its inestimable gem ?  
 When rocks shall melt, and mountains vanish, these  
 Shall *know* their treasure ; treasure, then, no more.  
 Are there (still more amazing !) who *resist*
- 35 The rising thought ? who smother, in its birth,  
 The glorious truth ? who struggle to be *brutes* ?  
 Who through this bosom-barrier burst their way,  
 And, with reversed ambition, strive to *sink* ?  
 Who labor *downwards* through the opposing power

- 40 O instinct, reason, and the world against them,  
To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock  
Of endless night ? night darker than the grave's !  
Who fight the proofs of immortality ?  
With horrid zeal, and execrable arts,  
45 Work all their engines, level their black fires,  
To blot from man this attribute divine,  
(Than vital blood far dearer to the wise,)  
Blasphemers, and rank atheists to themselves ? — *Young*.

10. Look nature through, 'tis *revolùtion* all :  
All chànge ; no dèath. Day follows night ; and night  
The dying day ; stars rise, and set, and rise ;  
Earth takes the example. See, the *Summer* gay,  
5 With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flowers,  
Droops into pallid *Autumn* : *Winter* gray,  
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,  
Blows *Autumn* and his golden fruits away ; —  
Then melts into the *Spring* : soft *Spring*, with breath  
10 Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,  
Recalls the *first*. All, to re-flourish, fades ;  
As in a wheel, all sínks, to re-ascènd.  
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.  
Look down on earth. — What sèest thou ? Wòndrous  
things !  
15 Terrestrial wonders, that eclipse the skies.  
What lengths of labored lànds ; what loaded sèas !  
Loaded by man, for pleasure, wealth, or war !  
Seas, winds, and planets, into service brought,  
His art acknowledge, and promote his ends.  
20 Nor can the eternal *ròcks* his will withstand :  
What levelled mountains ! and what lifted vales !  
O'er vales and mountains, sumptuous cities swell,  
And gild our landscape with their glittering spires.  
Some 'mid the wondering wàves majestic rise ;  
25 And Neptune holds a mirror to their charms.



- See wide dominions ravished from the deep !  
 The narrowed deep with indignation foams.  
 How the tall temples, as to meet their gods,  
 Ascend the skies ! the proud triumphal arch  
 30 Shows us half heaven beneath its ample bend.  
 High through mid air, here strèams are taught to flow :  
 Whole rìvers, there, laid by in bàsins, sleep.  
 Here pláins turn òceans ; there vast oceans jòin  
 Through kingdoms channelled deep from shore to shore :  
 35 And changed creation takes its face from man.  
 Earth 's disembowelled ! measured are the skies !  
 Stars are detected in their deep recess !  
 Creation widens ! vanquished nature yields !  
 Her secrets are extorted ! art prevails !  
 40 What monument of genius, spirit, power ! — *Young*.

11. The world 's a prophecy of worlds to come ;  
 And who, what God foretells, (who speaks in *things*  
 Still louder than in *words*,) shall dare deny ?  
 If nature's arguments appear too weak,  
 5 Turn a new leaf, and stronger read in *man*.  
 If man sleeps on, untaught by what he *sèes*,  
 Can he prove infidel to what he *féels* ?  
 Who reads his bosom, reads immortal life ;  
 Or nature there, imposing on her sons,  
 10 Has written *fàbles* : man was made a *lie*.  
 Why discontent forever harbored there ?  
 Incurable consumption of our peace !  
 Resolve me, why the còttager and kìng,  
 He whom sea-severed realms obey, and he  
 15 Who steals his whole dominion from the waste,  
 Repelling winter blasts with mud and straw,  
 Disquieted alike, draw sigh for sigh,  
 In fate so distant, in complaint so near ?  
 Reason progressive, instinct is complete ;  
 20 Swift instinct *leaps*, slow reason feebly *climbs*

- Brutes soon their zenith reach ; their little all  
 Flows in at once ; in *âges* they no more  
 Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.  
 Were man to live coeval with the sùn,  
 25 The patriarch-pupil would be learning still ;  
 Yet, dying, leave his lesson half unlearned.  
 Men perish in advance, as if the sun  
 Should set ere noon, in eastern oceans drowned.  
 To man, why, stepdame nature ! so severe ?  
 30 Why thrown aside thy master-piece half wrought,  
 While meaner efforts thy last hand enjoy ?  
 Or, if abortively, poor man must die,  
 Nor reach what reach he might, why die in drèad ?  
 Why curst with fôresight ? wise to misery ?  
 35 Why of his proud prerogative the prey ?  
 Why less preëminent in ránk, than pàin ?  
 His immortàlity alone can solve  
 The darkest of enigmas, human *hòpe* ;  
 Of all the darkest, if at déath we diè.  
 40 Hope, eager hope, the assassin of our joy,  
 All present blessings treading under foot,  
 Is scarce a milder tyrant than despàir.  
 With no past toils content, still planning new,  
 Hope turns us o'er to death alone for ease.  
 45 Posséssion, why more tasteless than pursùit ?  
 Why is a wish far dearer than a cròwn ?  
 That wish accómplished, why the grave of blíss ?  
 Because, in the great future, buried deep,  
 Beyond our plans of empire and renown,  
 50 Lies all that man with ardor should pursue ;  
 And HE who made him, bent him to the right.  
 Why beats thy bosom with illustrious dreams  
 Of self-exposure, laudable, and great ?  
 Of gallant enterprise, and glorious death ?  
 55 Die for thy *coúnttry* ! Thou romantic fool !  
 Seize, seize the plank *thyself*, and let her sink :

Thy country ! what to thee ? The Gòdhead, what ?  
 (I speak with awe ! ) though He should bid thee bleed ?  
 If, with thy blood, thy final *hope* is spilt ;

60 Nor can Omnipotence reward the blów :

Be dèaf ; preserve thy bèing ; disobèy.

Since virtue's recompense is doubtful here,  
 If man dies wholly, well may we demand,  
 Why is man sùffered to be good in vain ?

65 Why to be good in vain, is man enjoined ?

Why to be good in vain, is man betràyed ?

Betrayed by traitors lodged in his own breast ?

By sweet complacencies from virtue felt ?

Why whispers nature *lies* on virtue's part ?

70 Or if blind instinct (which assumes the name

Of sacred conscience) plays the fool in man,

Why *rèason* made accomplice in the cheat ?

Why are the wisest loudest in her praise ?

Can man by reason's beam be led astray ?

75 Or, at his peril, imitate his God ?

Since virtue sometimes ruins us on earth,

Or both are true ; or, man survives the grave.

Or own the soul immortal, or invert

All order. Go, mock-majesty ! Go, man !

80 And bow to thy superiors of the stall ;

Through every scene of sense superior far :

They graze the turf untilled ; they drink the stream ;

No foreign clime they ransack for their robes ;

Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar ;

85 Their good is good entire, unmixed, unmarred ;

They find a paradise in every field,

On boughs forbidden where no curses hang ;

Their ill no more than strikes the sense ; unstretched

By previous dread, or murmur in the rear ;

90 When the worst comes, it comes unfear'd ; one stroke

Begins, and ends, their woe ; they die but *once* ;

Blest, incommunicable privilege ! for which

Proud man, who rules the globe, and reads the stars,  
Philosopher, or hero, sighs in vain. — *Young*.

12. He ceased ; and next him Moloch, sceptred king,  
Stood up ; the strongest and fiercest spirit  
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair ;  
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deemed  
5 Equal in strength, and rather than be *less*,  
Cared not to be *at all* ; with that care lost,  
Went all his fear : of God, or hell, or worse,  
He recked not ; and these words thereafter spake : —  
“ My sentence is for *open wàr* ; of wiles,  
10 More unexpert, I boast not ; them let those  
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now ;  
For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest,  
Millions that stand in arms, and, longing, wait  
The signal to ascend, sit *lingering here*  
15 Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place  
Accept this dark, opprobrious den of shame,  
The prison of His tyranny who reigns  
By our delay ? *Nò*, let us rather choose,  
Armed with hell-flames and fury, *all at once*,  
20 O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,  
Turning our tortures into horrid arms  
Against the Torturer ; when, to meet the noise  
Of his almighty engine, he shall hear  
Infernal thunder, and for lightning, see  
25 Black fire and horrid shot with equal rage  
Among his angels, and his throne itself,  
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,  
His own invented torments. (.) But perhaps  
The way seems difficult and stèep, to scale  
30 With upright wings against a higher foe.  
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench  
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,  
That in our proper motion we ascend

- Up to our native seat ; *descent* and *fall*  
 35 To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,  
 When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear,  
 Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,  
 With what compulsion and laborious flight  
 We sunk thus low ? The ascent is *easy* then ;  
 40 The *evènt* is feared ; should we again provoke  
 Our stronger, some *worse* way his wrath may find  
 To our destruction, if there be in hell  
 Fear to be worse destroyed ; what *can* be worse  
 Than to *dwell* *hère*, driven out from bliss, condemned  
 45 In this abhorred deep to utter woe :  
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
 Must exercise us without hope of end,  
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge  
 Inexorable, and the torturing hour,  
 50 Calls us to penance ? More destroyed than thus,  
 We should be quite abolished and expire.  
 What *fear* we then ? what *doubt* we to incense  
 His *ùtmost* ire ? which to the height enraged,  
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
 55 To nothing this essential, (happier far  
 Than miserable, to have eternal being,)  
 Or, if our substance be indeed divine,  
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst  
 On this side nothing ; and by *proof* we feel  
 60 Our power sufficient to disturb his heaven,  
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,  
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne ;  
 Which if not victory, is *yèt revènge*."

13. "I should be much for open war, O peers !  
 As not behind in hate, if what was urged  
 Main reason to persuade immediate war,  
 Did not *dissuade* me most, and seem to cast  
 5 Ominous conjecture on the whole success, —



- When he, who most excels in fact of arms,  
 In what he counsels, and in what excels,  
 Mistrustful, grounds his courage on *despair*,  
 And utter *dissolution*, as the scope
- 10 Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.  
 First, *what* revenge? The towers of heaven are filled  
 With armed watch, that render all access  
 Impregnable; oft on the bordering deep  
 Encamp their legions, or, with obscure wing,
- 15 Scout far and wide into the realm of night,  
 Scorning surprise. Or, could we break our way  
 By *force*, and at our heels all *hell* should rise,  
 With blackest insurrection, to confound  
 Heaven's purest light, yet our great enemy,
- 20 All incorruptible, would on his throne  
 Sit unpolluted, and the ethereal mould,  
 Incapable of stain, would soon expel  
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,  
 Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
- 25 Is *flat despair*: we must exasperate  
 The almighty Victor to spend all his rage,  
 And that must *end* us, *that* must be our cure,  
 To *be no more*: sad cure; for who would lose,  
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
- 30 Those thoughts that wander through eternity,  
 To perish rather, swallowed up and lost  
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
 Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,  
 Let this be good, whether our angry foe
- 35 *Can* give it, or *will*, ever? How he *can*  
 Is doubtful; that he never *will* is sure." — *Milton*.

14. ————— Aside the Devil turned  
 For envy, yet with jealous leer malign  
 Eyed them askance, and to himself thus plained:  
 "Sight hateful, sight tormenting! Thus these two

- 5 Imparadised in one another's arms,  
 The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill  
 Of bliss ; while I to *hell* am thrust,  
 Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,  
 (Amongst our other torments not the least,)
- 10 Still unfulfilled, with pain of longing pines.  
 Yet let me not forget what I have gained  
 From their own mouths : all is not theirs, it seems :  
 One fatal tree there stands, (of knowledge called,)  
 Forbidden them to taste. *Knówledge* forbidden ?
- 15 Suspicious, *rèasonless* ? Why should their Lord  
 Envy them *thàt* ? Can it be *sín* to know ?  
 Can it be *déath* ? and do they only stand  
 By *ígnorance* ? is *thát* their happy state,  
 The proof of their obedience and their faith ?
- 20 O fair foundation laid whereon to build  
 Their ruin ! Hence I will excite their minds  
 With more desire to know, and to reject  
 Envious commands, invented with design  
 To keep them low whom knowledge might exàlt,
- 25 Equal with Gòds : aspiring to be such,  
 They *táste* and *dìe* ; what *likelier* can ensue ?  
 But first with narrow search I must walk round  
 This garden, and no corner leave unspied ;  
 A chance, but chance, may lead where I may meet
- 30 Some wandering spirit of heaven, by fountain side,  
 Or in thick shade retired, from him to draw  
 What further would be learned. Live while ye may,  
 Yet *hăppy* pair ; enjoy, till I return,  
*Short* pleasures, for *long woes* are to succeed."
- 35 So saying, his proud step he scornful turned,  
 But with sly circumspection, and began,  
 Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam.

*Milton.*

In the following speech, where an emphatic clause is in *Italic*, or has the mark of monotone, it requires a firm, full voice, and generally a low note.

15. *Speech of Titus Quinctius to the Romans.*

1. Though I am not conscious, O Romans, of any crime by me committed, it is yet with the utmost shame and confusion that I appear in your assembly. You have seen it—posterity will know it!—in the fourth consulship of Titus Quinctius, the Æqui and Volsci (scarce a match for the Hernici alone) came in arms, *to the vëry gātes of Rōme*, — (.) and went away unchastised!

2. The course of our manners, indeed, and the state of our affairs, have long been such, that I had no reason to presage much good; but, could I have *imàgined* that so great an ignominy would have befallen me this year, I would, by banishment or death, (if all other means had failed,) have *avòided* the station I am now in. (°) *Whàt?* might Rome then have been taken, if these men who were at our gates had not wanted *courage* for the attempt? — *Rōme tākēn whīlst I was cōsul?* — (.) Of honors I had sufficient—of life enough—more than enough—I should have died in my third consulate.

3. But who are they that our dastardly enemies thus despise? — the *cōsuls* or *yòu*, Romans? If *we* are in fault, *depòse* us, or punish us yet *more* severely. If *you* are to blame—may neither gods nor men punish your faults! only may you *rēpēnt*. Nò, Romans, the confidence of our enemies is not owing to *their cōurage*, or to their belief of *your còwardice*; they have been too often *vànquished*, not to know both themselves and you.

4. (.) *Dìscord*, *dìscord* is the *ruin* of this city! The eternal *dispùtes*, between the senate and the people, are the sole cause of our misfortunes. While we set no bounds to our domìon, nor you to your líberty; while you impatiently endure Patrician magistrates, and we Plebéian; our enemies take *heart*, grow elated, and presumptuous.

5. (.) In the *nāme* of the *ìmmòrtal gōds*, what is it, Romans, you would have? You desired Tribunes; for the sake of peace, we grànted them. You were eager to have Decēmvirs; we cōsènted to their creation. You grew *wèary* of these Decēmvirs; we obliged them to àbdicate. Your hatred pursued them when

reduced to private men ; and we suffered you to put to death, or banish, Patricians of the first rank in the republic. You insisted upon the *restoration* of the Tribuneship ; we yielded ; we quietly saw Consuls of your own faction elected.

6. You have the protection of your Tribunes, and the privilege of appeal ; the Patricians are subjected to the decrees of the Commons. Under pretence of equal and impartial laws, you have invaded our rights ; and we have *suffered* it, and we *still* suffer it. (°) When shall we see an end of discord ? When shall we have one interest, and one common country ? Victorious and triumphant, you show less temper than we under defeat. When you are to contend with *us*, you can seize the Aventine Hill, you can possess yourselves of the Mons Sacer.

7. *The enemy is at our gates—the Æsquiline is near being taken*,—and nobody *stirs* to hinder it ! But against *us* you are valiant, against *us* you can arm with diligence. Come on, then, besiege the senate-house, make a camp of the forum, fill the jails with our chief nobles, and when you have achieved these glorious exploits, then, at last, sally out at the Æsquiline gate, with the same fierce spirits, against the *enemy*. Does your resolution fail you for this ?

8. Go then, and behold from our walls your lands ravaged, your houses plundered and in flames, the whole country laid waste with fire and sword. Have you any thing here to repair these damages ? Will the Tribunes make up your losses to you ? They will give you words as many as you please ; bring impeachments in abundance against the prime men in the state ; heap laws upon laws ; assemblies you shall have without end ; but will any of you return the *richer* from those assemblies ?

9. (.) Extinguish, O Romans, these fatal divisions ; generously break this cursed enchantment, which keeps you buried in a scandalous inaction. Open your eyes, and consider the management of those ambitious men, who, to make *themselves* powerful in their party, study nothing but how they may foment *divisions in the commonwealth*.—If you can but summon up your former courage, if you will now march out of Rome with your consuls,

there is no punishment you can inflict, which I will not submit to, if I do not, in a few days, drive those pillagers out of our territory. This terror of war, with which you seem so grievously struck, shall quickly be removed from Rome to their own cities.

## EXERCISE XVII.

(See 162—241.)

## 260. DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE COMMON AND THE INTENSIVE INFLECTION.

The difficulty to be avoided may be seen sufficiently in an example or two. There is a general tendency to make the slide of the voice as great in degree, when there is little stress, as when there is much; whereas in the former case the slide should be gentle, and sometimes hardly perceptible.

*Common Slide.*

To play with important truths; to disturb the repose of established tenets; to subtilize objections; and elude proof, is too often the sport of youthful vanity, of which maturer experience commonly repents.

Were the miser's repentance upon the neglect of a good bargain; his sorrow for being overreached; his hope of improving a sum; and his fear of falling into want; directed to their proper objects, they would make so many Christian graces and virtues.

*Intensive Slide.*

Consider, I beseech you, what was the part of a faithful citizen; of a prudent, an active, and an honest minister. Was he not to secure Eubœa, as our defence against all attacks by sea? Was he not to make Bœotia our barrier on the midland side? the cities bordering on Peloponnesus our bulwark on that quarter? Was he not to attend with due precaution to the importation of corn, that this trade might be protected through all its progress up to our own harbors? Was he not to cover those districts which we commanded, by seasonable detachments, as the Proconesus, the Chersonesus, and Tenedos? to exert himself in



the assémbly for this purpose, while with equal zeal he labored to gain others to our interest and alliance, as Byzantium, Abydus, and Euboéa? Was he not to cut off the best and most important resources of our enemies, and to supply those in which our country was defective? — And all this you gained by my counsels, and my administration.

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## EXERCISES ON MODULATION.

### EXERCISE XVIII.

(See 235.)

#### 261. COMPASS OF VOICE.

To assist in cultivating the *bottom* of the voice, I have selected examples of sublime or solemn description, which admit of but little inflection; and some which contain the figure of simile. Where the mark for low tone is inserted, the reader will take pains to keep down his voice, and to preserve it in nearly the grave monotone.

1. (.) He bowed the heavens also, and came down; and darkness was under his feet. — And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly: yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind. — He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies. — At the brightness that was before him his thick clouds passed, hailstones and coals of fire. — The LORD also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice, hailstones and coals of fire.

2. (.) And then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven: and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory. — And he shall send his angels, with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other.

3. (.) And the heaven departed as a scroll, when it is rolled

together ; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places. 2 And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every freeman, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains ; 3 And said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb : — For the great day of his wrath is come ; and who shall be able to stand ?

4 And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away ; and there was found no place for them. 5 And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God ; and the books were opened : and another book was opened, which is the book of life : and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books according to their works. 6 And the sea gave up the dead which were in it ; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them ; and they were judged every man according to their works.

4. 'Tis listening Fear and dumb Amazement all ;  
When to the startled eye, the sudden glance  
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud ;  
And following slower, in explosion fast,  
5 The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.  
At first heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,  
The tempest growls ; (o) but as it nearer comes,  
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,  
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more  
10 The noise astounds ; till overhead a sheet  
Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts  
And opens wider ; shuts and opens, still  
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.  
Follows the loosened aggravated roar,  
15 Englaring, deepening, mingling, peal on peal  
Crushed horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

5. 'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved,  
 That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,  
 Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,  
 Examined all the dreadful scenes of war ;  
 In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,  
 To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,  
 Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,  
 And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.

(.) So when an angel, by divine command,  
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,  
 (Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed,)  
 Calm and serene he drives the furious blast ;  
 And pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,  
 Rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

6. Roused from his trance, he mounts with eyes aghast,  
 When o'er the ship, in undulation vast,  
 A giant surge down rushes from on high,  
 And fore and aft dissevered ruins lie ;  
 (.) As when, Britannia's empire to maintain,  
 Great Hawke descends in thunder on the main,  
 Around the brazen voice of battle roars,  
 And fatal lightnings blast the hostile shores ;  
 Beneath the storm their shattered navies groan,  
 The trembling deep recoils from zone to zone ;  
 Thus the torn vessel felt the enormous stroke,  
 The beams beneath the thundering deluge broke.

7. To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern replied : —  
 “ Reign thou in *hell*, thy kingdom ; let me serve  
 In heaven God ever blest, and his divine  
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obeyed ;  
 5 Yet chains in hell, not realms, expect ; meanwhile  
 From me, (returned as erst thou saidst from flight,)  
 This greeting on thy impious crest receive.”

- (.) So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,  
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
- 10 On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,  
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield,  
Such ruin intercept ; ten paces huge  
He back recoiled ; the tenth on bended knee  
His massy spear upstayed ; as if on earth
- 15 Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,  
Sidelong had pushed a mountain from his seat,  
Half sunk with all his pines. ———  
————— Now storming fury rose,  
And clamor such as heard in heaven till now
- 20 Was never ; arms on armor clashing, brayed  
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels  
Of brazen chariots raged ; dire was the noise  
Of conflict ; overhead the dismal hiss  
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
- 25 And flying, vaulted either host with fire.  
So under fiery cope together rushed  
Both battles main, with ruinous assault  
And inextinguishable rage ; all heaven  
Resounded, and had earth been then, all earth
- 30 Had to her centre shook. ———  
————— Long time in even scale ———  
The battle hung ; till Satan, who that day  
Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms  
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
- 35 Of fighting seraphim confused, at length  
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and felled  
Squadrons at once ; with huge two-handed sway,  
Brandished aloft, the horrid edge came down  
Wide wasting ; such destruction to withstand
- 40 He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb  
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,  
A vast circumference. At his approach  
The great archangel from his warlike toil

- Surceased, and glad, as hoping here to end  
 45 Intestine war in heaven, the arch foe subdued.  
 Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air  
 Made horrid circles ; two broad suns their shields  
 Blazed opposite, while expectation stood  
 In horror ; from each hand with speed retired,  
 50 Where erst was thickest fight, the angelic throng,  
 And left large fields, unsafe within the wind  
 Of such commotion ; such as, to set forth  
 Great things by small, if nature's concord broke,  
 Among the constellations war were sprung,  
 55 Two planets rushing from aspect malign  
 Of fiercest opposition in mid-sky  
 Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.

*Milton.*

The following examples are selected as a specimen of those passages, which are most favorable to the cultivation of a top to the voice. In pronouncing these, the reader should aim to get up his voice to the highest note on which he can articulate with freedom and distinctness. See remarks, page 79. If the student wishes for more examples of this kind, he is referred to EXERCISE V.

8. Has a wise and good God furnished us with desires which have no correspondent objects, and raised expectations in our breasts, with no other view but to disappoint them? — Are we to be forever in search of happiness, without arriving at it, either in this world or the next? — Are we formed with a passionate longing for immortality, and yet destined to perish after this short period of existence? — Are we prompted to the noblest actions, and supported through life, under the severest hardships and most delicate temptations, by the hopes of a reward which is visionary and chimérical, by the expectation of praises, of which it is utterly impossible for us ever to have the least knowledge or enjoyment?

9. (°) “ Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,  
 That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance  
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way



- To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,  
 5 That be assured, without leave asked of thee :  
 Retire, or taste thy folly ; and learn by proof,  
 Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heaven.”
- To whom the goblin, full of wrath, replied ;  
 (°) “ Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,  
 10 Who first broke peace in heaven, and faith, till then  
 Unbroken, and in proud, rebellious arms  
 Drew after him the third part of heaven’s sons,  
 Conjured against the highest, for which both thou  
 And they, outcast from God, are here condemned  
 15 To waste eternal days in woe and pain ?  
 And reckon’st thou thyself with spirits of *heaven*,  
 Hell-doomed, and breath’st defiance here and scorn,  
 Where *I* reign king, and, to enrage thee more,  
*Thy* king and lord ? *Back to thy punishment*,  
 20 False fugitive, and to thy speed add *wings*,  
 Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue  
 Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart,  
 Strange horrors seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.”

## EXERCISE XIX.

(See 241—285.)

## 369. TRANSITION.

The exercises of the foregoing head were designed to accustom the voice to exertion on the extreme notes of its compass, high and low. The following exercises under this head are intended to accustom the voice to those sudden transitions which sentiment often requires, not only as to *pitch*, but also as to *quantity*.

1. *The Power of Eloquence.* — CAREY.

AN ODE.

1. Heard ye those loud contending waves,  
 That shook Cecropia’s pillared state ?  
 Saw ye the mighty from their graves  
 Look up, and tremble at her fate ?

Who shall calm the angry storm ?  
Who the mighty task perform,  
And bid the raging tumult cease ?  
See the son of Hermes rise ;  
With siren tongue, and speaking eyes,  
Hush the noise, and soothe to peace !

2. Lo ! from the regions of the North,  
The reddening storm of battle pours ;  
Rolls along the trembling earth,  
Fastens on the Olynthian towers.
3. (°) “ Where rests the sword ? — where sleep the brave ?  
Awake ! Cecropia’s ally save  
From the fury of the blast ;  
Burst the storm on Phocis’ walls :  
*Rise !* or Greece forever falls !  
*Up !* or Freedom breathes her last ! ”
4. (°) The jarring States, obsequious now,  
View the Patriot’s hand on high ;  
Thunder gathering on his brow,  
Lightning flashing from his eye !
5. Borne by the tide of words along,  
One voice, one mind, inspire the throng :  
(°°) “ To arms ! to arms ! to arms ! ” they cry ;  
“ Grasp the shield, and draw the sword ;  
Lead us to Philippi’s lord ;  
Let us conquer him — or die ! ”
6. (—) Ah, *Eloquence !* thou wast undone ;  
Wast from thy native country driven,  
When Tyranny eclipsed the sun,  
And blotted out the stars of heaven.

7. When Liberty from Greece withdrew,  
And o'er the Adriatic flew,  
    To where the Tiber pours his urn,  
She struck the rude Tarpeian rock ;  
Sparks were kindled by the shock —  
    Again thy fires began to burn !
8. Now shining forth, thou mad'st compliant  
    The Conscript Fathers to thy charms ;  
Roused the world-bestridding giant,  
    Sinking fast in Slavery's arms !
9. I see thee stand by Freedom's fane,  
Pouring the persuasive strain,  
    Giving vast conceptions birth :  
*Hark !* I hear thy thunder's sound,  
Shake the Forum round and round !  
    Shake the pillars of the earth !
10. First-born of Liberty divine !  
    Put on *Religion's* bright array ;  
*Speak !* and the starless *grave* shall shine  
    The portal of eternal day !
11. *Rise*, kindling with the orient beam ;  
Let *Calvary's hill* inspire the theme !  
    Unfold the garments rolled in blood !  
O, touch the soul, touch all her chords,  
With all the omnipotence of words,  
    And point the way to heaven — to God.

2. *Hohenlinden . . . . Description of a Battle with Firearms. —*  
CAMPBELL.

1. (o) On Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,

And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

2. But Linden saw another sight,  
When the drum beat at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.
3. By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
Each warrior drew his battle blade,  
And furious every charger neighed,  
To join the dreadful revelry.
4. Then shook the hills with thunder riven,  
Then rushed the steeds to battle driven,  
And louder than the bolts of heaven  
Far flashed the red artillery.
5. And redder yet those fires shall glow,  
On Linden's hills of blood-stained snow ;  
And darker yet shall be the flow  
Of Iser rolling rapidly.
6. 'Tis morn, — but scarce yon lurid sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
While furious Frank and fiery Hun  
Shout, in their sulphurous canopy.
7. The combat deepens. (°°) On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory or the grave !  
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave !  
And charge with all thy chivalry !
8. (—) Ah ! few shall part where many meet !  
The snow shall be their winding sheet,

And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

### 3. *Hamlet's Soliloquy.*

This is one of the most difficult things to read in the English language. No one should attempt it without entering into the sentiment by recurring to the story of Hamlet. The notation which I have given, however imperfect, may at least furnish the reader with some guide in the management of his voice. Want of discrimination has been the common fault in reading this soliloquy.

- To bé, or nòt to be? . . that is the quèstion. —  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to *suffer*  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or take *arms* against a sea of troubles,  
5 And, by opposing, ènd them? — To díe — to slèep —  
Nò more : and, by a sleep, to say we end  
The héartache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is héir to? — 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To díe ; — to slèep ; —  
10 To slèep ! perchance to *dream* : — Ay, there's the rùb ;  
For in that sleep of death *what* dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause. There's the respect,  
That makes calamity of so long life ;  
15 For who would bear the whips and scorns of tìme,\*  
The oppressor's wròng, the proud man's còntumely,  
The pangs of despised lòve, the law's delày,  
The insolence of òffice, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes ;  
20 When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare *bòdkin* ? Who would fardels bear,  
To groan and sweat under a weary life ?  
( ò ) But that dread of something after death,

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\* The indignant feeling awakened in Hamlet by this enumeration of particulars, requires the voice gradually to rise on each, till it comes to the mark of transition.



- That undiscovered country, from whose bourn  
 25 No traveller returns, puzzles the will ;  
 And makes us rather *bear* those ills we have,  
 Than fly to *others* that we know not of.  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all, —  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 30 Is sicklied o'er with the pàle cast of thought ;  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard their currents turn awry,  
 And lose the name of action.

4. *Battle of Waterloo.* — BYRON.

1. There was a sound of revelry by night,  
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then  
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright  
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men :  
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when  
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
 And all went merry as a marriage bell ;  
 (°) But hush ! hark ! . . a deep sound strikes like a rising  
     knell !
  
2. Did ye not hear it ? — No ; 'twas but the wind,  
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street :  
 (°) On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;  
 No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet  
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet —  
 (°) But hark ! — that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat.  
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !  
 (°°) '*Arm ! àrm !* it is — it is — the *cannon's* opening roar !
  
3. (—) Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,

And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated — who could guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise ?

4. And there was mounting in hot haste ; the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;  
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar ;  
And near the beat of the alarming drum  
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;  
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,  
Or whispering with white lips — “ The foe ! They come !  
They come ! ”
5. (—) And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
Over the unreturning brave, — alas !  
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,  
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,  
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.
6. Last noon beheld them full of lusty life ;  
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay ;  
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife ;  
The morn, the marshalling in arms ; the day,  
Battle's magnificently-stern array !  
The thunder clouds close o'er it, which when rent,  
The earth is covered thick with other clay,

Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,  
Rider and horse — friend, foe, — in one red burial blent !

5. *Negro's Complaint.* — COWPER.

1. (—) Forced from home and all its pleasures,  
Afric's coast I left forlorn ;  
To increase a stranger's treasures,  
O'er the raging billows borne.  
Men from England bought and sold me,  
Paid my price in paltry gold ;  
But though *slave* they have enrolled me,  
*Minds* are never to be sold.
2. Still in thought as free as ever,  
What are England's rights, I ask,  
Me from my delights to sever,  
Me to torture, me to task ?  
Fleecy locks and black complexion  
Cannot forfeit Nature's claim ;  
*Skins* may differ, but *affection*  
Dwells in white and black the same.
3. Why did all-creating Nature  
Make the plant for which we toil ?  
Sighs must fan it, tears must water,  
Sweat of ours must dress the soil.  
Think, ye masters iron-hearted,  
Lolling at your jovial boards,  
Think how many *backs* have smarted  
For the sweets your cane affords.
4. (°) Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,  
Is there One who reigns on high ?  
Has he bid you buy and sell us,  
Speaking from his throne, the sky ?

*Ask him*, if your knotted scourges,  
Matches, blood-extorting screws,  
Are the means that *duty* urges  
Agents of his will to use.

5. (oo) *Hark !* he answers, — wild tornadoes,  
Strewing yonder sea with wrecks,  
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,  
Are the voice with which he speaks.  
He, foreseeing what vexations  
Afric's sons should undergo,  
Fixed their tyrant's habitation  
Where his WHIRLWINDS answer, No.

6. By our blood in Afric wasted,  
Ere our necks received the chain ;  
By the miseries that we tasted,  
Crossing in your barks the main ;  
By our sufferings since ye brought us  
To the man-degrading mart ; —  
All, sustained by patience, taught us  
Only by a broken heart.

7. Deem our nation brutes no longer,  
Till some *rèason* ye shall find  
Worthier of regard, and stronger,  
Than the *còlor* of our kind.  
*Slāves of gōld*, whose sordid dealings  
Tarnish all your boasted powers,  
Prove that *you* have human feelings,  
Ere you proudly question *òurs !*

6. *Marco Bozzaris, the Epaminondas of Modern Greece.* —

HALLECK.

[He fell in an attack upon the Turkish camp, at Laspi, the site of the ancient Plataea, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were, "To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain."]

1. (°) At midnight, in his guarded tent,  
     The Turk was dreaming of the hour,  
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,  
     Should tremble at his power ;  
 In dreams, through camp and court, he bore  
 The trophies of a conqueror ;  
     In dreams his song of triumph heard ;  
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring, —  
 Then pressed that monarch's throne, — a king ;  
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,  
     As Eden's garden bird.
  
2. An hour passed on — the Turk awoke ;  
     That bright dream was his last ;  
 He woke — to hear his sentry's shriek,  
 (°) " To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek ! "  
 He woke — to die 'midst flame and smoke,  
 And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,  
     And death-shots falling thick and fast  
 As lightnings from the mountain cloud ;  
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,  
     Bozzaris cheer his band :  
 (°°) " Strike — till the last armed foe expires,  
 Strike — for your altars and your fires,  
 Strike — for the green graves of your sires,  
     God — and your native land ! "
  
3. They fought, like brave men, long and well ;  
     They piled that ground with Moslem slain ;



They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,  
Bleeding at every vein.  
His few surviving comrades saw  
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,  
And the red field was won ;  
Then saw in death his eyelids close  
Calmly, as to a night's repose,  
Like flowers at set of sun.

4. ( — ) Come to the bridal chamber, Death !  
Come to the mother when she feels,  
For the first time, her first-born's breath ; —  
Come when the blessed seals  
Which close the pestilence are broke,  
And crowded cities wail its stroke ;  
Come in consumption's ghastly form,  
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm ;  
Come when the heart beats high and warm,  
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,  
And thou art terrible : the tear,  
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,  
And all we know, or dream, or fear,  
Of agony, are thine.

5. But to the hero, when his sword  
Has won the battle for the free,  
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,  
And in its hollow tones are heard  
The thanks of millions yet to be.  
Bozzaris ! with the storied brave  
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,  
Rest thee — there is no prouder grave,  
Even in her own proud clime.  
We tell thy doom without a sigh ;  
For thou art freedom's now and Fame's —

One of the few, the immortal names,  
That were not born to die.

7. *Meeting of the Embattled Hosts.* — MILTON.

- (.) Now when fair morn orient in heaven appeared,  
Up rose the victor angels, and to arms  
The matin trumpet sung : in arms they stood  
Of golden panoply, refulgent host,  
5 Soon banded ; others from the dawning hills  
Looked round, and scouts each coast light-armed scour,  
Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,  
Where lodged, or whither fled, or if for fight,  
In motion or in halt : him soon they met  
10 Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow  
But firm battalion ; back with speediest sail  
Zophiel, of cherubim the swiftest wing,  
Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cried : —  
(°°) “ ‘ARM, warriors, *arm for fight* — the foe at hand,  
15 Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit  
This day ; fear not his flight ; so thick a cloud  
He comes, and settled in his face I see  
Sad resolution and secure ; let each  
His adamantine coat gird well, — and each  
20 Fit well his helm, — gripe fast his orbed shield,  
Borne even or high ; for this day will pour down,  
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling shower,  
But rattling storm of arrows barbed with fire.”  
(.) So warned he them, aware themselves, and soon  
25 In order, quit of all impediment ;  
Instant, without disturb, they took alarm,  
And onward move, embattled : when, behold,  
Not distant far, with heavy pace, the foe,  
Approaching, gross and huge, in hollow cube,  
30 Training his devilish enginery, impaled  
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,

To hide the fraud. At interview both stood  
A while ; but suddenly at head appeared  
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud : —

- 35 (°) “ VANGUARD, to right and left the front unfold,  
That all may see who hate us, how we seek  
Peace and composure, and with open breast  
Stand ready to receive them, if they like  
Our overture, and turn not back perverse.”

## EXERCISE XX.

(See 250—259.)

## EXPRESSION.

The exercises arranged in this class belong to the general head of the *pathetic* and *delicate*. As this has been partly anticipated under another head of the exercises, and as the manner of execution in this case depends wholly on emotion, there can be little assistance rendered by a notation. Before reading the pieces in this class, the remarks of the Analysis, pp. 82—84, should be reviewed ; and the mind should be prepared to feel the spirit of each piece, by entering fully into the circumstances of the case.

1. GENESIS XLIV. — *Judah's Speech to Benjamin.*

18. \* Then Judah came near upon him, and said, O my lord, let thy servant, I pray thee, speak a word in my lord's ears, and let not thine anger burn against thy servant : for thou art even as Pharaoh. 19 My lord asked his servants, saying, Have ye a father, or a brother ? 20 And we said unto my lord, We have a father, an old man, and a child of his old age, a little one ; and his brother is *dead*, and he alone is left of his mother, and his father *loveth* him. 21 And thou saidst unto thy servants, Bring him down unto *me*, that I may set mine eyes upon him. 22 And we said unto my lord, The lad cannot leave his *father* : for if he should leave his father, his father would *die*. 23 And thou saidst unto thy servants, Except your youngest brother come down with you, ye shall see my face no more. 24 And it came to pass, when we came up unto thy servant my father, we told him the

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\* The reader is again desired to bear in mind, that in extracts from the Bible, as well as other books, *Italic words* denote emphasis.

words of my lord. 25 And our father said, Go again and buy us a little food. 26 And we said, We cannot go down: if our youngest brother be with us, then will we go down: for we may not see the man's face, except our youngest brother be with us. 27 And thy servant my father said unto us, Ye know that my wife bare me two sons: 28 And the one went out from me, and I said, Surely he is torn in pieces: and I saw him not since; 29 And if ye take *this* also from me, and mischief befall *him*, ye shall bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. 30 Now therefore when I come to thy servant my father, and the lad be not with us; (seeing that his *life* is bound up in the *lad's* life;) 31 It shall come to pass, when he seeth that the lad is not with us, that he will *die*: and thy servants shall bring down the gray hairs of thy servant our father with sorrow to the grave. 32 For thy servant became surety for the lad unto my father, saying, If I bring him not unto thee, then I shall bear the blame to my father forever. 33 Now, therefore, I pray thee, let thy servant abide, *instead* of the lad, a bondman to my lord; and let the lad go up with his brethren. 34 For how shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me? lest peradventure I see the evil that shall come on my father.

## 2. GENESIS XLV. — *Joseph discloses himself.*

1 Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him; and he cried, Cause every man to go out from me. And there stood no man with him while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren. 2 And he wept aloud: and the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard. 3 And Joseph said unto his brethren, I am *Joseph*; doth my *father* yet live? And his brethren could not answer him; for they were troubled at his presence. 4 And Joseph said unto his brethren, Come near to me, I pray you: and they came near. And he said, I am *Joseph your brother*, whom ye sold into Egypt. 5 Now therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that you sold me hither; for *God* did send me before you to preserve life. 6 For these two years hath the famine been in the land: and yet there are

five years, in the which there shall be neither earing nor harvest. 7 And God sent me before you, to preserve you a posterity in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance. 8 So now it was not *you* that sent me hither, but *God* : and he hath made me a father to Pharaoh, and lord of all his house, and a ruler throughout all the land of Egypt. 9 Haste ye, and go up to my father, and say unto him, Thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt ; come down unto me, tarry not : 10 And thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be near unto me, thou, and thy children, and thy children's children, and thy flocks, and thy herds, and all that thou hast : 11 And there will I nourish thee, (for yet there are five years of famine,) lest thou, and thy household, and all that thou hast, come to poverty. 12 And behold your eyes *see*, and the eyes of my brother Benjamin, that it is *my* mouth that speaketh unto you. 13 And ye shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt, and of all that ye have seen ; and ye shall haste, and bring down my father hither. 14 And he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck and wept ; and Benjamin wept upon his neck. 15 Moreover, he kissed all his brethren, and wept upon them : and after that his brethren talked with him.

25 And they went up out of Egypt, and came into the land of Canaan unto Jacob their father, 26 And told him, saying, JOSEPH IS YET ALIVE, and he is *governor* over *all the land of Egypt*. And Jacob's heart *fainted*, for he believed them not. 27 And they told him all the words of Joseph, which he had said unto them : and when he saw the *wagons* which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob their father revived : 28 And Israel said, It is *enough* ; Joseph my son is yet alive : I will go and see him before I die.

### 3. *The Death of a Friend.* — BEATTIE.

1. I fain would sing : — but ah ! I strive in vain ;  
Sighs from a breaking heart my voice confound ;  
With trembling steps to join yon weeping train,  
I haste ; gleams funereal glare around,  
And mixed with shrieks of woe, the knells of death resound.



2. Adieu, ye lays that Fancy's flowers adorn,  
 The soft amusement of the vacant mind !  
 He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses mourn —  
 He, whom each virtue fired, each grace refined,  
 Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind !  
 He sleeps in dust. Ah, how shall I pursue  
 My theme ! To heart-consuming grief resigned,  
 Here on his recent grave I fix my view,  
 And pour my bitter tears. Ye flowery lays, adieu !
3. Art thou, my GREGORY, forever fled !  
 And am I left to unavailing woe ?  
 When fortune's storms assail this weary head,  
 Where cares long since have shed untimely snow,  
 Ah, now for comfort whither shall I go ?  
 No more thy soothing voice my anguish cheers ;  
 Thy placid eyes with smiles no longer glow,  
 My hopes to cherish, and allay my fears.  
 'Tis meet that I should mourn : flow forth afresh, my tears.

4. *The Sabbath.* — GRAHAME.

- How *still* the morning of the hallowed day !  
 Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed  
 The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song ;  
 The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
- 5 Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,  
 That yesternorn bloomed waving in the breeze ;  
 The faintest sounds attract the ear, — the hum  
 Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,  
 The distant bleating, midway up the hill.
- 10 Calmness seems throned on yon unmoving cloud.  
 To him who wanders o'er the upland leas  
 The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale,  
 And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark  
 Warbles his heaven-tuned song ; the lulling brook

- 15 Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk glen ;  
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke  
O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,  
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.  
With dove-like wings Peace o'er yon village broods ;
- 20 The dizzying mill-wheel rests ; the anvil's din  
Has ceased ; all, all around is quietness.  
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare  
Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,  
Her deadliest foe ; — the toil-worn horse, set free,
- 25 Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large ;  
And, as his stiff, unwieldy bulk he rolls,  
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.  
But, chiefly, Man the day of rest enjoys.  
Hail, SABBATH ! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
- 30 On other days, the man of toil is doomed  
To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the ground  
Both seat and board, — screened from the winter's cold  
And summer's heat by neighboring hedge or tree :  
But on this day, embosomed in his home,
- 35 He shares the frugal meal with those he loves ;  
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy  
Of giving thanks to God, — not thanks of form,  
A word and a grimace, but reverently,  
With covered face, and upward, earnest eye.
- 40 Hail, SABBATH ! thee I hail, the poor man's day.  
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe  
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke,  
As wandering slowly up the river's bank,  
He meditates on Him whose power he marks
- 45 In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,  
And in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom  
Around the roots ; and while he thus surveys  
With elevated joy each rural charm,  
He hopes, (yet fears presumption in the hope,)
- 50 That heaven may be one Sabbath without end.

- But now his steps a welcome sound recalls :  
Solemn, the knell from yonder ancient pile  
Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe ;  
The throng moves slowly o'er the tomb-paved ground :
- 55 The aged man, the bowed down, the blind  
Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes  
With pain, and eyes the new-made grave, well pleased, —  
These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach  
The house of God ; these, spite of all their ills,
- 60 A glow of gladness prove : with silent praise  
They enter in : a placid stillness reigns ;  
Until the man of God, worthy the name,  
Opens the book, and, with impressive voice,  
The weekly portion reads.

5. *The Burial of Sir John Moore.*

1. (—) Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried ;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.
2. We buried him darkly ; at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning,  
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,  
And the lantern, dimly burning.
3. No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him !  
But he lay — like a warrior taking his rest —  
With his martial cloak around him !
4. Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;  
But we steadfastly *gazed* on the face of the dead,  
And we *bitterly* thought of the *morrow* ; —

5. We thought — as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow —  
How the *foe* and the *stranger* would tread o'er his head,  
And *we* far away on the billow !
6. “Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;  
But nothing he'll reckon, if they let him sleep on  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.”
7. But half of our heavy task was done,  
When the clock tolled the hour for retiring,  
And we heard the distant and random gun,  
That the foe was suddenly firing.
8. Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory !  
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,  
But we left him — alone with his glory !

6. *Eve lamenting the Loss of Paradise.*

- (—) O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death !  
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise ? thus leave  
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,  
Fit haunts of God ? where I had hope to spend,  
5 Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day  
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,  
That never will in other climate grow,  
My early visitation and my last  
At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand  
10 From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,  
Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank  
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount ?  
Thee lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorned  
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee

- 15 How shall I part, and whither wander down  
 Into a lower world, to this obscure  
 And wild ? how shall we breathe in other air  
 Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits ?

7. *Soliloquy of Hamlet's Uncle.*

- ( :: ) O ! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven ;  
 It hath the primal, eldest curse upon't, —  
 A brother's murder ! — *Pray* I cannot,  
 Though inclination be sharp as 'twill,  
 5 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intènt ;  
 And, like a man to double business bound,  
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
 And *both* neglect. ( ° ) What if this cursed hand  
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood ;  
 10 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens  
 To wash it white as snow ? Whereunto serves mercy,  
 But to confront the visage of offence !  
 And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,  
 To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,  
 15 Or pardoned being down ? — Then I'll look *up* ;  
 My fault is passed. But O, what form of prayer  
 Can serve *my* turn ? “ Forgive me my foul murder ! ”  
 That *cannot* be ; since I am still possessed  
 Of those effects for which I *did* the murder,  
 20 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.  
 May one be pardoned, and *retain* the offence ?  
 In the corrupted currents of *this* world,  
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;  
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself  
 25 Buys out the law : but 'tis not so *abòve* ;  
*There*, is no shuffling ; *there*, the action lies  
 In his true nature ; and we ourselves compelled  
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
 To give in evidence. What then ? — what rests ?



- 30 Try what repentance can ; what can it nòt ?  
 Yet what *can* it, when one cannot repent ?  
 (.) O wrèched state ! O bosom, black as dèath !  
 O lîmed soul ; that, struggling to be free,  
 Art more engagèd. Help, angels ! make assay !
- 35 Bow, stubborn knees ; and heart with strings of steel,  
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe !  
 All may be well.

## EXERCISE XXI.

(See 259—344.)

## REPRESENTATION.

1. MATT. XIV.—22 And straightway Jesus constrained his disciples to get into a ship, and to go before him unto the other side, while he sent the multitudes away. 23 And when he had sent the multitudes away, he went up into a mountain apart to pray : and when the evening was come, he was there alone. 24 But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves : for the wind was contrary. 25 And in the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea. 26 And when the disciples saw him walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying, It is a *spìrit* ; and they cried out for fear. 27 But straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good chèer ; it is *I* ; be not *afráid*. 28 And Peter answered him and said, Lord, if it be thõu, bid me còme unto thee on the water. 29 And he said, Còme. And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water to go to Jesus. 30 But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid ; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lõrd, *sàve* me. 31 And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou *dòubt* ? 32 And when they were come into the ship, the wind ceased. 33 Then they that were in the ship came and worshipped him, saying, Of a truth thou art the Son of God.

2. MATT. XVII. — 14 And when they were come to the multitude, there came to him a certain man kneeling down to him, and saying, 15 Lord, have mercy on my sòn ; for he is a lunatic, and sore vexed, for oft times he falleth into the *fire*, and oft into the *water*. 16 And I brought him to thy disciples, and they could not cure him. 17 Then Jesus answered and said, O faithless and perverse generation, how long shall I be with you ? How long shall I suffer you ? Bring him hither to *mè*. 18 And Jesus rebuked the devil, and he departed out of him : and the child was cured from that very hour. 19 Then came the disciples to Jesus apart, and said, Why could not *wè* cast him out ? 20 And Jesus said unto them, Because of your *unbelièf* ; for verily I say unto you, If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this *mòuntain*, Remove hence to yonder place ; and it *shall* remove ; and nothing shall be impossible unto you.

3. MATT. XVIII. — 23 Therefore is the kingdom of heaven likened unto a certain king, which would take account of his servants. 24 And when he had begun to reckon, one was brought unto him which owed him ten thousand talents. 25 But forasmuch as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be sòld, and his wife and children, and all that he hàd, and payment to be made. 26 The servant therefore fell down and worshipped him, saying, Lòrd, have *patience* with me, and I will pay thee àll. 27 Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion, and loosed him, and forgave him the debt. 28 But the same servant went out, and found one of his fellow-servants, which owed him a hundred pence ; and he laid hànds on him, and took him by the thròat, saying, *Pày* me that thou owest. 29 And his fellow-servant fell down at his feet, and besought him, saying, Have *patience* with me, and I will pay thee àll. 30 And he would nòt ; but went and cast him into prison, till he should pay the debt. 31 So when his fellow-servants saw what was done, they were very sorry, and came and told unto their lord all that was done. 32 Then his lord, after that he had called him, said unto him, O thou *wicked* servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because

thou desiredst me : 33 Shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee ?

4. MATT. XX. — 25 But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. 26 But it shall not be so among yōu : but whosoever will be great among yōu, let him be your mīnister ; 27 And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant : 28 Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many. 29 And as they departed from Jericho, a great multitude followed him.

30 And behold, two blind men sitting by the wayside, when they heard that *Jēsus* passed by, cried out, saying, Have *mèrcy* on us, O Lōrd, thou son of David. 31 And the multitude rebuked them, because they should hold their peace : but they cried the more, saying, Have *mèrcy* on us, O Lōrd, thou son of David. 32 And Jesus stood still, and called them, and said, What will ye that I shall *dò* unto you ? 33 They say unto him, Lōrd, that our *eyes* may be opened. 34 So Jesus had compassion on them, and touched their eyes : and immediately their eyes received sight, and they followed him.

5. MATT. XXI. — 23 And when he was come into the temple, the chief priests and the elders of the people came unto him as he was teaching, and said, By what *authòrity* doest thou these things ? and who *gàve* thee this authority ? 24 And Jesus answered and said unto them, I also will ask yōu one thing, which if ye tell me, I in like wise will tell you by what authority I do these things. 25 The baptism of Jōhn, whence was it ? from héaven, or of mèn ? And they reasoned with themselves, saying, If we shall say, From hēaven ; he will say unto us, Why did ye not then believe him ? 26 But if we shall say, Of mēn ; we fear the people ; for all hold John as a prophet. 27 And they answered Jesus, and said, We cannot tèll. And he said unto them, Neither tell I you by what authority I do these things.

28 But what think ye? A certain man had two sons; and he came to the first, and said, Son, go work to-day in my vineyard  
 29 He answered and said, I will nòt; but afterwards he repented, and wènt. 30 And he came to the second, and said likewise. And he answered, I go, sir; and went nòt. 31 Whether of them twain did the will of his father? They say unto him, The *first*. Jesus saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you.

6. MATT. XXV. — 31 When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: 32 And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: 33 And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. 34 Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, *Còme*, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: 35 For I was a hungered, and ye gave me mèat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drìnk: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: 36 Naked, and ye clòthed me: I was sick, and ye vísited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. 37 Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, *whèn* saw we thee a hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? 38 *Whèn* saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? 39 Or *whèn* saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? 40 And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily, I say unto you, Inas-much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my *bréthren*, ye have done it unto mè. 41 Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, *Depàrt* from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels: 42 For I was a hungered, and ye gave me *nò* meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no *drìnk*: 43 I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clòthed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye vísited me not. 44 Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, *whèn* saw we thee a hungered, or athirst, or

a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee? 45 Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of *thése*, ye did it not to *mè*. 46 And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal.

7. ACTS XII. — 5 Peter therefore was kept in prison: but prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him. 6 And when Herod would have brought him forth, the same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains; and the keepers before the door kept the prison. 7 And behold, an angel of the Lord came unto him, and a light shined in the prison; and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, *Arise* up quickly. And his chains fell off from his hands. 8 And the angel said unto him, *Gird* thyself, and bind on thy sandals; and so he did. And he saith unto him, Cast thy garments about thee, and follow me. 9 And he went out, and followed him, and wist not that it was true which was done by the angel; but thought he saw a vision. 10 When they were past the first and the second ward, they came unto the iron gate that leadeth unto the city; which opened to them of his own accord: and they went out, and passed on through one street: and forthwith the angel departed from him. 11 And when Peter was come to himself, he said, Now I know of a surety, that the Lord hath sent his *àngel*, and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod, and from all the expectation of the people of the Jews. 12 And when he had considered the thing, he came to the house of Mary the mother of John, whose surname was Mark; where many were gathered together, praying. 13 And as Peter knocked at the door of the gate, a damsel came to hearken, named Rhoda. 14 And when she knew Peter's voice, she opened not the gate for gladness, but ran in, and told how *Pèter* stood before the gate. 15 And they say unto her, Thou art mad. But she constantly affirmed that it was even so. Then said they, It is his *àngel*. 16 But Peter continued knocking. And when they had opened the door, and saw him, they were astonished. 17 But he beckoning unto them with the hand to hold their peace, declared unto them



how the *Lòrd* had brought him out of the prison. And he said, Go show these things unto James, and to the brethren. And he departed, and went into another place.

### 8. *The Siege of Calais.*

1. Edward III, after the battle of Cressy, laid siege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw succors into the city. The command devolving upon Eustace St. Pierre, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue, he offered to capitulate with Edward, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty.

2. Edward, to avoid the imputation of cruelty, consented to spare the bulk of the plebeians, provided they delivered up to him six of their principal citizens, with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the vulgar. When his messenger, Sir Walter Mauny, delivered the terms, consternation and pale dismay were impressed on every countenance.

3. To a long and dead silence deep sighs and groans succeeded, till Eustace St. Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly : “ My friends, we are brought to great straits this day. We must either yield to the terms of our cruel and insnaring conqueror, or give up our tender infants, our wives, and daughters, to the blood and brutal lusts of the violating soldiers.

4. Is there any expedient left, whereby we may avoid the guilt and infamy of delivering up those who have suffered every misery with you, on the one hand, or the desolation and horror of a sacked city, on the other ? There is, my friends ; there is one expedient left ! a gracious, an excellent, a godlike expedient left ! Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life ? Let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people ! He shall not fail of a blessed approbation from that Power who offered up his only Son for the salvation of mankind.”

5. He spoke ; — but a universal silence ensued. Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity

which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution. At length St. Pierre resumed: "I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay, more zealous of this martyrdom than I can be; though the station to which I am raised by the captivity of Lord Vienne imparts a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely; I give it cheerfully. Who comes next?"—"Your son," exclaimed a youth not yet come to maturity.—"Ah! my child!" cried St. Pierre; "I am then twice sacrificed. But no; I have rather begotten thee a second time. Thy years are few, but full, my son. The victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality."

6. "Who next, my friends? This is the hour of heroes."—"Your kinsman," cried John de Aire.—"Your kinsman," cried James Wissant.—"Your kinsman," cried Peter Wissant.—"Ah!" exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, "why was not I a citizen of Calais?" The sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied by lot, from numbers who were now emulous of so ennobling an example.

7. The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody; then ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens, with their families, through the camp of the English. Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take the last adieu of their deliverers. What a parting! what a scene! They crowded, with their wives and children, about St. Pierre and his fellow-prisoners. They embraced; they clung around; they fell prostrate before them; they groaned; they wept aloud; and the joint clamor of their mourning passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the English camp.

9. *Extract from a Sermon of Robert Robinson.*

Col. ii. 8.—"Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit."

1. "Beware lest any man spoil you." . . . What! is it possible to spoil a Christian? Indeed it is. A Christian may spoil himself,

as a beautiful complexion or a proper shape may be rendered disagreeable, by circumstances of dress or uncleanness ; he may be spoiled by other people, just as a straight child may be made crooked by the negligence of his nurse ; or exactly as a sweet-tempered youth may be made surly or insolent by a cruel master. "Beware lest any man spoil you." Is it possible for whole societies of Christians to be spoiled ? Certainly it is. Nothing is easier. They may spoil one another, as, in a family, the temper of one single person may spoil the peace of the whole ; or, as in a school, one trifling or turbulent master may spoil the education, and so the usefulness through life, of two or three hundred pupils, successively committed to his injudicious treatment.

2. All human constitutions, even the most excellent, have seeds of imperfections in them, some mixtures of folly which naturally tend to weaken and destroy ; and though this is not the case with the Christian religion itself, which is the wisdom of God without any mixture of human folly, yet even this pure religion, like the pure juice of the grape, falling into the hands of depraved men, may be perverted, and whole societies may embrace Christianity thus perverted.

3. Beware lest any man spoil you through . . . what ? Idolatry, blasphemy, profligacy ? No. Christians are in very little danger from great crimes ; but beware lest any man spoil you through *philosophy*. What hath philosophy done, that the apostle should thus guard Christians against it ? Did he not know that before his time, while mimics were idly amusing one part of the world, and heroes depopulating another, the peaceable sons of philosophy disturbed nobody, but either improved mankind in their schools, or sat all calm and content in their cells ? Did he not observe that in his time Christianity was reputed folly, because it was taught and believed by unlettered people ; and that if philosophers could be prevailed on to teach it, it would have instantly acquired a character of wisdom ?

4. Whether the common people had understood it or not, they would have reckoned it wise if philosophers had taught it. The apostle knew all this, and, far from courting the aid of learned

men to secure credit to the gospel, he guards Christians in the text against the future temptation of doing so. Had this caution been given us by any of the other apostles, who had not the advantage of a learned education, we might have supposed they censured what they did not understand; but this comes from the disciple of Gamaliel.



## PART II.

### MISCELLANEOUS EXERCISES.

The reader will observe that no rhetorical notation is applied in the following exercises.

*Man strong only in his Mental Faculties.* — HORACE MANN.

1. It was not the design of Providence that the work of the world should be performed by muscular strength. God has filled the earth and imbued the elements with energies of greater power than all the inhabitants of a thousand planets like ours.

2. Whence come our necessities and our luxuries? — those comforts and appliances that make the difference between a houseless, wandering tribe of Indians in the far West, and a New England village? They do not come wholly or principally from the original, unassisted strength of the human arm, but from the employment of those great natural forces, with which the bountiful Creator has filled every part of the material universe.

3. Caloric, gravitation, expansibility, compressibility, electricity, chemical affinities and repulsions, spontaneous velocities — these are the mighty agents which the intellect of man harnesses to the car of improvement. The application of water, and wind, and steam to the propulsion of machinery, and to the transportation of men and merchandise from place to place, has added ten thousand fold to the actual products of human industry. How small the wheel which the stoutest laborer can turn, and how soon

will he be weary! Compare this with a wheel driving a thousand spindles or looms, which a stream of water can turn and never tire.

4. On an element which in ancient times was supposed to be exclusively within the control of the gods, and where it was deemed impious for human power to intrude, even there the gigantic forces of nature, which human science and skill have enlisted in their service, confront and overcome the raging of the elements — breasting tempests and tides, escaping reefs and lee-shores, and careering triumphant around the globe. The velocity of winds, the weight of waters, and the rage of steam, are powers, each one of which is infinitely stronger than all the strength of all the nations and races of mankind, were it all gathered into a single arm.

5. Had God intended that the work of the world should be done by human bones and sinews, he would have given us an arm as solid and strong as the shaft of a steam engine; and enabled us to stand, day and night, and turn the crank of a steamship while sailing to Liverpool or Calcutta. Had God designed the human muscles to do the work of the world, then, instead of the ingredients of gunpowder or gun-cotton, and the expansive force of heat, he would have given us hands which could take a granite quarry and break its solid acres into suitable and symmetrical blocks, as easily as we now open an orange. Had he intended us for bearing burdens, he would have given us Atlantean shoulders, by which we could carry the vast freights of rail-car and steamship, as a porter carries his pack. He would have given us lungs by which we could blow fleets before us, and wings to sweep over ocean wastes.

6. But instead of iron arms, and Atlantean shoulders, and the lungs of Boreas, he has given us a mind, a soul, a capacity of acquiring knowledge, and thus of appropriating all these energies of nature to our own use. Instead of a telescopic and microscopic eye, he has given us power to invent the telescope and the microscope. Instead of ten thousand fingers, he has given us genius inventive of the power loom and the printing press. Without a cultivated intellect, man is among the weakest of all the



dynamical forces of nature ; with a cultivated intellect, he commands them all.

*What is Time ? — MARSDEN.*

I asked an aged man, a man of cares,  
Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs :  
“ Time is the warp of life,” he said ; “ O, tell  
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it *well* ! ”  
I asked the ancient, venerable dead,  
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled :  
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed —  
“ Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode.”  
I asked a dying sinner, ere the tide  
Of life had left his veins : “ Time ! ” he replied,  
“ I’ve lost it ! Ah, the treasure ! ” and he died.  
I asked the golden sun, and silver spheres,  
Those bright chronometers of days and years :  
They answered, “ Time is but a meteor glare ! ”  
And bade us for *eternity* prepare.  
I asked the seasons, in their annual round,  
Which beautify, or desolate the ground :  
And they replied, (no oracle more wise,)  
“ ’Tis Folly’s blank, and Wisdom’s highest prize ! ”  
I asked a spirit lost : but O, the shriek  
That pierced my soul ! I shudder while I speak !  
It cried, “ A particle, a speck, a mite  
Of endless years, duration infinite ! ”  
Of things inanimate, my dial I  
Consulted, and it made me this reply : —  
“ Time is the season fair of *living* well,  
The path of glory and the path of hell.”  
I asked my Bible : and methinks it said,  
“ Time is the *present hour*, — the past is fled ; —  
Live ! live to-day ! to-morrow never yet  
On any human being rose or set.”

I asked old Father Time himself, at last :  
But in a moment he flew swiftly past ;  
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind  
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.  
I asked the mighty angel, who shall stand,  
One foot on sea, and one on solid land :  
“ By heavens,” he cried, “ I swear the mystery ’s o’er :  
Time *was*,” “ but time shall be no more ! ”

*From the Address at the Completion of the Bunker Hill  
Monument. — WEBSTER.*

1. Banners and badges, processions and flags, announce to us, that amidst this uncounted multitude are thousands of natives of New England, now residents in other states. Welcome, ye kindred names, with kindred blood ! From the broad savannas of the South ; from the newer regions of the West ; from amidst the hundreds of thousands of men of eastern origin, who cultivate the rich valley of the Genesee, or live along the chain of the lakes ; from the mountains of Pennsylvania, and the thronged cities of the coast, — welcome, welcome ! Wherever else you may be strangers, here you are all at home.

2. You assemble at this shrine of liberty, near the family altars, at which your earliest devotions were paid to Heaven ; near to the temples of worship first entered by you, and near to the schools and colleges in which your education was received. You come hither with a glorious ancestry of Liberty. You bring names which are on the rolls of Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill. You come, some of you, once more to be embraced by an aged revolutionary father, or to receive another, perhaps a last blessing, bestowed in love and tears, by a mother, yet surviving to witness and to enjoy your prosperity and happiness.

3. But, if family associations, and the recollections of the past, bring you hither with greater alacrity, and mingle with your greeting much of local attachment and private affection, greeting also be given, free and hearty greeting, to every American citizen

who treads this sacred soil, with patriotic feeling, and respires with pleasure, in an atmosphere fragrant with the recollections of 1775. This occasion is respectable — nay, it is grand, it is sublime, by the nationality of its sentiment. In the seventeen millions of happy people, who form the American community, there is not one who has not an interest in this Monument, as there is not one that has not a deep and abiding interest in that which it commemorates.

4. Woe betide the man who brings to this day's worship feeling less than wholly American ! Woe betide the man who can stand here with the fires of local resentments burning, or the purpose of fomenting local jealousies, and the strifes of local interests festering and rankling in his heart. Union, founded in justice, in patriotism, and the most plain and obvious common interest ; union, founded on the same love of liberty, cemented by blood shed in the same common cause ; union has been the source of all our glory and greatness thus far, and is the ground of all our highest hopes.

6. This column stands on Union. I know not that it might not keep its position, if the American Union, in the mad conflict of human passions, and in the strife of parties and factions, should be broken up and destroyed. I know not that it would totter and fall to the earth, and mingle its fragments with the fragments of Liberty and the Constitution, when state should be separated from state, and faction and dismemberment obliterate forever all the hopes of the founders of our republic, and the great inheritance of their children. It might stand. But who, from beneath the weight of mortification and shame, that would oppress him, could look up to behold it ? For my part, should I live to such a time, I shall avert my eyes from it forever.

*Hamlet and Horatio.* — SHAKSPEARE.

*Hor.* Hail to your lordship !

*Ham.* I am glad to see you well : (*approaches.*)

Horatio ! — or do I forget myself.

*Hor.* The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

*Ham.* Sir, my good *friend* ; I'll change *that* name with you.  
And what makes you from Wittenberg, Horatio ?

*Hor.* A truant disposition, good my lord.

*Ham.* I would not hear your enemy say so ;  
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,  
To make it truster of your own report  
Against yourself. I know you are no truant ;  
But what is your affair in Elsinore ?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

*Hor.* My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

*Ham.* I pray thee do not mock me, fellow-student ;  
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

*Hor.* Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

*Ham.* Thrift, thrift, Horatio ! the funeral baked meats  
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.  
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven  
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio !  
My father —— Methinks I see my father ——

*Hor.* Where, my lord ?

*Ham.* In my mind's eye, Horatio.

*Hor.* I saw him once ; he was a goodly king.

*Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again.

*Hor.* My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

*Ham.* Saw ! who ?

*Hor.* My lord, the king, your father.

*Ham.* The king, my father ?

*Hor.* Season your admiration for a while,  
With an attent ear ; till I may deliver,  
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,  
This marvel to you.

*Ham.* For Heaven's love, let me hear.

*Hor.* Two nights together had these gentlemen,  
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,  
In the dead waist and middle of the night,

Been thus encountered : a figure like your father,  
Armed at point, exactly, cap-à-pie,  
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,  
Goes slow and stately by them ; thrice he walked  
By their oppressed and fear-surprised eyes,  
Within his truncheon's length ; whilst they (distilled  
Almost to jelly with the act of fear)  
Stand dumb, and speak not to him.

*Ham.* But where was this ?

*Hor.* My lord, upon the platform where we watched.

*Ham.* Did *you* not speak to it ?

*Hor.* My lord, I did ;

But answer made it none. Yet once, methought,  
It lifted up its head, and did address  
Itself to motion, like as it would speak ;  
But even then, the morning cock crew loud ;  
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,  
And vanished from our sight.

*Ham.* 'Tis very strange !

*Hor.* As I do live, my honored lord, 'tis true ;  
And we did think it writ down in our duty  
To let you know of it.

*Ham.* Indeed, indeed, sir, but this troubles me.  
Hold *you* the watch to-night ?

*Hor.* We do, my lord.

*Ham.* Armed, say you ?

*Hor.* Armed, my lord.

*Ham.* From top to toe ?

*Hor.* My lord, from head to foot.

*Ham.* Then saw you not his face ?

*Hor.* O yes, my lord : he wore his beaver up.

*Ham.* What, looked he frowningly ?

*Hor.* A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

*Ham.* Pale, or red ?

*Hor.* Nay, very pale.

*Ham.* And fixed his eyes upon you ?



*Hor.* Most constantly.

*Ham.* I would I had been there.

*Hor.* It would have much amazed you.

*Ham.* Very like, very like ; staid it long ?

*Hor.* While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

*Ham.* His beard was grizzled ? — no ? —

*Hor.* It was, as I have seen it in his life,

A sable silvered.

*Ham.* I'll watch to-night ; perchance 'twill walk again.

*Hor.* I warrant you, it will.

*Ham.* If it assume my noble father's person,  
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,  
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you, sir,  
If you have hitherto concealed this sight,  
Let it be tenable in your silence still ;  
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,  
Give it an understanding, but no tongue ;  
I will requite your love : so fare you well.  
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,  
I'll visit you.

*Danger to Civil Liberty.* — L. BACON.

1. Mexico was at once the oldest and the richest of all the countries of this western hemisphere. Her history, as a civilized state, runs back ages before the discovery of America by Europe. In a seemingly auspicious hour, she dissolved the bonds which connected her with Spain, expelled the old intruders who assumed to rule her by the right of conquest, and began her career as an independent nation among the nations of Christendom.

2. In her trustful admiration of the land of Washington, she borrowed her constitution, in all its details, from ours, and established, or thought she established, a federal republican system. And how has she succeeded ? Tossed and torn by revolution upon revolution ; retrograding constantly towards barbarism ;

subject to a military despotism, in which the power is ever passing from the hands of one chief to those of another, and under which nothing is done at any time for justice or the common welfare, — she has permitted herself at last to be drawn into ruinous collision with the colossal power to which these Anglo-Norman states have grown, in less than two generations, from a physical weakness far below what hers now is.

Let us take heed. If our people, as a people, become incapable of self-government ; if our teeming and accumulating population is permitted to outgrow those moral and religious influences by which the general character is formed to manliness and thoughtfulness ; if popular ignorance is permitted to spread over masses and wide districts with its Egyptian darkness ; if the people are to be seized with the frenzied lust of conquest and empire ; if the characteristic policy of our government becomes military, and the people fall in love with military glory ; if the profligate maxims by which the governments of the Old World have robbed and plundered the helpless nations for so many ages, are to become, by popular acclaim, the political and international morality of our republic, — then our history will exhibit in due time, and none can tell how soon, another illustration of the impotency of a mere constitution, or of any arrangement and distribution of political power for the permanent security of civil liberty.

*Conversation.* — COWPER.

Some fretful tempers wince at every touch ;  
You always do too little or too much :  
You speak with life, in hopes to entertain,  
Your elevated voice goes through the brain :  
You fall at once into a lower key,  
That's worse — the drone-pipe of an humble-bee.  
The southern sash admits too strong a light,  
You rise and drop the curtain — now 'tis night.  
He shakes with cold — you stir the fire and strive  
To make a blaze — that's roasting him alive.

Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish ;  
With sole — that's just the sort he does not wish.  
He takes what he at first professed to loathe,  
And in due time feeds heartily on both ;  
Yet still o'erclouded with a constant frown,  
He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.  
Your hope to please him vain on every plan,  
Himself should work that wonder, if he can —  
Alas ! his efforts double his distress ;  
He likes yours little, and his own still less.  
Thus always teasing others, always teased,  
His only pleasure is — to be displeased.

I pity bashful men, who feel the pain  
Of fancied scorn and undeserved disdain,  
And bear the marks upon a blushing face  
Of needless shame and self-imposed disgrace.  
Our sensibilities are so acute,  
The fear of being silent makes us mute.  
We sometimes think we could a speech produce  
Much to the purpose, if our tongues were loose ;  
But being tried, it dies upon the lip,  
Faint as a chicken's note that has the pip :  
Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,  
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.  
The circle formed, we sit in silent state,  
Like figures drawn upon a dial-plate ;  
Yes, ma'am, and no, ma'am, uttered softly, show,  
Every five minutes, how the minutes go :  
Each individual, suffering a constraint  
Poetry may, but colors cannot paint,  
As if in close committee on the sky,  
Reports it hot or cold, or wet or dry,  
And finds a changing clime a happy source  
Of wise reflection and well-timed discourse.  
We next inquire, but softly and by stealth,  
Like conservators of the public health,

Of epidemic throats, if such there are,  
And coughs, and rheums, and phthisic, and catarrh.  
That theme exhausted, a wide chasm ensues,  
Filled up at last with interesting news,  
Who danced with whom, and who are like to wed,  
And who is hanged, and who is brought to bed ;  
But fear to call a more important cause,  
As if 'twere treason against English laws.  
The visit paid, with ecstasy we come,  
As from a seven years' transportation, home,  
And there resume an unembarrassed brow,  
Recovering what we lost, we know not how —  
The faculties that seemed reduced to nought,  
Expression and the privilege of thought.

*From Josiah Quincy's Speech on the Admission of Louisiana.*

1. If there be a man in this house, or nation, who cherishes the constitution under which we are assembled as the chief stay of his hope, as the light which is destined to gladden his own day, and to soften even the gloom of the grave, by the prospect it sheds over his children, I fall not behind him in such sentiments. I will yield to no man in attachment to this constitution, in veneration for the sages who laid its foundations, in devotion to those principles which form its cement and constitute its proportions.

2. What, then, must be my feelings — what ought to be the feelings of a man cherishing such sentiments, when he sees an act contemplated which lays ruin at the root of all these hopes ? when he sees a principle of action about to be usurped, before the operation of which the bands of this constitution are no more than flax before the fire, or stubble before the whirlwind ? When this bill passes, such an act is done, and such a principle usurped.

3. Mr. Speaker, there is a great rule of human conduct, which he who honestly observes cannot err widely from the path of his sought duty. It is, to be very scrupulous concerning the principles you select as the test of your rights and obligations ; to be

very faithful in noticing the result of their application ; and to be very fearless in tracing and exposing their immediate effects and distant consequences.

4. Under the sanction of this rule of conduct, I am compelled to declare it as my deliberate opinion, that, if this bill passes, the bonds of this Union are virtually dissolved ; that the states which compose it are free from their moral obligations ; and that, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, to prepare, definitely, for a separation — amicably if they can, violently if they must.

5. I would rouse the attention of gentlemen from the apathy with which they seem beset. These observations are not made in a corner ; there is no low intrigue, no secret machination. I am on the people's own ground : to them I appeal, concerning their own rights, their own liberties, their own intent, in adopting this constitution.

6. The voice I have uttered, at which gentlemen startle with such agitations, is no unfriendly voice. I intend it as a voice of warning. By this people, and by the event, if this bill passes, I am willing to be judged, whether it be not a voice of wisdom.

*The same Speech, continued.*

1. Now, who believes, who dare assert, that it was the intention of the people, when they adopted this constitution, to assign, eventually, to New Orleans and Louisiana a portion of their political power, and to invest all the people those extensive regions might hereafter contain, with an authority over themselves and their descendants ?

2. When you throw the weight of Louisiana into the scale, you destroy the political equipoise contemplated at the time of forming the contract. Can any man venture to affirm, that the people did intend such a comprehension as you now, by construction, give it ? Or can it be concealed, that beyond its fair and acknowledged intent, such a compact has no moral force ?

3. If gentlemen are so alarmed at the bare mention of the



consequences, let them abandon a measure, which, sooner or later, will produce them. How long before the seeds of discontent will ripen, no man can foretell. But it is the part of wisdom not to multiply or scatter them.

4. Do you suppose the people of the Northern and Atlantic States will, or ought to, look on with patience, and see representatives and senators, from the Red River and Missouri, pouring themselves upon this and the other floor, managing the concerns of a seaboard fifteen hundred miles, at least, from their residence, and having a preponderancy in councils into which, constitutionally, they could never have been admitted? I have no hesitation upon this point.

5. They neither will see it, nor ought to see it, with content. It is the part of a wise man to foresee danger and to hide himself. This great usurpation, which creeps into this house, under the plausible appearance of giving content to that important point, New Orleans, starts up a gigantic power to control the nation.

6. Upon the actual condition of things, there is, there can be, no need of concealment. It is apparent to the blindest vision. By the course of nature, and conformable to the acknowledged principles of the constitution, the sceptre of power, in this country, is passing towards the north-west. Sir, there is to this no objection. The right belongs to that quarter of the country. Enjoy it: it is yours.

7. Use the powers granted as you please. But take care, in your haste after effectual dominion, not to overload the scale by heaping it with these new acquisitions. Grasp not too eagerly at your purpose. In your speed after uncontrolled sway, trample not down this constitution. Already the old states sink in the estimation of members, when brought into comparison with these new countries. We have been told that "New Orleans was the most important point in the Union." A place out of the Union the most important place within it!

8. We have been asked, "What are some of the small states when compared with the Mississippi Territory?" The gentleman from that territory spoke, the other day, of the Mississippi as "of

a high road between"—good Heavens! between what? Mr. Speaker—why, the "Eastern and Western States." So that all the north-western territories, all the countries once the extreme western boundary of our Union, are hereafter to be denominated Eastern States!

*Reply to the foregoing Speech.*—POINDEXTER.

1. Mr. Speaker, I enter, with lively sensibility, on that portion of the remarks made by the honorable gentleman from Massachusetts, which menace insurrection and a dissolution of the Union. Had these sentiments fallen from the gentleman in the ardor of debate, while the imagination was inflamed with an unconquerable zeal to prove the impolicy of the measure under consideration, or had they been offered in the shape of possible results, I should have regarded them only with pity and contempt. But the gentleman declares it to be his "deliberate opinion, that if this bill passes, the bonds of this Union are virtually dissolved; that the states which compose it are free from their moral obligations; and that, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, to prepare definitely for a separation—amicably if they can, violently if they must."

2. Influenced by a desire to stamp on these expressions their merited disgrace, and to preserve dignity and decorum in our deliberations, I felt it my duty to call the gentleman to order. Perhaps, in doing so, I was actuated more by a sudden impulse of feeling, than by an accurate knowledge of parliamentary proceedings. I am still, however, impressed with a conviction, that these sacred walls—the sanctuary of the liberties of the American people—ought not to be polluted by direct invitations to rebellion against the government of which we are a constituent part; but the liberality and the courtesy of the house have overruled that opinion, and the gentleman was permitted to proceed.

3. Mr. Speaker, the people of the Eastern States will never give their assent to a dissolution of the Union. They are bound to the western country by the inseparable ties of nature and of interest. The hardy and adventurous sons of New England will,

in a short time, compose a large portion of the population on the waters of the Mississippi. In that new and fertile region, the hand of industry is rewarded with a rich return of the comforts of life, which the liberality of its inhabitants distributes with benevolence and hospitality.

4. Besides these natural bonds, which are every day increasing, between the eastern and western portions of the United States, there is a reciprocal advantage in the intercourse which is preserved between them. The western country is peculiarly adapted to the pursuits of agriculture, and the River Mississippi is the great highway through which their bulky articles are conveyed to a suitable and profitable market.

5. The Eastern States have long been, and will long continue to be, the carriers of the surplus products to the seaport cities of the United States, to the West Indies, and to Europe. Is it not, then, the interest of those who are engaged in the carrying trade to give encouragement to agriculture? There are mutual benefits in this interchange of labor, which tend to promote the welfare of each section of the Union. No collision of interest can ever exist between the growers of hemp, flour, cotton, tobacco, and sugar, and the carrier who finds employment in their transportation to the countries in which they are consumed. If any advantage could be derived from a separation of these states, it would be found to preponderate in favor of the western division.

6. We should at once become possessed of the public lands, which are said to be a fund on which the nation may rely for revenue to an incalculable amount. These lands have been acquired at the national expense, and it would, therefore, be unreasonable and unjust to confer them wholly on the Western States. But if the deleterious consequences, which have been predicted by the gentleman from Massachusetts, should be realized, such will be the inevitable effect in relation to the territory belonging to the United States.

7. Surely, sir, there is patriotism enough, even in the city of Boston, to counteract the deteriorating principles of that gentleman. Let us adhere to the maxims of wisdom, and, by a union

of sentiment and action, convince the nations of Europe that we are too powerful to be conquered, and too happy to be seduced from the allegiance we owe to the government of our choice.

*The Village Blacksmith.* — LONGFELLOW.

1. Under a spreading chestnut-tree  
The village smithy stands ;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands ;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.
2. His hair is crisp, and black, and long ;  
His face is like the tan ;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat ;  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.
3. Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow ;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.
4. And children, coming home from school,  
Look in at the open door ;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly,  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.
5. He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys ;

He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice,  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

6. (It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise !  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies ;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.

7. Toiling — rejoicing — sorrowing —  
Onward through life he goes :  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close ;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

8. Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught !  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought ;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought.

*To-morrow.* — COTTON.

(To-morrow, didst thou say !  
Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow.  
Go to — I will not hear of it — To-morrow.  
'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury  
Against thy plenty — who takes thy ready cash,  
And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and promises,  
The currency of idiots — injurious bankrupt,



That gulls the easy creditor ! — To-morrow !  
It is a period nowhere to be found  
In all the hoary registers of Time,  
Unless, perchance, in the fool's calendar.  
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society  
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,  
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father ;  
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and as baseless  
As the fantastic visions of the evening.

But soft, my friend — arrest the present moment :  
For, be assured, they all are arrant tell-tales :  
And though their flight be silent, and their path  
Trackless as the winged couriers of the air,  
They post to heaven, and there record thy folly,  
Because, though stationed on the important watch,  
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,  
Didst let them pass unnoticed, unimproved.  
And know, for that thou slumberest on the guard,  
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar  
For every fugitive ; and when thou thus  
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal  
Of hood-winked Justice, who shall tell thy audit ?

Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio ;  
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.  
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms ! far more precious  
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain.  
O, let it not elude thy grasp ; but, like  
The good old patriarch upon record,  
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

*The Character of Washington.* — D. WEBSTER.

1. America has furnished to the world the character of Washington ! And if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind.

2. Washington ! “ First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen ! ” Washington is all our own ! The enthusiastic veneration and regard in which the people of the United States hold him, prove them to be worthy of such a countryman ; while his reputation abroad reflects the highest honor on his country and its institutions. I would cheerfully put the question, to-day, to the intelligence of Europe and the world, What character of the century, upon the whole, stands out, in the relief of history, most pure, most respectable, most sublime ? and I doubt not, that by a suffrage approaching to unanimity, the answer would be, Washington !

3. This structure,\* by its uprightness, its solidity, its durability, is no unfit emblem of his character. His public virtues and public principles were as firm as the earth on which it stands ; his personal motives, as pure as the serene heaven in which its summit is lost. But, indeed, though a fit, it is an inadequate emblem. Towering high above the column which our hands have builded, — beheld, not by the inhabitants of a single city or a single state, — ascends the colossal grandeur of his character, and his life.

4. In all the constituents of the one, — in all the acts of the other, — in all its titles to immortal love, admiration, and renown, — it is an American production. It is the imbodiment and vindication of our transatlantic liberty. Born upon our soil, — of parents also born upon it, — never for a moment having had a sight of the Old World, — instructed, according to the modes of his time, only in the spare, plain, but wholesome elementary knowledge which our institutions provide for the children of the people, — growing up beneath, and penetrated by, the genuine influences of American society, — growing up amidst our expanding, but not luxurious, civilization, — partaking in our great destiny of labor, our long contest with unreclaimed nature and uncivilized man, — our agony of glory, the war of independence, — our great victory of peace, the formation of the Union, and the establishment of the Constitution, — he is all, all our own !

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\* Bunker Hill Monument.

## 5. That crowded and glorious life, —

“ Where multitudes of virtues passed along,  
 Each pressing foremost, in the mighty throng  
 Contending to be seen, then making room  
 For greater multitudes that were to come,” —

that life was the life of an American citizen

6. I claim him for America. In all the perils, in every darkened moment of the state, in the midst of the reproaches of enemies and the misgiving of friends, — I turn to that transcendent name for courage and for consolation. To him who denies, or doubts, whether our fervid liberty can be combined with law, with order, with the security of property, with the pursuits and advancement of happiness, — to him who denies that our institutions are capable of producing exaltation of soul and the passion of true glory, — to him who denies that we have contributed any thing to the stock of great lessons and great examples, — to all these I reply by pointing to Washington !

*Man was made to mourn.* — BURNS.

1. When chill November's surly blast  
 Made fields and forests bare,  
 One evening, as I wandered forth  
 Along the banks of Ayr,  
 I spied a man, whose aged step  
 Seemed weary, worn with care ;  
 His face was furrowed o'er with years,  
 And hoary was his hair.
  
2. “ Young stranger, whither wanderest thou ? ”  
 Began the reverend sage ;  
 “ Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,  
 Or youthful pleasure's rage ?  
 Or haply, pressed with cares and woes,  
 Too soon thou hast begun,  
 To wander forth, with me, to mourn  
 The miseries of man !

3. "The sun that overhangs yon moors,  
Outspreading far and wide,  
Where hundreds labor to support  
A haughty lordling's pride, —  
I've seen yon weary winter sun  
Twice forty times return ;  
And every time has added proofs,  
That man was made to mourn.
4. "O man ! while in thy early years,  
How prodigal of time !  
Misspending all thy precious hours,  
Thy glorious youthful prime !  
Alternate follies take the sway ;  
Licentious passions burn ;  
Which tenfold force give Nature's law,  
That man was made to mourn.
5. "Look not alone on youthful prime,  
Or manhood's active might ;  
Man then is useful to his kind,  
*Supported* in his right.  
But see him on the edge of life,  
With cares and sorrows worn,  
Then age and want, — O, ill-matched pair ! —  
Show man was made to mourn.
6. "A few seem favorites of fate,  
In Pleasure's lap caressed ;  
Yet think not all the rich and great  
Are likewise truly blessed.  
But, O, what crowds, in every land,  
Are wretched and forlorn !  
Through weary life this lesson learn,  
That man was made to mourn.

7. "Many and sharp the numerous ills  
Inwoven with our frame !  
More pointed still we make ourselves  
Regret, remorse, and shame !  
And man, whose heaven-erected face  
The smiles of love adorn,  
Man's inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn !
8. " See yonder poor, o'erlabored wight,  
So abject, mean, and vile,  
Who begs a brother of the earth  
To give him leave to toil :  
And see, his lordly *fellow-worm*  
The poor petition spurn,  
Unmindful, though a weeping wife  
And helpless offspring mourn.
9. " If I'm designed yon lordling's slave, —  
By Nature's law designed, —  
Why was an independent wish  
E'er planted in my mind ?  
If not, why am I subject to  
His cruelty or scorn ?  
Or why has man the will and power  
To make his fellow mourn ?
10. " Yet let not this too much, my son,  
Disturb thy youthful breast :  
This partial view of human kind  
Is surely not the *last* !  
The poor, oppressed, honest man,  
Had never, sure, been born,  
Had there not been some recompense  
To comfort those that mourn !



11. "O death! the poor man's dearest friend,  
The kindest and the best!  
Welcome the hour my aged limbs  
Are laid with thee at rest.  
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,  
From pomp and pleasure torn;  
But, O, a blest relief to those  
That, weary-laden, mourn!"

*To his Grace the Duke of Grafton.* — JUNIUS.

1. Relinquishing all idle views of amendment to your grace, or of benefit to the public, let me be permitted to consider your character and conduct merely as a subject of curious speculation. There is something in both which distinguishes you not only from all other ministers, but from all other men.

2. It is not that you do wrong by design, but that you should never do right by mistake. It is not that your indolence and your activity have been equally misapplied, but that the first uniform principle, or, if I may call it, the genius of your life, should have carried you through every possible change and contradiction of conduct without the momentary imputation or color of a virtue; and that the wildest spirit of inconsistency should never once have betrayed you into a wise or honorable action.

3. This, I own, gives an air of singularity to your fortune, as well as to your disposition. Let us look back together to a scene in which *a mind like yours* will find nothing to repent of. Let us try, my lord, how well you have supported the various relations in which you stood to your sovereign, your country, your friends, and yourself. Give us, if it be possible, some excuse to posterity, and to ourselves, for submitting to your administration. If not the abilities of a great minister, if not the integrity of a patriot, or the fidelity of a friend, show us, at least, the firmness of a man.

4. The character of the reputed ancestors of some men has made it possible for their descendants to be vicious in the extreme

without being degenerate. Those of your grace, for instance, left no distressing examples of virtue, even to their legitimate posterity; and you may look back with pleasure to an illustrious pedigree, in which heraldry has not left a single good quality upon record to insult or upbraid you.

5. You have better proofs of your descent, my lord, than the register of a marriage, or any troublesome inheritance of reputation. There are some hereditary strokes of character, by which a family may be as clearly distinguished as by the blackest features of the human face.

6. Charles the First lived and died a hypocrite. Charles the Second was a hypocrite of another sort, and should have died upon the same scaffold. At the distance of a century, we see their different characters happily revived and blended in your grace. Sullen and severe without religion, profligate without gayety, you live like Charles the Second, without being an amiable companion, and, for aught I know, may die as his father did, without the reputation of a martyr.

*A small Poet.* — BUTLER.

1. A small poet is one that would fain make himself that which nature never meant him — like a fanatic that inspires himself with his own whimses. He sets up haberdasher of small poetry, with a very small stock and no credit. He believes it is invention enough to find out other men's wit; and whatever he lights upon, either in books or company, he makes bold with as his own.

2. This he puts together so untowardly, that you may perceive his own wit has the rickets, by the swelling disproportion of the joints. You may know his wit not to be natural, 'tis so unquiet and troublesome in him; for as those that have money but seldom, are always shaking their pockets when they have it, so does he when he thinks he has got something that will make him appear. He is a perpetual talker; and you may know by the freedom of his discourse that he came lightly by it, as thieves spend freely what they get.

3. He is like an Italian thief, that never robs but he murders, to prevent discovery ; so sure is he to cry down the man from whom he purloins, that his petty larceny of wit may pass unsuspected. He appears so over-concerned in all men's wits, as if they were but disparagements of his own ; and cries down all they do, as if they were encroachments upon him.

4. He takes jests from the owners and breaks them, as justices do false weights and pots that want measure. When he meets with any thing that is very good, he changes it into small money, like three groats for a shilling, to serve several occasions. He disclaims study, pretends to take things in motion, and to shoot flying, which appears to be very true, by his often missing of his mark.

5. As for epithets, he always avoids those which are near akin to the sense. Such snatches are unlawful, and not fit to be made by a Christian poet ; and therefore all his care is to choose out such as will serve, like a wooden leg, to piece out a maimed verse that needs a foot or two ; and if they will but rhyme now and then into the bargain, or run upon a letter, it is a work of supererogation.

6. For similitudes he likes the hardest and most obscure best ; for as ladies wear black patches to make their complexions seem fairer than they are, so when an illustration is more obscure than the sense that went before it, it must of necessity make it appear clearer than it did ; for contraries are best set off by contraries.

7. When he writes, he commonly steers the sense of his lines by the rhyme that is at the end of them, as butchers do calves by the tail. For when he has made one line, which is easy enough, and has found out some sturdy, hard word, that will but rhyme, he will hammer the sense upon it, like a piece of hot iron upon an anvil, into what form he pleases.

8. There is no art in the world so rich in terms as poetry : a whole dictionary is scarcely able to contain them ; for there is hardly a pond, a sheep-walk, or a gravel pit in all Greece, but the ancient name of it is become a term of art in poetry.

9. By this means, small poets have such a stock of able hard

words lying by them, as *Dryades*, *Hamadryades*, *Aönides*, *Fauni*, *Nymphæ*, *Sylvani*, &c., that signify nothing at all; and such a world of pedantic terms of the same kind, as may serve to furnish all the new inventions and “thorough reformations” that can happen between this and Plato’s great year.

*Soliloquy of Anne Boleyn.* — MILMAN.

(From the dramatic poem, “Anne Boleyn.”)

I am alone — alone —  
 Nor that cold, hateful pomp of fawning faces  
 Pursues me, nor the true, officious love  
 Of those whose hearts I would not wring, by seeming  
 The wretch I am : so pour thee forth, mine heart,  
 Pour thy full tide of bitterness ; for queens  
 Must weep in secret when they weep. I saw it —  
 ’Twas no foul vision — with unblinded eyes  
 I saw it : his foul hands, as once in mine,  
 Were wreathed in hers ; he gazed upon her face  
 Even with those fatal eyes, no woman looks at —  
 I know it ! ah ! too well — nor madly dote.  
 That eloquence, the self-same burning words  
 That seize the awe-struck soul, when weakest, thrilled  
 Her vainly-deaf averted ears. — O Heaven !  
 I thank thee that I cursed her not, nor him.  
 Jane Seymour, like a sister did I deem thee.  
 But what of that ? Thou’rt heaven-ordained to visit  
 Her sins upon the head of her that dared  
 To love, to wed another’s lord. Mayst thou  
 Ne’er know the racking anguish of this hour,  
 The desolation of this heart. But thou,  
 O thou, my crime, my madness ! thou, on whom  
 The loftiest woman had been proud to dote,  
 Had he been master of a straw-roofed cottage !  
 Was ’t just to awe, to dazzle the young mind,  
 That deemed its transport loyal admiration,

Submissive duty all, till it awoke  
 And found it thrilling, deepest woman's love ?  
 Too late, too early disabused — would Heaven  
 That I were still abused ! Long, long I've felt  
 Love's bonds fall one by one from thy palled heart.  
 Well, 'tis o'er, and I  
 Must sit alone on my cold eminence,  
 All women's envy, mine own scorn and pity,  
 And all the sweetness of these virgin lips,  
 And all the pureness of this virgin bosom,  
 And all the fondness of this virgin heart,  
 Forgotten, turned to scorn — perchance to loathing.  
 Heaven ! was no way but this, and none but he  
 To scourge this guilty heart ? Thy will be done.  
 I've still a noble father, and a brother,  
 And, powers of grace ! my mother — kill her not,  
 Break not her heart, — for sure 'twill break to hear it.  
 My child, my child, thou only wilt not feel it :  
 Thy parent o'er thy face may weep, nor thou  
 Be sadder for her misery ; thou wilt love me,  
 Though thy false father scorn and hate. My mother —  
 O, ne'er before would I have fled thy presence :  
 Betray me not, my tear-swollen eyes.

*Eulogy on John Quincy Adams.* — N. LORD.

1. Mr. Adams's extraordinary sense of justice placed him in some attitudes of great dignity and sublimity, which deserve the special notice of young men. His defence of the right of petition is probably the most exalted specimen of learned, independent, and stirring eloquence in forensic history.

2. He held that right to be the citadel of civil and religious liberty. He cared not who claimed it, on what occasions, with what arguments, or in what spirit. They might be wise, or foolish ; sane, or delirious ; Christians, Jews, pagans, or infidels.

3. They might intend union, or disorganization ; life, or death ;



and their related measures might be in correspondence with their true or false ideas. It was not material. The principle was sacred. It was vital. It was worth more than church or state. It was worth more than the universe; for it was necessary to the true ends of life. It was fundamental to the being of society. There could be no universe without it. Wherefore it must be maintained, though the heavens fall.

4. He threw himself with his exhaustless stores, and his mighty energies, into the deadly strife. He comprehended the whole scene, its difficulties, its dangers, and its results. It may be said that he went alone; for who, of all the great men about him, had courage to take with him his advanced position? or who, that dared, had ability to sustain with him the dreadful shock? for he went to battle against a crazed and exasperated nation.

5. Day after day, year after year, the contest was prolonged. It was severe, sublime, terrible. The heavens thundered; lightnings glared; the earth shook; volcanoes belched out their glowing fragments; lofty towers toppled down; mountains were cast into the sea. Now we seem to lose him in the dust and smoke. His voice is drowned in the tumultuous din. Again his veteran form emerges. We see the gleaming of his steel. We hear the strokes of his thundering arm. His shout rises shrill above the fiery storm — “Justice! Justice! in the name of God — Justice and Liberty!” He conquers.

6. He reclines upon his armor, reeking, but not fainting, and utters his memorable acknowledgment of the Power that helped him — “Thank God, the seal is broken.” Can we wonder that, when the conqueror at length fell, on the very scene of his victory, struck not by an earthly power, but by the hand of God, then the nation bowed its head?

*A Case where Mercy should have mitigated Justice.* — LANG-  
HORNE.

Seest thou afar yon solitary thorn,  
Whose aged limbs the heath's wild winds have torn?

While yet to cheer the homeward shepherd's eye,  
A few seem struggling in the evening sky ?  
Not many suns have hastened down the day,  
Or blushing moons immersed in clouds their way,  
Since there, a scene that stained their sacred light,  
With horror stopped a felon in his flight ;  
A babe, just born, that signs of life expressed,  
Lay naked o'er the mother's lifeless breast.  
The pitying robber, conscious that, pursued,  
He had no time to waste, yet stood and viewed ;  
To the next cot the trembling infant bore,  
And gave a part of what he stole before ;  
Nor known to him the wretches were, nor dear ;  
He felt as man, and dropped a human tear.  
Far other treatment she, who breathless lay,  
Found from a viler animal of prey.  
Worn with long toil on many a painful road,  
That toil increased by nature's growing load,  
When evening brought the friendly hour of rest,  
And all the mother thronged about her breast,  
The ruffian officer opposed her stay,  
And, cruel, bore her in her pangs away, —  
So far beyond the town's last limits drove,  
That to return were hopeless, had she strove.  
Abandoned there, with famine, pain, and cold,  
And anguish, she expired — the rest I've told.

“ Now let me swear — for by my soul's last sigh,  
That thief shall live, that overseer shall die.”  
Too late ! — his life the generous robber paid,  
Lost by that pity which his steps delayed !  
No soul-discerning Mansfield sat to hear,  
No Hertford bore his prayer to mercy's ear ;  
No liberal justice first assigned the jail,  
Or urged, as Camplin would have urged, his tale.

*Address to the Mummy.*

1. And thou hast walked about (how strange a story !)  
    In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,  
    When the Memnonium was in all its glory,  
    And time had not begun to overthrow  
    Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,  
    Of which the very ruins are tremendous.
2. Speak! for thou long enough hast acted Dummy ;  
    Thou hast a tongue — come, let us hear its tune :  
    Thou'rt standing on thy legs, aboveground, Mummy,  
    Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,  
    Not like thin ghosts, or disembodied creatures,  
    But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.
3. Tell us — for doubtless thou canst recollect —  
    To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame ?  
    Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect  
    Of either Pyramid that bears his name ?  
    Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer ?  
    Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer ?
4. Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden  
    By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade ;  
    Then say, what secret melody was hidden  
    In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played ?  
    Perhaps thou wert a priest — if so, my struggles  
    Are vain ; — Egyptian priests ne'er owned their juggles.
5. Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,  
    Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh glass to glass ;  
    Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat ;  
    Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass ;  
    Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,  
    A torch at the great temple's dedication.

6. I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,  
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,  
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,  
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled :  
Antiquity appears to have begun  
Long after thy primeval race was run.
7. Since first thy form was in this box extended,  
We have, aboveground, seen some strange mutations ;  
The Roman empire has begun and ended ;  
New worlds have risen ; we have lost old nations,  
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,  
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.
8. Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,  
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyzes,  
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,  
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,  
And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,  
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?
9. If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,  
The nature of thy private life unfold :  
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,  
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled : —  
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face ?  
What was thy name and station, age and race ?
10. Statue of flesh — immortal of the dead !  
Imperishable type of evanescence !  
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,  
And standest undecayed within our presence,  
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,  
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

11. Why should this worthless tegument endure,  
 If its undying guest be lost forever ?  
 O, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure  
 In living virtue ; that when both must sever,  
 Although corruption may our frame consume,  
 The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

*Othello and Iago.* — SHAKSPEARE.

*Iago.* My noble lord ——

*Oth.* What dost thou say, Iago ?

*Iago.* Did Michael Cassio, when you wooed my lady,  
 Know of your love ?

*Oth.* He did, from first to last. Why dost thou ask ?

*Iago.* But for a satisfaction of my thought ;  
 No further harm.

*Oth.* Why of thy thought, Iago ?

*Iago.* I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

*Oth.* O, yes ; and went between us very oft.

*Iago.* Indeed ?

*Oth.* Indeed ! ay, indeed. Discern'st thou aught in that ?  
 Is he not honest ?

*Iago.* Honest, my lord ?

*Oth.* Ay, honest.

*Iago.* My lord, for aught I know.

*Oth.* What dost thou think ?

*Iago.* Think, my lord ?

*Oth.* Think, my lord ? Why, thou dost echo me,  
 As if there were some monster in thy thought  
 Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something ;  
 I heard thee say but now, " thou lik'st not that," ——  
 When Cassio left my wife. What didst not like ?  
 And when I told thee, he was of my counsel  
 In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst, " Indeed ? "  
 And didst contract and purse thy brow together,  
 As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain



Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,  
Show me thy thought.

*Iago.* My lord, you know I love you.

*Oth.* I think thou dost :

And, for I know thou art full of love and honesty,  
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,  
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more :  
For such things, in a false, disloyal knave,  
Are tricks of custom ; but in a man that's just,  
They are close denotements, working from the heart,  
That passion cannot rule.

*Iago.* For Michael Cassio,

I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

*Oth.* I think so too.

*Iago.* Men should be what they seem ;

Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none !

*Oth.* Certain, men should be what they seem.

*Iago.* Why, then, I think that Cassio is an honest man.

*Oth.* Nay, yet there's more in this ;

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,  
As thou dost ruminate ; and give thy worst of thoughts  
The worst of words.

*Iago.* Good my lord, pardon me ;

Though I am bound to every act of duty,  
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.  
Utter my thoughts ? — Why, say, they are vile and false ;  
As where's that palace, whereinto foul things  
Sometimes intrude not ? Who has a breast so pure,  
But some uncleanly apprehensions  
Keep leets, and law-days, and in sessions sit  
With meditations lawful ?

*Macduff.* — LD.

*Macd.* See, — who comes here ?

*Mal.* My countryman ; but yet I know him not.

*Macd.* My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

*Mal.* I know him now. Pray Heaven, betimes remove  
The means that make us strangers !

*Rosse.* Sir, amen.

*Macd.* Stands Scotland where it did ?

*Rosse.* Alas, poor country !

Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot  
Be called our mother, but our grave ; where nothing,  
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;  
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,  
Are made, not marked ; where violent sorrow seems  
A modern ecstasy : the dead man's knell  
Is there scarce asked, for whom ; and good men's lives  
Expire before the flowers in their caps,  
Dying, or e'er they sicken.

*Macd.* O, relation

Too nice, and yet too true !

*Mal.* What is the newest grief ?

*Rosse.* That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker.  
Each minute teems a new one.

*Macd.* How does my wife ?

*Rosse.* Why, well.

*Macd.* And all my children ?

*Rosse.* Well, too.

*Macd.* The tyrant has not battered at their peace ?

*Rosse.* No ; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.

*Macd.* Be not a niggard of your speech ; how goes it ?

*Rosse.* ————— I have words,

That would be howled out in the desert air,  
Where hearing should not latch them.

*Macd.* What concern they ?

The general cause ? or is it a fee-grief,  
Due to some single breast ?

*Rosse.* No mind, that's honest,  
But in it shares some woe ; though the main part  
Pertains to you alone.

*Macd.* If it be mine,  
Keep it not from me ; quickly let me have it.

*Rosse.* Let not your ears despise my tongue forever,  
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound  
That ever yet they heard.

*Macd.* Ah ! I guess at it.

*Rosse.* Your castle is surprised ; your wife and babes  
Savagely slaughtered : to relate the manner,  
Were, on the quarry of these murdered deer,  
To add the death of you.

*Mal.* Merciful Heaven !  
What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows ;  
Give sorrow words ; the grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

*Macd.* My children too ? —

*Rosse.* Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.

*Macd.* And I must be from thence ! my wife killed too ?

*Rosse.* I have said.

*Mal.* Be comforted :  
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief.

*Macd.* I shall do so ;  
But I must also feel it as a man.  
I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me. Did Heaven look on,  
And would not take their part ? Sinful Macduff,  
They were all struck for thee ! naught that I am !  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now !

*William Tell.*

Gesler, the tyrant, Sarnem, his officer, and William Tell, a Swiss peasant.

*Sar.* Down, slave, upon thy knees before the governor,  
And beg for mercy.

*Ges.* Does he hear ?

*Sar.* He does, but braves thy power.

[*To Tell.*] Down, slave,

And ask for life.

*Ges.* [*To Tell.*] Why speakest thou not ?

*Tell.* For wonder.

*Ges.* Wonder ?

*Tell.* Yes, that thou shouldst seem a man.

*Ges.* What should I seem ?

*Tell.* A monster.

*Ges.* Ha ! Beware ! — think on thy chains.

*Tell.* Though they were doubled, and did weigh me down

Prostrate to earth, methinks I could rise up

Erect with nothing but the honest pride

Of telling thee, usurper, to thy teeth,

Thou art a monster. — Think on my chains !

How came they on me ?

*Ges.* Darest thou question me ?

*Tell.* Darest thou answer ?

*Ges.* Beware my vengeance.

*Tell.* Can it more than kill ?

*Ges.* And is not that enough ?

*Tell.* No, not enough : —

It cannot take away the grace of life —

The comeliness of look that virtue gives —

Its port erect, with consciousness of truth —

Its rich attire of honorable deeds —

Its fair report that's rife on good men's tongues : —

It cannot lay its hand on these, no more

Than it can pluck his brightness from the sun,

Or with polluted finger tarnish it.

*Ges.* But it may make thee writhe.

*Tell.* It may, and I may say,

Go on, though it should make me groan again.

*Ges.* Whence comest thou ?

*Tell.* From the mountains.

*Ges.* Canst tell me any news from them ?

*Tell.* Ay ; — they watch no more the avalanche.

*Ges.* Why so ?

*Tell.* Because they look for thee. The hurricane  
Comes unawares upon them : from its bed  
The torrent breaks, and finds them in its track.

*Ges.* What then ?

*Tell.* They thank kind Providence it is not thou.  
Thou hast perverted nature in them. The earth  
Presents her fruits to them, and is not thanked.  
The harvest sun is constant, and they scarce  
Return his smile. Their flocks and herds increase,  
And they look on as men who count a loss.  
There's not a blessing Heaven vouchsafes them, but  
The thought of thee doth wither to a curse,  
As something they must lose, and had far better  
Lack.

*Ges.* 'Tis well. I'd have them as their hills,  
That never smile, though wanton summer tempt  
Them e'er so much.

*Tell.* But they do sometimes smile.

*Ges.* Ah ! — when is that ?

*Tell.* When they do pray for vengeance.

*Ges.* Dare they pray for that ?

*Tell.* They dare, and they expect it, too.

*Ges.* From whence ?

*Tell.* From Heaven, and their true hearts.

*Ges.* [*To Sarnem.*] Lead in his son. Now will I take  
Exquisite vengeance. [*To Tell, as the boy enters.*] I have  
destined him  
To die along with thee.

*Tell.* To die ! for what ? he's but a child.

*Ges.* He's thine, however.

*Tell.* He is an only child.

*Ges.* So much the easier to crush the race.

*Tell.* He may have a mother.



*Ges.* So the viper hath —

And yet who spares it for the mother's sake ?

*Tell.* I talk to stone. I'll talk to it no more.

Come, my boy, I taught thee how to live, —

I'll teach thee how to die.

*Ges.* But first, I'd see thee make

A trial of thy skill with that same bow.

Thy arrows never miss, 'tis said.

*Tell.* What is the trial ?

*Ges.* Thou look'st upon thy boy as though thou guessest it.

*Tell.* Look upon my boy ! What mean you ?

Look upon my boy as though I guessed it ! —

Guessed the trial thou'dst have me make ! —

Guessed it instinctively ! Thou dost not mean —

No, no — Thou wouldst not have me make

A trial of my skill upon my child !

Impossible ! I do not guess thy meaning.

*Ges.* I'd see thee hit an apple on his head,  
Three hundred paces off.

*Tell.* Great Heaven !

*Ges.* On this condition only will I spare  
His life and thine.

*Tell.* Ferocious monster ! make a father  
Murder his own child !

*Ges.* Dost thou consent ?

*Tell.* With his own hand ! ——

The hand I've led him when an infant by !

My hands are free from blood, and have no gust

For it, that they should drink my child's.

I'll not murder my boy, for Gesler.

*Boy.* You will not hit me, father. You'll be sure  
To hit the apple. Will you not save me, father ?

*Tell.* Lead me forth — I'll make the trial.

*Boy.* Father ——

*Tell.* Speak not to me ; —

Let me not hear thy voice — Thou must be dumb,

And so should all things be. — Earth should be dumb,  
And heaven, unless its thunder muttered at  
The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it. —  
Give me my bow and quiver.

*Ges.* When all is ready. Sarnem, measure hence  
The distance — three hundred paces.

*Tell.* Will he do it fairly ?

*Ges.* What is't to thee, fairly or not ?

*Tell.* [*Sarcastically.*] O, nothing, a little thing,  
A very little thing ; I only shoot  
At my child !

[*Sarnem prepares to measure.*]

*Tell.* Villain, stop ! You measure against the sun.

*Ges.* And what of that ?

What matter whether to or from the sun ?

*Tell.* I'd have it at my back. The sun should shine  
Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots.

I will not shoot against the sun.

*Ges.* Give him his way. [*Sarnem paces and goes out.*]

*Tell.* I should like to see the apple I must hit.

*Ges.* [*Picks out the smallest one.*] There, take that.

*Tell.* You've picked the smallest one.

*Ges.* I know I have. Thy skill will be  
The greater if thou hittest it.

*Tell.* [*Sarcastically.*] True ! — true ! I did not think of that.  
I wonder I did not think of that. A larger one  
Had given me a chance to save my boy.  
Give me my bow. Let me see my quiver.

*Ges.* Give him a single arrow. [*To an attendant.*]

[*Tell looks at it, and breaks it.*]

*Tell.* Let me see my quiver. It is not  
One arrow in a dozen I would use  
To shoot with at a dove, much less a dove  
Like that.

*Ges.* Show him the quiver.

[*Sarnem returns, and takes the apple and the boy to place*

them. *While this is doing, Tell conceals an arrow under his garment. He then selects another arrow, and says,*

*Tell.* Is the boy ready? Keep silence now  
For Heaven's sake, and be my witnesses,  
That if his life 's in peril from my hand,  
'Tis only for the chance of saving it.  
For mercy's sake, keep motionless and silent.

*[He aims, and shoots in the direction of the boy. In a moment, Sarnem enters with the apple on the arrow's point.]*

*Sarnem.* The boy is safe.

*Tell.* *[Raising his arms.]* Thank Heaven!

*[As he raises his arms the concealed arrow falls.]*

*Ges.* *[Picking it up.]* Unequalled archer! why was this concealed.

*Tell.* To kill *thee*, tyrant, had I slain my boy.

*(Harmony among Brethren. — PERCIVAL.*

1. Two brothers, named Timon and Demetrius, having quarrelled with each other, Socrates, their common friend, was solicitous to restore amity between them. Meeting, therefore, with Demetrius, he thus accosted him: "Is not friendship the sweetest solace in adversity, and the greatest enhancement of the blessings of prosperity?" "Certainly it is," replied Demetrius; "because our sorrows are diminished, and our joys increased, by sympathetic participation."

2. "Amongst whom, then, must we look for a friend?" said Socrates. "Would you search among strangers? They cannot be interested about you. Amongst your rivals? They have an interest in opposition to yours. Amongst those who are much older, or younger, than yourself? Their feelings and pursuits will be widely different from yours. Are there not, then, some circumstances favorable, and others essential, to the formation of friendship?" "Undoubtedly there are," answered Demetrius. "May we not enumerate," continued Socrates, "amongst the circumstances favorable to friendship, long acquaintance, common connections, similitude of age, and union of interest?"

3. "I acknowledge," said Demetrius, "the powerful influence

of these circumstances ; but they may subsist, and yet others be wanting, that are essential to mutual amity." "And what," said Socrates, "are those essentials which are wanting in Timon?" "He has forfeited my esteem and attachment," answered Demetrius. "And has he also forfeited the esteem and attachment of the rest of mankind?" continued Socrates. "Is he devoid of benevolence, generosity, gratitude, and other social affections?"

4. "Far be it from me," cried Demetrius, "to lay so heavy a charge upon him. His conduct to others is, I believe, irreproachable ; and it wounds me the more that he should single me out as the object of his unkindness." "Suppose you have a very valuable horse," resumed Socrates, "gentle under the treatment of others, but ungovernable when you attempt to use him ; would you not endeavor, by all means, to conciliate his affections, and to treat him in the way most likely to render him tractable? Or, if you have a dog, highly prized for his fidelity, watchfulness, and care of your flocks, who is fond of your shepherds, and playful with them, and yet snarls whenever you come in his way ; would you attempt to cure him of his fault by angry looks or words, or by any other marks of resentment?"

5. "You would surely pursue an opposite course with him ; and is not the friendship of a brother of far more worth than the services of a horse, or the attachment of a dog? Why, then, do you delay to put in practice those means which may reconcile you to Timon?" "Acquaint me with those means," answered Demetrius, "for I am a stranger to them." "Answer me a few questions," said Socrates. "If you desire one of your neighbors should invite you to his feast, when he offers a sacrifice, what course would you take?" "I would first invite him to mine."

6. "And how would you induce him to take the charge of your affairs when you are on a journey?" "I should be forward to do the same good office to him in his absence." "If you be solicitous to remove a prejudice, which he may have received against you, how would you then behave towards him?" "I should endeavor to convince him, by my looks, words, and actions, that such a prejudice was ill founded." "And if he appeared inclined to reconciliation, would you reproach him with the injus-

tice he had done you ? ” “ No,” answered Demetrius ; “ I would repeat no grievances.” “ Go,” said Socrates, “ and pursue that conduct towards your brother, which you would practise to a neighbor. His friendship is of inestimable worth ; and nothing is more lovely in the sight of Heaven, than for brethren to dwell together in unity.”

*Harley's Death.* — MAKENZIE.

1. “ There are some remembrances,” said Harley, “ which rise involuntarily on my heart, and make me almost wish to live. I have been blessed with a few friends, who redeem my opinion of mankind. I recollect, with the tenderest emotion, the scenes of pleasure I have passed among them ; but we shall meet again, my friend, never to be separated. There are some feelings which perhaps are too tender to be suffered by the world.”

2. “ The world, in general, is selfish, interested, and unthinking, and throws the imputation of romance, or melancholy, on every temper more susceptible than its own. I cannot but think, in those regions which I contemplate, if there is any thing of mortality left about us, that these feelings will subsist : — they are called — perhaps they are — weaknesses, here ; but there may be some better modifications of them in heaven, which may deserve the name of virtues.”

3. He had scarcely finished them, when the door opened, and his aunt appeared, leading in Miss Walton. “ My dear,” says she, “ here is Miss Walton, who has been so kind as to come and inquire for you herself.” I could perceive a transient glow upon his face. He rose from his seat. “ If to know Miss Walton's goodness,” said he, “ be a title to deserve it, I have some claim.” She begged him to resume his seat, and placed herself on the sofa beside him. I took my leave.

4. His aunt accompanied me to the door. He was left with Miss Walton alone. She inquired anxiously after his health. “ I believe,” said he, “ from the accounts which my physicians unwillingly give me, that they have no great hopes of my recovery.” She started as he spoke ; but, recollecting herself immediately,



endeavored to flatter him into a belief that his apprehensions were groundless. "I know," said he, "that it is usual with persons at my time of life, to have these hopes which your kindness suggests; but I would not wish to be deceived.

5. "To meet death as becomes a man, is a privilege bestowed on few: I would endeavor to make it mine: nor do I think that I can ever be better prepared for it than now: 'tis that chiefly which determines the fitness of its approach." "Those sentiments," answered Miss Walton, "are just; but your good sense, Mr. Harley, will own that life has its proper value. As the province of virtue, life is ennobled; as such, it is to be desired. To virtue has the Supreme Director of all things assigned rewards enough, even here, to fix its attachments."

6. The subject began to overpower her. Harley lifted up his eyes from the ground. "There are," said he, in a low voice, — "there are attachments, Miss Walton." His glance met hers: they both betrayed a confusion, and were both instantly withdrawn. He paused some moments. "I am," he said, "in such a state as calls for sincerity: let that alone excuse it. It is, perhaps, the last time we shall ever meet. I feel something particularly solemn in the acknowledgment; yet my heart swells to make it, awed as it is by a sense of my presumption, — by a sense of your perfections."

7. He paused again. "Let it not offend you," he resumed, "to know their power over one so unworthy. My heart will, I believe, soon cease to beat, even with that feeling which it shall lose the latest. To love Miss Walton could not be a crime. If to declare it is one, the expiation will be made." Her tears were now flowing without control. "Let me entreat you," said she, "to have better hopes — let not life be so indifferent to you; if my wishes can put any value upon it — I will not pretend to misunderstand you — I know your worth — I have long known it — I have esteemed it — what would you have me say? — I have loved it as it deserved!" He seized her hand: a languid color reddened his cheek — a smile brightened faintly in his eye.

8. As he gazed on her, it grew dim, it fixed, it closed — he

sighed, and fell back on his seat. Miss Walton screamed at the sight—his aunt and the servants rushed into the room—they found them lying motionless together. His physician happened to call at that instant—every art was tried to recover them—with Miss Walton they succeeded—but Harley was gone forever.

*Extract from a Speech on the Reform Bill.*—SYDNEY SMITH.

1. Stick to the bill—it is your *Magna Charta*, and your Runnymede. King John made a present to the barons. King William has made a similar present to you. Never mind—common qualities are good in common times. If a man does not vote for the bill, he is unclean—the plague spot is upon him; push him into the lazaretto of the last century, with Wetherell and Saddler; purify the air before you approach him; bathe your hands in chloride of lime, if you have been contaminated by his touch.

2. So far from its being a merely theoretical improvement, I put it to any man, who is himself embarked in a profession, or has sons in the same situation, if the unfair influence of borough-mongers has not perpetually thwarted him in his lawful career of ambition and professional emolument.

3. “I have been in three general engagements at sea,” said an old sailor—“have been twice wounded—I commanded the boats when the French frigate, the *Astrolabe*, was cut out so gallantly.” “Then you are made a post captain?” “No, I was very near it; but Lieutenant Thomson cut me out, and I cut out the French frigate. His father is town clerk of the borough of which Lord F—— is member, and there my chance was finished.”

4. In the same manner, all over England, you will find great scholars rotting on curacies—brave captains starving in garrets—profound lawyers decayed and mouldering in the inns of court, because the parsons, warriors, and advocates of borough-mongers must be crammed to saturation, before there is a morsel of bread for the man who does not sell his votes, and put his

country up to auction; and though this is of every day occurrence, the borough system, we are told, is no practical evil.

5. Who can bear to walk through a slaughter-house? — blood, garbage, stomachs, entrails, legs, tails, kidneys, horrors. I often walk a mile to avoid it. What a scene of disgust and horror is an election — the base and infamous traffic of principles — a candidate of high character reduced to such means — the perjury and evasion of agents — the detestable rapacity of voters — the ten days' dominion of Mammon and Belial. The bill lessens it — begins the destruction of such practices — affords some chance, and some means, of turning public opinion against bribery, and of rendering it infamous.

6. But the thing I cannot and will not bear is this — what right has this lord, or that marquis, to buy ten seats in parliament, in the shape of boroughs, and then to make laws to govern me? And how are these masses of power redistributed? The eldest son of my lord is just come from Eton — he knows a good deal about Æneas, and Dido, Apollo, and Daphne — and that is all; and to this boy his father gives a six hundredth part of the power of making laws, as he would give him a horse, or a double-barrelled gun.

7. Then Vellum, the steward, is put in — an admirable man — he has raised the estates, watched the progress of the family road and canal bills; and Vellum shall help to rule over the people of Israel.

8. A neighboring country gentleman, Mr. Plumpkin, hunts with my lord — opens him a gate or two, while the hounds are running — dines with my lord — agrees with my lord — wishes he could rival the Southdown sheep of my lord; and upon Plumpkin is conferred a portion of the government.

9. Then there is a distant relation of the same name, in the county militia, with white teeth, who calls up the carriage at the opera, and is always wishing O'Connell was hanged, drawn, and quartered.

10. Then a barrister, who has written an article in the Quarterly, and is very likely to speak, and refute M'Culloch; and

these five people, in whose nomination I have had no more agency than I have in the nomination of the toll-keepers of the Bosphorus, are to make laws for me and my family — to put their hands in my purse, and to sway the future destinies of this country ; and when the neighbors step in, and beg permission to say a few words before these persons are chosen, there is a universal cry of ruin, confusion, and destruction.

11. We have become a great people, under Vellum and Plumpkin — under Vellum and Plumpkin our ships have covered the ocean — under Vellum and Plumpkin our armies have secured the strength of the hills — to turn out Vellum and Plumpkin is not reform, but revolution.

12. Was there ever such a ministry ? Was there ever before a real ministry of the people ? Look at the condition of the country when it was placed in their hands — the state of the house when the incoming tenant took possession : windows broken, chimneys on fire, mobs round the house threatening to pull it down, roof tumbling, rain pouring in. It was courage to occupy it ; it was a miracle to save it ; it will be the glory of glories to enlarge and expand it, and to make it the eternal palace of wise and temperate freedom.

*Duelling.* — DYMOND.

1. It is usual with those who do foolish and vicious things, or who do things from foolish or vicious motives, to invent some fiction by which to veil the evil or folly, and to give it, if possible, a creditable appearance. This has been done in the case of duelling. We hear a great deal about honor, and spirit, and courage, and other qualities equally pleasant, and as respects the duellist, equally fictitious.

2. The want of sufficient honor, and spirit, and courage, is precisely the very reason why men fight. Pitt fought with Tierney ; upon which Pitt's biographer writes — "A mind like his, cast in no common mould, should have arisen superior to a low, unworthy prejudice, the folly of which it must have perceived, and the wickedness of which it must have acknowledged."

3. Could Mr. Pitt be led away by that false shame which subjects the decisions of reason to the control of fear, and renders the admonitions of conscience subservient to the powers of ridicule? Low prejudice, folly, wickedness, false shame, and fear, are the motives which the complacent duellist dignifies with the titles of honor, spirit, courage.

4. This, to be sure, is very politic; he would not be so silly as to call his motives by their right names. Others, of course, join in the chicanery. They reflect that they themselves may one day have "a meeting," and they wish to keep up the credit of a system which they are conscious they have not principle enough to reject.

5. We are shocked and disgusted at the immolation of women amongst the Hindoos, and think that, if such a sacrifice were attempted in England, it would excite feelings of the utmost repulsion and abhorrence. Of the custom of immolation, duelling is the sister.

6. Their parents are the same, and, like other sisters, their lineaments are similar. Why does a Hindoo meet the funeral pile? To vindicate and maintain her honor. What is the nature and character of the Hindoo's honor? Quite factitious. How is the motive applied to the Hindoo? To her fears of reproach.

7. What, then, is the difference between the two customs? This — that one is practised in the midst of pagan darkness, and the other in the midst of Christian light. And yet these very men give their guineas to the Missionary Society, lament the degradation of the Hindoos, and expatiate upon the sacred duty of enlightening them with Christianity! "Physician, heal thyself."

*Cicero against M. Antony.*

1. And you are strenuous in commemorating Cæsar? in professing your love for him when dead? What higher honor did he ever reach than to have a pedestal, a shrine, a temple, a priest? As, then, Jupiter, as Mars, as Romulus, so the god Julius has his priest, — and that priest is Mark Antony! Wherefore do you



pause? Why are you not ordained? Fix your day, — look for some one to consecrate you: we are colleagues, — that no one will question.

2. Detested wretch! whether you play the minister of the living tyrant, or the priest of the dead! I would ask, too, if you are aware what day this is, — if you don't know that yesterday was the fourth of the Roman games in the Circus? that you yourself proposed a law for setting apart the fifth day to the worship of Cæsar? Then why are we not all in our sacramental robes?

3. Why suffer the honors decreed to the new god by your law to be withheld? Have you permitted the day to be desecrated by having prayers and yet withholding pedestals? Either let the worship of your god be abolished at once, or let it be observed throughout. You will ask if I desire to see his pedestal, his temple, his priest. For my part, I desire nothing of the kind.

4. But you who are the advocate of Cæsar — what have you to say for defending some things and taking no care of others? unless, peradventure, you may be pleased to confess that the rule of your conduct is your own interest, not his dignity. What answer, then, do you make? I wait upon your eloquence. I knew your grandfather to be a great orator, and yourself to be fluent of speech; he, indeed, never harangued naked — your person we have seen displayed, unadorned, in public debate. Will you make any reply to these things, or will you dare to utter at all?

5. But let us pass over former times, and come to the present — this one day — this blessed individual day — I say, this very point of time in which I am speaking. Defend it if you can! Why is the Forum hedged in with armed troops? Why stand your satellites listening to me, sword in hand? Why are the gates of the temple of Peace not flung open? Why have you marched into the town men of all nations — but chiefly barbarous nations, — savages from Ithyræa, armed with their slings?

6. You pretend that it is all to protect your person. Is it not better far to die a thousand deaths, than be unable to live in one's own country without guards of armed men? But, trust me, there

is no safety in defences like these. We must be fenced round by the affections and the good will of our countrymen, not by their arms, if we would be secure.

*Satan rouses his Legions lying in the Burning Lake.*—PARADISE  
LOST, I. 283.

He scarce had ceased, when the superior fiend  
Was moving toward the shore ; his ponderous shield,  
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,  
Behind him cast ; the broad circumference  
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb  
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
At evening from the top of Fesolé,  
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,  
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.  
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine,  
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand  
He walked with, to support uneasy steps  
Over the burning marle, not like those steps  
On heaven's azure, and the torrid clime  
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire :  
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach  
Of that inflamed sea he stood and called  
His legions, angel-forms, who lay entranced,  
Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks  
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,  
High overarched, imbower ; or scattered sedge  
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed  
Hath vexed the Red Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew  
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,  
While with perfidious hatred they pursued  
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld  
From the safe shore their floating carcasses  
And broken chariot wheels ; so thick bestrown,

Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,  
Under amazement of their hideous change.  
He called so loud, that all the hollow deep  
Of hell resounded : “ Princes, potentates,  
Warriors, the flower of heaven, once yours, now lost,  
If such astonishment as this can seize  
Eternal spirits ; or have ye chosen this place  
After the toil of battle to repose  
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find  
To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven ?  
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn  
To adore the conqueror ? who now beholds  
Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood  
With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon  
His swift pursuers from heaven gates discern  
The advantage, and descending, tread us down  
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts  
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf ?  
Awake, arise, or be forever fallen ! ”

*The Poetry of Burns.* — PROFESSOR WILSON.

1. There is no delusion, no affectation, no exaggeration, no falsehood in the spirit of Burns's poetry. He rejoices like an untamed enthusiast, and he weeps like a prostrate penitent. In joy and in grief the whole man appears. Some of his finest effusions were poured out before he left the fields of his childhood, and when he scarcely hoped for other auditors than his own heart, and the simple dwellers of the hamlet.

2. He wrote not to please or surprise others, — we speak of those first effusions, — but in his own creative delight ; and even after he had discovered his power to kindle the sparks of nature wherever they slumbered, the effect to be produced seems to have been seldom considered by him, assured that his poetry could not fail to produce the same passion in the hearts of other men from which it boiled over in his own. Out of himself, and beyond his

own nearest and dearest concerns, he well could, but he did not much love often or long to go.

3. His imagination wanted not wings broad and strong for highest flights. But he was most at home when walking on this earth, through this world, even along the banks and braes of the streams of Coila. It seems as if his muse were loath to admit almost any thought, feeling, or image, drawn from any other region than his native district—the hearth-stone of his father’s hut—the still or troubled chamber of his own generous and passionate bosom.

4. Dear to him the jocund laughter of the reapers on the corn-field, the tears and sighs which his own strains had won from the child of nature enjoying the midday hour of rest beneath the shadow of the hedge-row tree. With what pathetic personal power, from all the circumstances of his character and condition, do many of his humblest lines affect us! Often, too often, as we hear him singing, we think that we see him suffering.

5. “Most musical, most melancholy,” he often is, even in his merriment. In him, alas! the transports of inspiration are but too closely allied with reality’s kindred agonies! The strings of his lyre sometimes yield their finest music to the sighs of remorse or repentance. Whatever, therefore, be the faults or defects of the poetry of Burns,—and no doubt it has many,—it has, beyond all that was ever written, this greatest of all merits,—intense, life-pervading, and life-breathing truth.

*The Claims of Ireland.* — GRATTAN.

1. The people of Ireland have proceeded until the faculty of the nation is bound up to the great act of her own redemption. I am not very old, and yet I remember Ireland a child. I have followed her growth with anxious wishes, and beheld with astonishment the rapidity of her progress, from injuries to arms—from arms to liberty. I have seen her mind enlarge, her maxims open, and a new order of days burst in upon her.

2. You are not now afraid of the French, nor afraid of the

English, nor afraid of one another. You are no longer an insolvent gentry without privilege, except to tread upon a crest-fallen constituency, nor a constituency without privilege, except to tread upon a Catholic body; you are now a united people, a nation manifesting itself to Europe in signal instances of glory.

3. Turn to the rest of Europe, and you will find the ancient spirit has every where expired. Sweden has lost her liberty; England is declining; the other nations support their consequence by mercenary armies, or on the remembrance of a mighty name; but you are the only people that have recovered their constitution, — recovered it by steady virtue.

4. You have departed from the example of other nations, and have become an example to them. You not only excel modern Europe, but you excel what she can boast of old. Liberty, in former times, was recovered by the quick feelings and rapid impulse of the populace, excited by some strong object presented to their senses.

5. Such an object was the daughter of Virginius sacrificed to virtue; such were the seven bishops, whose meagre and haggard looks expressed the rigor of their sufferings; but no history can produce an instance of men like you, musing for years upon oppression, and then, upon a determination of right, rescuing the land.

6. This nation is connected with England, not by *allegiance* only, but by *liberty*; — the crown is one great point of union, but Magna Charta is a greater: we could get a king any where, but England is the only country from which we could get a constitution; and it is this which makes England your natural connection.

7. Ireland has British privileges, and is by them connected with Britain: both countries are united in liberty. This island was planted by British privileges, as well as by British men; it is a connection, not, as Judge Blackstone has falsely said, by conquest, but as I have repeatedly said, by charter. LIBERTY, WE SAY, WITH ENGLAND; BUT AT ALL EVENTS, — LIBERTY.



*The Servility of France under the Imperial Government of Bonaparte.* — CHANNING.

1. We have thus considered some of the means by which Bonaparte consolidated and extended his power. We now see him advanced to that imperial throne on which he had long fixed his eager eye. We see France alternately awed and dazzled by the influences we have described, and at last surrendering, by public, deliberate acts, without a struggle or a show of opposition, her rights, liberties, interests, and power, to an absolute master, and to his posterity forever. Thus perished the name and forms of the republic.

2. Thus perished the hopes of philanthropy. The air which a few years ago resounded with the shouts of a great people casting away their chains, and claiming their birthright of freedom, now rung with servile cries of long life to a blood-stained usurper. There were, indeed, generous spirits, true patriots, like our own Lafayette, still left in France. But, few and scattered, they were left to shed in secret the tears of sorrowful and indignant despair.

3. By this base and disastrous issue of their revolution, the French nation not only renounced their own rights, but brought reproach on the cause of freedom, which years cannot wash away. This is to us a more painful recollection than all the desolations which France spread through Europe, and than her own bitter sufferings when the hour of retribution came upon her.

4. The fields which she laid waste are again waving with harvest; and the groans which broke forth through her cities and villages, when her bravest sons perished by thousands and ten thousands on the snows of Russia, have died away, and her wasted population is renewed.

5. But the wounds which she inflicted on freedom by the crimes perpetrated in that sacred name, and by the abject spirit with which that sacred cause was deserted, are still fresh and bleeding.

6. France not only subjected herself to a tyrant, but, what is worse, she has given tyranny every where new pleas and argu-

ments, and imboldened it to preach openly, in the face of Heaven, the impious doctrines of absolute power and unconditional submission.

*The Basis of the American System of Government.* — WEBSTER.

1. Gentlemen, our country stands, at the present time, on commanding ground. Older nations, with different systems of government, may be somewhat slow to acknowledge all that justly belongs to us. But we may feel, without vanity, that America is doing her part in the great work of improving human affairs. There are two principles, gentlemen, strictly and purely American, which are now likely to overrun the civilized world. Indeed, they seem the necessary results of civilization and knowledge.

2. These are, first, popular governments, restrained by written constitutions; and secondly, universal education. Popular governments, and general education, acting and reacting, mutually producing and reproducing each other, are the mighty agencies which, in our days, appear to be exciting, stimulating, and changing civilized societies.

3. Man, every where, is now found demanding a participation in government, and he will not be refused; and he demands knowledge as necessary to self-government. On the basis of these two principles, liberty and knowledge, our own American system rests. As members of society, as lovers of our country, is there any thing we can desire for it better than that, as ages and centuries roll over it, it may possess the same invaluable institutions which it now enjoys?

4. Our course, gentlemen, is onward, straight onward, and forward. Let us not turn to the right hand, nor to the left. Our path is marked out for us, clear, plain, bright, distinctly defined, like the Milky Way across the heavens. If we are true to our country, in our day and generation, and those who come after us shall be true to it also, assuredly, assuredly we shall elevate her to a pitch of prosperity and happiness, of honor and power, never yet reached by any nation beneath the sun.

*From the "Buried Valley."* — MELLÉN.

'Twas now the triumph of the hurricane —  
Deep night, and power !  
Night 'mid the bellowing storm !  
And down the sweltering vale,  
The mountain air flew quick and warm,  
As though some fiery gale  
Were driving from the riven earth,  
Before the hot volcano's birth !  
The garnered terrors of the sky came out  
With battle and with shout,  
And oft, upon its wildest route,  
The tempest-pause, and lengthened wail,  
And the rattling of the rain !  
Then bowed each mountain tower —  
The rock of other days,  
From its summit to its base !  
The valley heard the coming flood,  
And reeled its iron walls,  
As, 'mid the red revealing  
Of the broad flash, it rolled like blood,  
And earth sent back the joyous call,  
Above it pealing !  
And in the blasting light  
That rode upon the darkness, I could see,  
Leafless and branchless as it rose  
Along those beetling brows,  
The solitary pine,  
Up pointing through the drifting clouds of night,  
In desolate sublimity !  
Old scathed and quivering trees —  
The last and baldest of their line,  
The sentinels of centuries !  
Then suddenly I caught the misty brow  
Of yon embattled ridge, where now,

In squadrons thick and fast,  
Of terrible array,  
Treading in mighty ranks those summits gray,  
The whirlwind clouds like pillars passed,  
Till, 'mid a field of flame,  
They broke in deluge — and a river,  
Tearing its hundred channels, came,  
Making the frightened glen and hill-top quiver !  
Onward in leap and plunge it came,  
And the grinding earth sprung up in flame ;  
And the voice of the rocks, as they clave asunder,  
Rose clear o'er the sounding sea of thunder !  
And the light from the van of that terrible march,  
Spread upwards and over the driving arch,  
Till the fire that broke from their mountain way  
Revealed tide and tempest to living day !  
'Twas there ! — 'twas here !  
The granite shook beneath my feet —  
Back from the waving brink  
Like light I sprung, and saw it sink  
Off from the flashing precipice,  
With a roaring and a hiss,  
As though in loud career,  
Red ruin in its gulf of revelry to meet !  
And there, amid the blaze  
Right on its vengeful path,  
The echoing highway of its wrath,  
One lowly roof appears !  
Great God ! and has devoted man  
Who prays for length of years,  
Thus dared the earthquake's van ?  
Breathes there a being here,  
In this lone land of fear,  
The shadow of the terrible ?  
Lo ! then, and where the light gleams full  
Under that beetling dome,

There is the cottage home !  
Now fixed as statues grew my gaze !  
Forth from that little cabin sprung  
A thing of life — and — suddenly — another !  
A human form — and others round it clung.  
O God ! perhaps some frantic mother  
Bowed with her children ! — see,  
They issue with their arms upflung,  
As if in hurried prayer  
For the great hills to fall, and yet they flee ;  
A household — forth, at night — in agony !  
Sped on by black despair !  
In vain — in vain !  
The tide is on them — flash on flash  
The red earth rolls, a maddening main ;  
But they heed not, hear not cry nor crash,  
Nor yet the fiery rain ;  
And ere their hands have met  
To clasp in common doom,  
The whelming foot of Destiny is set  
Above their traceless tomb !  
I saw them swept  
Before that rocky wave ;  
They slept,  
And Chaos was their grave.  
No more — no more !  
Darkness my vision fills ;  
One shriek of horror to the winds I pour ;  
— I fell upon the hills.

*Military Talent not the highest Endowment.* — CHANNING.

1. Military talent, even of the highest order, is far from holding the first place among intellectual endowments. It is one of the lower forms of genius ; for it is not conversant with the highest and richest objects of thought.



2. We grant that a mind, which takes in a wide country at a glance, and understands, almost by intuition, the positions it affords for a successful campaign, is a comprehensive and vigorous one. The general, who disposes his forces so as to counteract a greater force ; who supplies by skill, science, and invention, the want of numbers ; who dives into the counsels of his enemy, and who gives unity, energy, and success to a vast variety of operations, in the midst of casualties and obstructions which no wisdom could foresee, — manifests great power.

3. But still the chief work of a general is to apply physical force ; to remove physical obstructions ; to avail himself of physical aids and advantages ; to act on matter ; to overcome rivers, ramparts, mountains, and human muscles ; and these are not the highest objects of mind, nor do they demand intelligence of the highest order ; and accordingly nothing is more common than to find men, eminent in this department, who are wanting in the noblest energies of the soul ; in habits of profound and liberal thinking, in imagination and taste, in the capacity of enjoying works of genius, and in large and original views of human nature and society.

4. The office of a great general does not differ widely from that of a great mechanician, whose business it is to frame new combinations of physical forces, to adapt them to new circumstances, and to remove new obstructions. Accordingly, great generals, away from the camp, are often no greater men than the mechanician taken from his workshop. In conversation they are often dull. Deep and refined reasonings they cannot comprehend.

5. We know that there are splendid exceptions. Such was Cæsar, at once the greatest soldier and the most sagacious statesman of his age ; whilst, in eloquence and literature, he left behind almost all who had devoted themselves exclusively to these pursuits. But such cases are rare. The conqueror of Napoleon, the hero of Waterloo, possesses undoubtedly great military talents ; but we do not understand that his most partial admirers claim for him a place in the highest class of minds.

6. We will not go down, for illustration, to such men as Nelson, — a man great on the deck, but debased by gross vices, and who never pretended to enlargement of intellect. To institute a comparison, in point of talent and genius, between such men and Milton, Bacon, and Shakspeare, is almost an insult on these illustrious names.

7. Who can think of these truly great intelligences ; of the range of their minds through heaven and earth ; of their deep intuition into the soul ; of their new and glowing combinations of thought ; of the energy with which they grasped and subjected to their main purpose the infinite materials of illustration which nature and life afford ; — who can think of the forms of transcendent beauty and grandeur which they created, or which were rather emanations of their own minds ; of the calm wisdom and fervid imagination which they conjoined ; of the voice of power, in which, “ though dead, they still speak,” and awaken intellect, sensibility, and genius in both hemispheres ? Who can think of such men, and not feel the immense inferiority of the most gifted warrior, whose elements of thought are physical forces and physical obstructions, and whose employment is the combination of the lowest class of objects, on which a powerful mind can be employed ?

*The Pilgrims.* — EVERETT.

1. From the dark portals of the star-chamber, and in the stern text of the acts of uniformity, the Pilgrims received a commission more efficient than any that ever bore the royal seal. Their banishment to Holland was fortunate ; the decline of their little company in the strange land was fortunate ; the difficulties which they experienced in getting the royal consent to banish themselves to this wilderness were fortunate ; all the tears and heart-breakings of that ever-memorable parting at Delfthaven had the happiest influence on the rising destinies of New England.

2. All this purified the ranks of the settlers. These rough touches of fortune brushed off the light, uncertain, selfish spirits.

They made it a grave, solemn, self-denying expedition, and required of those who engaged in it to be so too. They cast a broad shadow of thought and seriousness over the cause, and if this sometimes deepened into melancholy and bitterness, can we find no apology for such a human weakness ?

3. Their trials of wandering and exile, of the ocean, the winter, the wilderness, and the savage foe, were the final assurances of success. It was these that put far away from our fathers' cause all patrician softness, all hereditary claims to preëminence. No effeminate nobility crowded into the dark and austere ranks of the Pilgrims. No Carr nor Villiers would lead on the ill-provided band of despised Puritans. No well-endowed clergy were on the alert to quit their cathedrals, and set up a pompous hierarchy in the frozen wilderness. No craving governors were anxious to be sent over to our cheerless *El Dorados* of ice and of snow.

4. No, they could not say they had encouraged, patronized, or helped the Pilgrims ; their own cares, their own labors, their own councils, their own blood contrived all, achieved all, bore all, sealed all. They could not afterwards fairly pretend to reap where they had not sown ; and as our fathers reared this broad and solid fabric with pains and watchfulness, unaided, barely tolerated, it did not fall when the favor, which had always been withholden, was changed into wrath ; when the arm, which had never supported, was raised to destroy.

5. Methinks I see it now, — that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the *Mayflower* of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison ; — delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route ; — and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves.

6. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging.

The laboring masts seem straining from their base ; — the dismal sound of the pumps is heard ; — the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow ; — the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening, shivering weight against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, — weak and weary from the voyage, — poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their shipmaster for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, — without shelter, — without means, — surrounded by hostile tribes.

7. Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers ? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New England ? Tell me, politician, how long did the shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast ?

8. Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children ; was it hard labor and spare meals ; was it disease ; was it the tomahawk ; was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea ; was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate ? And is it possible, that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope ? Is it possible, that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious ?

*Johnson and Hume.* — CARLYLE.

1. It is worthy of note that, in our little British isle, the two grand antagonisms of Europe should have stood imbodyed, under their very highest concentration, in two men produced simultaneously among ourselves. Samuel Johnson and David Hume, as was observed, were children of the same year; through life they were spectators of the same life-movement; often inhabitants of the same city. Greater contrast, in all things, between two great men could not be.

2. Hume, well-born, completely provided for, whole in body and mind, of his own determination forces a way into literature. Johnson, poor, moonstruck, diseased, forlorn, is forced into it "with the bayonet of necessity at his back." And what a part did they severally play there! As Johnson became the father of all succeeding Tories, so was Hume the father of all succeeding Whigs; for his own Jacobitism was but an accident, as worthy to be named Prejudice as any of Johnson's.

3. In spiritual stature they are almost equal; both great among the greatest; yet how unlike the likeness! Hume has the widest methodizing, comprehensive eye; Johnson the keenest for perspicacity and minute detail: so had, perhaps chiefly, their education ordered it. Both were, by principle and habit, stoics: yet Johnson with the greater merit; for he alone had very much to triumph over; further, he alone ennobled his stoicism into devotion.

4. To Johnson, life was a prison, to be endured with heroic faith; to Hume, it was little more than a foolish Bartholomew Fair show-booth, with the foolish crowdings and elbowings of which it was not worth while to quarrel; the whole would break up, and be at liberty, so *soon*. Both realized the highest task of manhood — that of living like men; each died not unfitly, in his way. Hume, as one with factitious, half-false gayety, taking leave of what was itself wholly but a lie; Johnson, as one with awe-struck, yet resolute and piously expectant heart, taking leave of a



reality to enter a reality still higher. Johnson had the harder problem of it from first to last : whether, with some hesitation, we can admit that he was intrinsically the better-gifted, may remain undecided.

5. The two men now rest, the one in Westminster Abbey here, the other in the Calton Hill churchyard of Edinburgh. Through life they did not meet. As contrasts, "like in unlike," love each other, so might they two have loved, and communed kindly, had not the terrestrial dross and darkness, that was in them, withstood ! One day, their spirits, what truth was in each, will be found working, living in harmony and free union, even here below.

6. They were the two half-men of their time : whoso should combine the intrepid candor and decisive scientific clearness of Hume with the reverence, the love, and devout humility, of Johnson, were the whole man of a new time. Till such whole man arrive for us, and the distracted time admit of such, might the Heavens but bless poor England with half-men worthy to tie the shoe-latchets of these, resembling these even from afar ! Be both attentively regarded, let the true effort of both prosper ; — and for the present, both take our affectionate farewell !

*The Perfect Orator.* — SHERIDAN.

1. Imagine to yourselves a Demosthenes, addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended. How awful such a meeting ! how vast the subject ! Is man possessed of talents adequate to the great occasion ? Adequate ! Yes, superior. By the power of his eloquence, the augustness of the assembly is lost in the dignity of the orator ; and the importance of the subject, for a while, superseded by the admiration of his talents. With what strength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man, and at once captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions !

2. To effect this, must be the utmost effort of the most improved state of human nature. Not a faculty that he possesses is here unemployed ; not a faculty that he possesses but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work ; all his external testify their energies. Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions, are all busy ; without, every muscle, every nerve, is exerted ; not a feature, not a limb, but speaks.

3. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind through the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously vibrate those energies from soul to soul. Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude, by the lightning of eloquence they are melted into one mass ; the whole assembly, actuated in one and the same way, become, as it were, but one man, and have but one voice. The universal cry is, "LET US MARCH AGAINST PHILIP — LET US FIGHT FOR OUR LIBERTIES — LET US CONQUER OR DIE !"

*Mount Sinai.* — J. T. HEADLEY.

1. Behold the white tents of Israel scattered like snow-flakes at the base of that treeless, barren mountain. The hum of the mighty population is there ; and those flowing tents, on which the parting sun is leaving his farewell glories, are the only pleasing objects that meet the eye in this dreary region. A solemn hush is on every thing as the moon sails up the heavens, flooding with her gentle light the tented host.

2. Moses has declared that on the third morning the eternal God is to place his feet on that distant mountain top in presence of all the people. Awe-struck and expectant, the sons of Jacob go from tent to tent to speak of this strange event, and then come out and look on the mysterious mountain on which it is to transpire. Unconscious of its high destiny, the distant summit leans against the solemn sky, and nothing there betokens preparation for the stupendous scene.

3. But at length the morning comes, and that vast encampment is filled with the murmur of the moving multitude, all turned

anxiously to distant Sinai. And lo ! a solitary cloud comes drifting along the morning sky, and catches against the top of the mountain. So have I seen a cloud caught by an Alpine summit, and held firmly there. But the most vivid impression I ever got of this scene was from Mount Vesuvius. The mysterious cloud it wraps around its own head, concealing the brightness and terror within, always reminded me of the cloud on Sinai. And then the tenacity with which it would cling there.

4. When the midnight heavens were black with tempests, and the sea was one wild waste of waves, and the clouds were dashing like maddened spirits over the sky before the blast,— with every flash of lightning that illuminated the gloom, I have caught the distant top of Vesuvius, with that cloud around its head, moveless as a rock amidst the furious blast, while thunder, and flame, and motion were within. So did the cloud rest on Sinai as the people looked, and suddenly the thunder began to speak from its depths, and the fierce lightning traversed its bosom, gleaming and flashing through every part of it. That cloud was God's pavilion ; the thunder was its sentinels, and the lightning the lances' points, as they moved round the sacred trust.

5. The commotion, which from the first arrested every eye and chained every tongue, grew wilder every moment, till the successive claps of thunder were like the explosion of ten thousand cannon shaking the earth. Amid this incessant firing of heaven's artillery, suddenly from out the bosom of that cloud came a single trumpet blast, not like the thrilling music of a thousand trumpets, that herald the shock of cavalry, but one solitary clarion note, with no sinking cadence and rising swell, but an infinite sound rising in its ascension power, till the universe was filled with the strain.

6. The incessant thunders that rock the heights cannot drown it ; for clearer, fuller, louder, it peals on over the astonished spectators, till their hearts sink away in fear, and Nature herself stands awe-struck and trembling before it. And lo ! columns of smoke begin to rise fast and furious from that mysterious cloud, as if a volcano had opened in its bosom, and the pent-up elements

were discharging themselves in the upper air; and the steady mountain rocks to and fro on its base, as if in the grasp of an earthquake. "And the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a great furnace, and the whole mountain quaked greatly."

7. Amid this rapid roll of thunder, and flashing of lightning, and fiercely ascending volumes of smoke, and convulsive throbs of Sinai, and while that trumpet strain still "waxed louder and louder," Moses led the trembling Israelites forth to the foot of the mountain. Suddenly the uproar ceased, and the thunders hushed their voice, and the last echoes of the trumpet died away, and all was still. And from that silent cloud came a voice more fearful than they all—the voice of Jehovah calling Moses up into the mount. The great lawgiver of Israel departed from his people, and with a solemn step was seen scaling the rocks and climbing the heights, till at last the cloud received him in its bosom.

*The Nobility of Johnson.* — CARLYLE.

1. As for Johnson, I have always considered him to be, by nature, one of our great English souls; a strong and noble man; so much left undeveloped in him to the last: in a kindlier element, what might he not have been,—poet, priest, sovereign ruler! On the whole, a man must not complain of his "element," of his "time," or the like; it is thriftless work doing so. His time is bad: well, then, he is there to make it better!—Johnson's youth was poor, isolated, hopeless, very miserable.

2. Indeed, it does not seem possible that, in any the favorable outward circumstances, Johnson's life could have been other than a painful one. The world might have had more of profitable work out of him, or less; but his effort against the world's work could never have been a light one. Nature, in return for his nobleness, had said to him, "Live in an element of diseased sorrow." Nay, perhaps the sorrow and the nobleness were intimately, and even inseparably, connected with each other.

3. At all events, poor Johnson had to go about girt with continual hypochondria, physical and spiritual pain. Like a Her-

cules with the burning Nessus' shirt on him, which shoots in on him dull, incurable misery ; the Nessus shirt not to be stripped off, which is his own natural skin ! In this manner, *he* had to live.

4. Figure him there, with his scrofulous diseases, with his great greedy heart, and unspeakable chaos of thoughts ; stalking mournful as a stranger in this earth ; eagerly devouring what spiritual thing he could come at ; school languages and other merely grammatical stuff, if there was nothing better ! The largest soul that was in all England ; and provision made for it of "fourpence halfpenny a day." Yet a giant, invincible soul ; a true man's.

5. One remembers, always, that story of the shoes at Oxford ; the rough, seamy-faced, raw-boned college servitor stalking about, in winter season, with his shoes worn out ; how the charitable gentleman commoner secretly places a new pair at his door ; and the raw-boned servitor, lifting them, looking at them near, with his dim eyes, with what thoughts, — pitches them out of window ! Wet feet, mud, frost, hunger, or what you will ; but not beggary ; a whole world of squalor, rudeness, confused misery and want, yet of nobleness and manfulness withal.

6. It is a type of the man's life, this pitching away of the shoes. An original man ; — not a second-hand, borrowing or begging man. Let us stand on our own basis at any rate ! On such shoes as we ourselves can get. On frost and mud, if you will, but honestly on that ; — on the reality and substance which Nature gives us, not on the semblance, — on the thing she has given another than us !

*The "Pilgrim's Progress."* — MACAULAY.

1. That wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. Dr. Johnson, all whose studies were desultory, and who hated, as he said, to read books through, made an exception in favor of the "Pilgrim's Progress." That work, he said,



was one of the two or three works which he wished longer. It was by no common merit, that the illiterate sectary extracted praise like this from the most pedantic of critics and the most bigoted of tories.

2. In the wildest part of Scotland, the "Pilgrim's Progress" is a greater favorite than "Jack the Giant-Killer." Every reader knows the strait and narrow path, as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times. This is the highest miracle of genius—that things which are not should be as though they were, that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another.

3. And this miracle the tinker has wrought. There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting-place, no turnstile, with which we are not perfectly acquainted. The wicket gate, and the desolate swamp which separates it from the City of Destruction; the long line of road, as straight as rule can make it; the interpreter's house, and all its fair shows; the prisoner in the iron cage; the palace, at the doors of which armed men kept guard, and on the battlements of which walked persons clothed all in gold; the cross and the sepulchre; the steep hill and the pleasant arbor; the stately front of the House Beautiful by the wayside; the low green valley of Humiliation, rich with grass and covered with flocks,—all are as well known to us as the sights of our own street.

4. Then we come to the narrow place where Apollyon strode right across the whole breadth of the way, to stop the journey of Christian, and where afterwards the pillar was set up to testify how bravely the pilgrim had fought the good fight. As we advance, the valley becomes deeper and deeper. The shade of the precipices on both sides falls blacker and blacker.

5. The clouds gather overhead. Doleful voices, the clanking of chains, and the rushing of many feet to and fro, are heard through the darkness. The way, hardly discernible in gloom, runs close by the mouth of the burning pit, which sends forth its flames, its noisome smoke, and its hideous shapes, to terrify the adventurer.

6. All the stages of the journey, all the forms which cross or

overtake the pilgrims, — giants, and hobgoblins, ill-favored ones and shining ones, the tall, comely, swarthy Madam Bubble, with her great purse by her side, and her fingers playing with her money; the black man in the bright vesture; Mr. Worldly Wiseman and my Lord Hategood; Mr. Talkative and Mrs. Timorous, — are all actually existing beings to us. We follow the travellers through their allegorical progress with interest not inferior to that with which we follow Elizabeth from Siberia to Moscow, or Jeanie Deans from Edinburgh to London. Bunyan is almost the only writer that ever gave to the abstract the interest of the concrete. In the works of many celebrated authors, men are mere personifications. We have not an Othello, but jealousy; not an Iago, but perfidy; not a Brutus, but patriotism.

*Description of a Storm.* — THOMSON.

Behold, slow settling o'er the lurid grove,  
Unusual darkness broods, and growing gains  
The full possession of the sky, surcharged  
With wrathful vapor, from the secret beds,  
Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.  
Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume  
Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,  
With various tinctured trains of latent flame,  
Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,  
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,  
Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal roused,  
The dash of clouds, or irritating war  
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,  
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,  
Dread through the dun expanse; save the dull sound  
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,  
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,  
And shakes the forest leaf without a breath.  
Prone, to the lowest vale, the ærial tribes  
Descend; the tempest-loving raven scarce

Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze  
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens  
Cast a deploring eye, by man forsook,  
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,  
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.  
'Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all,  
When to the startled eye the sudden glance  
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud ;  
And following slower, in explosion vast  
The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.  
At first, heard solemn, o'er the verge of heaven,  
The tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes,  
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,  
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more  
The noise astounds ; till overhead a sheet  
Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts,  
And opens wider ; shuts, and opens still  
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.  
Follows the loosened, aggravated roar,  
Enlarging, deepening, mingling ; peal on peal  
Crushed horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,  
Or prone-descending rain. Wide rent, the clouds  
Pour a whole flood ; and yet, its flame unquenched,  
The unconquerable lightning struggles through,  
Rugged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,  
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.  
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine  
Stands a sad, shattered trunk ; and, stretched below,  
A lifeless group, the blasted cattle lie :  
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look  
They wore alive, and ruminating still  
In fancy's eye ; and there the frowning bull,  
And ox half raised. Struck on the castled cliff,  
The venerable tower and spiry fane  
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods

Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,  
Wide flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.

*The Tale of an Indian Maid.*—BRYANT.

There was a maid,  
The fairest of the Indian maids, bright-eyed,  
With wealth of raven tresses, a light form,  
And a gay heart. About her cabin door  
The wide old woods resounded with her song  
And fairy laughter all the summer day.  
She loved her cousin ; such a love was deemed,  
By the morality of those stern tribes,  
Incestuous, and she struggled hard and long  
Against her love, and reasoned with her heart,  
As simple Indian maiden might. In vain.

She went  
To weep where no eye saw, and was not found  
When all the merry girls were met to dance,  
And all the hunters of the tribe were out.

The keen-eyed Indian dames  
Would whisper to each other, as they saw  
Her wasting form, and say, "*The girl will die.*"  
One day into the bosom of a friend,  
A playmate of her young and innocent years,  
She poured her griefs. "Thou knowest, and thou alone,"  
She said, "for I have told thee, all my love,  
And guilt, and sorrow. I am sick of life.  
All night I weep in darkness, and the morn  
Glares on me as upon a thing accursed,  
That has no business on the earth. I hate  
The pastimes and the pleasant toils that once  
I loved ; the cheerful voices of my friends  
Have an unnatural horror in mine ear.  
In dreams, my mother, from the land of souls,  
Calls me and chides me. All that look on me

Do seem to know my shame ; I cannot bear  
 Their eyes ; I cannot from my heart root out  
 The love that wrings it so, and I must die."

It was a summer morning, and they went  
 To this old precipice. About the cliffs  
 Lay garlands, ears of maize, and shaggy skins  
 Of wolf and bear, the offerings of the tribe  
 Here made to the Great Spirit, for they deemed,  
 Like worshippers of the elder time, that God  
 Doth walk on the high places, and affect  
 The earth-o'erlooking mountains. She had on  
 The ornaments with which her father loved  
 To deck the beauty of his bright-eyed girl,  
 And bade her wear when stranger warriors came  
 To be his guests.

Beautiful lay the region of her tribe  
 Below her — waters resting in the embrace  
 Of the wide forest, and maize-planted glades  
 Opening amid the leafy wilderness.  
 She gazed upon it long, and at sight  
 Of her own village, peeping through the trees,  
 And her own dwelling, and the cabin roof  
 Of him she loved with an unlawful love,  
 And came to die for, a warm gush of tears  
 Run from her eyes. But when the sun grew low,  
 And the hill shadows long, she threw herself  
 From the steep rock, and perished.

*What is Glory ? What is Fame ? — MOTHERWELL.*

What is Glory ? What is Fame ?  
 The echo of a long-lost name ;  
 A breath, an idle hour's brief talk ;  
 The shadow of an arrant nought ;  
 A flower that blossoms for a day,  
 Dying next morrow ;



A stream that hurries on its way,  
Singing of sorrow ;  
The last drop of a bootless shower,  
Shed on a sere and leafless bower ;  
A rose stuck in a dead man's breast ; —  
This is the world's fame, at the best.  
What is Fame ? and what is Glory ?  
A dream ; a jester's lying story,  
To tickle fools withal, or be  
A theme for second infancy ;  
A joke scrawled on an epitaph ;  
A grin at Death's own ghastly laugh ;  
A visioning that tempts the eye,  
But mocks the touch — nonentity ;  
A rainbow, substanceless as bright,  
Flitting forever  
O'er hill top to more distant height,  
Nearing us never ;  
A bubble blown by fond conceit,  
In very sooth, itself to cheat ;  
The witch-fire of a frenzied brain ;  
A fortune that to lose were gain ;  
A word of praise, perchance of blame ;  
The wreck of a time-banded name ; —  
AY, THIS IS GLORY ! THIS IS FAME !

*Influence of Circumstances in Education.* — PROFESSOR  
HADDOCK.

1. It is not generally considered how little we are educated by institutions and instruction, and how much by circumstances. The influence of teachers and seminaries of learning is temporary and occasional, confined to particular departments, and never, even during the hours of instruction, entirely engrossing the attention. The scenes of nature and life around us act upon us

always, and insinuate their influence into every part of our character.

2. They are before us, when first we open our eyes to the light ; infancy and youth are passed in their presence ; the industry of manhood is all associated with them ; and the heart of age clings to them, when the transitory objects of its early loves have all disappeared. Day and night, and the seasons in their ceaseless revolutions, with their attendant ministers of fear or hope, of weal or woe, to man, — the storm and the flood, the rain and the sunshine, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, — who shall estimate their various influences, in the different climates of the earth, upon the character and happiness of its human inhabitants ?

3. The peculiar features of our native place, — the sunny vale, or bleak, alpine heights, — the collection of inappropriate, half-finished, naked houses, called “the street,” — with a church, once painted white, still red behind, with shattered windows and a leaning steeple, — an unenclosed graveyard, — an ill-made school-house, planted in the sand, — a grog-shop, and a dingy, dirty, sloppy tavern, under the sign of the Red Indian or the Punch-Bowl, — without a garden, without a shade-tree, without one pleasing sight, and with no music but of a fife and drum, and no odor but of gin and tobacco ; or, on the other hand, a neat, vine-clad assemblage of smiling homes, mansion and cottage, alternately interrupting the wide expanse of living verdure, reposing in the dewy brightness of morning, or the fragrant light of declining day, and all clustering, in manifest sympathy, around the decent church and churchyard, the scene of frequent praise and of final rest to the tenants of the hamlet, — O, who can fail to see how different the effect of these different scenes upon the character and destiny of men ? How different the life we lead in the midst of them ! how different the recollections we carry with us as we leave them ! how different the feelings with which we return to them !

*Darkness.* — BYRON.

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.  
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars  
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,  
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth  
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air ;  
Morn came and went, and came and brought no day,  
And men forgot their passions in the dread  
Of this their desolation ; and all hearts  
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light ;  
And they did live by watchfires — and the thrones,  
The palaces of crowned kings — the huts,  
The habitations of all things which dwell,  
Were burnt for beacons ; cities were consumed,  
And men were gathered round their blazing homes  
To look once more into each other's face ;  
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye  
Of the volcanoes and their mountain-torch ;  
A fearful hope was all the world contained ;  
Forests were set on fire — but hour by hour  
They fell and faded — and the crackling trunks  
Extinguished with a crash — and all was black.  
The brows of men, by the despairing light,  
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits  
The flashes fell upon them ; some lay down  
And hid their eyes and wept ; and some did rest  
Their chins upon their clinched hands, and smiled ;  
And others hurried to and fro, and fed  
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up  
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,  
The pall of a past world ; and then again  
With curses cast them down upon the dust,  
And gnashed their teeth, and howled : the wild birds shrieked,  
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,  
And flap their useless wings ; the wildest brutes

Came tame and tremulous ; and vipers crawled  
And twined themselves among the multitude,  
Hissing, but stingless — they were slain for food ;  
And War, which for a moment was no more,  
Did glut himself again ; — a meal was bought  
With blood, and each sat sullenly apart,  
Gorging himself in gloom : no love was left ;  
All earth was but one thought — and that was death,  
Immediate and inglorious : and the pang  
Of famine fed upon all entrails — men  
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh :  
The meagre by the meagre were devoured ;  
Even dogs assailed their masters, all save one,  
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept  
The birds, and beasts, and famished men at bay,  
Till hunger clung them, or the drooping dead  
Lured their lank jaws : himself sought out no food,  
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,  
And a quick, desolate cry, licking the hand  
Which answered not with a caress — he died.  
The crowd was famished by degrees ; but two  
Of an enormous city did survive,  
And they were enemies ; they met beside  
The dying embers of an altar-place,  
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things  
For an unholy usage ; they raked up,  
And shivering scraped, with their cold, skeleton hands,  
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath  
Blew for a little life, and made a flame  
Which was a mockery ; then they lifted up  
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld  
Each other's aspects — saw, and shrieked, and died —  
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,  
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow  
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,  
The populous and the powerful was a lump,

Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless —  
A lump of death — a chaos of hard clay.  
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,  
And nothing stirred within their silent depths ;  
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,  
And their masts fell down piecemeal ; as they dropped,  
They slept on the abyss without a surge ;  
The waves were dead ; the tides were in their grave,  
The moon, their mistress, had expired before ;  
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,  
And the clouds perished ; darkness had no need  
Of aid from them. She was the universe.

*On the Occasion of presenting the Sword of Washington and  
the Staff of Franklin. — J. Q. ADAMS.*

1. In presenting the resolution which I am now to offer, it may, perhaps, be expected that I should accompany it with some suitable remarks ; and yet, sir, I never arose to address this house under a deeper conviction of the want of words to express the emotions that I feel. It is precisely because occasions like this are adapted to produce universal sympathy, that little can be said by any one, but what, in the language of the heart, in tones not loud, but deep, every one present has silently said to himself.

2. My respected friend from Virginia, by whom this offering of patriotic sentiment has been presented to the representative assembly of the nation, has, it seems to me, already said all that can be said suitable to this occasion. In parting from him, as, after a few short days, we must all do, it will, on my part, be sorrowing, that, in all probability, I shall see his face and hear his voice no more. But his words of this day are planted in my memory, and will there remain till the last pulsation of my heart.

3. The sword of Washington ! The staff of Franklin ! O sir, what associations are linked in adamant with these names ! Washington, whose sword, as my friend has said, was never



drawn but in the cause of his country, and never sheathed when wielded in his country's cause ! Franklin, the philosopher of the thunderbolt, the printing press, and the ploughshare ! What names are these in the scanty catalogue of the benefactors of human kind !

4. Washington and Franklin ! What other two men, whose lives belong to the eighteenth century of Christendom, have left a deeper impression of themselves upon the age in which they lived, and upon all after time ?

5. Washington ! the warrior and the legislator ! in war, contending, by the wager of battle, for the independence of his country, and for the freedom of the human race ; ever manifesting, amidst its horrors, by precept and by example, his reverence for the laws of peace, and for the tenderest sympathies of humanity ; — in peace, soothing the ferocious spirit of discord, among his own countrymen, into harmony and union ; and giving to that very sword, now presented to his country, a charm more potent than that attributed in ancient times to the lyre of Orpheus.

6. Franklin ! the mechanic of his own fortune ; teaching, in early youth, under the shackles of indigence, the way to wealth, and, in the shades of obscurity, the path to greatness ; in the maturity of manhood, disarming the thunder of its terrors, the lightning of its fatal blast ; and wresting from the tyrant's hand the still more afflictive sceptre of oppression ; while descending into the vale of years, traversing the Atlantic Ocean, bearing in his hand the charter of independence, which he had contributed to form, and tendering, from the self-created nation to the mightiest monarchs of Europe, the olive-branch of peace, the mercurial wand of commerce, and the amulet of protection and safety to the man of peace, on the pathless ocean, from the inexorable cruelty and merciless rapacity of war ; and, finally, in the last stage of life, with fourscore winters upon his head, under the torture of an incurable disease, returning to his native land, closing his days as the chief magistrate of his adopted commonwealth, after contributing by his counsels, under the presidency of Washington, and recording his name, under the sanction of devout

prayer, to that constitution under the authority of which we are here assembled, as the representatives of the North American people, to receive, in their name and for them, these venerable relics of the wise, the valiant, and the good founders of our great confederated republic, — these sacred symbols of our golden age.

9. May they be deposited among the archives of our government, and every American who shall hereafter behold them, ejaculate a mingled offering of praise to that Supreme Ruler of the universe by whose tender mercies our Union has been hitherto preserved through all the vicissitudes and revolutions of this turbulent world, — and of prayer for the continuance of these blessings to our beloved country, from age to age, till time shall be no more.

*The Fruits of Luxury.* — GOLDSMITH.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey  
The rich man's joys increase, the poor decay,  
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand  
Between a splendid and a happy land.  
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,  
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore ;  
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,  
And rich men flock from all the world around.  
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name  
That leaves our useful product still the same.  
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride  
Takes up a space that many poor supplied ;  
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,  
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds ;  
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth  
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth ;  
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,  
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;  
Around the world each needful product flies,  
For all the luxuries the world supplies.

While thus the land, adorned for pleasure all,  
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall,  
As some fair female, unadorned and plain,  
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,  
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,  
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ;  
But when those charms are passed, — for charms are frail, —  
When time advances, and when lovers fail,  
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,  
In all the glaring impotence of dress.  
Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed,  
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed ;  
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,  
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise ;  
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,  
The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;  
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,  
The country blooms — a garden and a grave.

*The Eloquence of Demosthenes.* — BROUGHAM.

1. Such was Demosthenes, the first of orators. At the head of all the mighty masters of speech, the adoration of ages has consecrated his place ; and the loss of the noble instrument with which he forged and launched his thunders, is sure to maintain it unapproachable forever.

2. If, in such varied and perfect excellence, it is required that the most prominent shall be selected, then doubtless is the palm due to that entire and uninterrupted devotion which throws his whole soul into his subject, and will not ever — no, not for an instant — suffer a rival idea to cross its resistless course, without being swiftly swept away, and driven out of sight, as the most rapid engine annihilates or shoots off whatever approaches it, with a velocity that defies the eye. So, too, there is no coming back on the same ground, any more than any lingering over it.

3. Why should he come back over a territory that he has

already laid waste—where the consuming fire has not left a blade of grass? All is done at once; but the blow is as effectual as it is single, and leaves not any thing to do. There is nothing superfluous—nothing for mere speaking's sake—no topic that can be spared by the exigency of the business in hand; so, too, there seems none that can be added, for every thing is there and in its place.

4. So, in the diction, there is not a word that could be added without weakening, or taken away without marring, or altered without changing its nature and impairing the character of the whole exquisite texture, the work of a consummate art, that never for a moment appears, nor ever suffers the mind to wander from the subject and fix itself on the speaker. All is at each instant moving forward, regardless of every obstacle.

5. The mighty flood of speech rolls on in a channel ever full, but which never overflows. Whether it rushes in a torrent of allusions, or moves along in a majestic exposition of enlarged principles,—descends hoarse and headlong in overwhelming invective, or glides melodious in narrative and description, or spreads itself out, shining in illustration,—its course is ever onward and ever entire—never scattered—never stagnant—never sluggish. At each point manifest progress has been made, and with all that art can do to charm, to strike, and to please.

6. No sacrifice, even the smallest, is ever made to effect; nor can the hearer ever stop, for an instant, to contemplate, or to admire, or throw away a thought upon the great artist, till all is over, and the pause gives time to recover his breath. This is the effect, and the proper effect, of eloquence—it is not the effect of argument. The two may be well combined, but they differ specially from each other.

*Eulogy on J. Q. Adams.* — EVERETT.

1. I may be permitted to recall to your recollection the opening of the twenty-sixth Congress, in December, 1839, when in consequence of a twofold delegation from New Jersey, the house was

unable, for some time, to complete its organization, and presented to the country, and the world, the perilous and discreditable aspect of the assembled representatives of the people unable to form themselves into a constitutional body.

2. Fully to enter into this scene, it must be remembered that there are no two ideas more deeply imbedded in the Anglo-Saxon mind than these — one, the omnipotence of every sovereign parliamentary and congressional body, (I mean, of course, within the limits of its constitutional competence,) and the other, the absolute inability of one of these omnipotent bodies to make the slightest movement, or perform the most indifferent act, except through a formal expression of its will by its duly appointed organs.

3. Now, on first assembling, the house has no officers, and the clerk of the preceding Congress acts, by usage, as chairman of the body, till a speaker is chosen. On this occasion, after reaching the state of New Jersey, the acting clerk declined to proceed in calling the roll, and refused to entertain any of the motions which were made for the purpose of extricating the house from its embarrassment. Many of the ablest and most judicious members had addressed the house in vain; there was nothing but confusion and disorder in prospect.

4. Toward the close of the fourth day, Mr. Adams arose, and expectation waited on his words. Having, by a powerful appeal, brought the yet unorganized assembly to a perception of its hazardous position, he submitted a motion requiring the acting clerk to proceed in calling the roll. This and similar motions had already been made by other members.

5. The difficulty was, the acting clerk declined to entertain them. Accordingly, Mr. Adams was immediately interrupted by a burst of voices — “How shall the question be put?” “Who will put the question?” The voice of Mr. Adams was heard above the tumult — “I intend to put the question myself!” That word brought order out of chaos. There was the master mind.

6. A distinguished member from South Carolina moved that Mr. Adams himself should act as chairman of the body till the



house was organized, and, suiting the action to the word, himself put the motion to the house. It prevailed unanimously, and Mr. Adams was conducted to the chair amidst the irrepressible acclamations of the spectators.

7. Well did Mr. Wise, of Virginia, say, "Sir, I regard it as the proudest hour of your life ; and if, when you shall be gathered to your fathers, I were asked to select the words which, in my judgment, are best calculated to give at once the character of the man, I would inscribe upon your tomb this sentence — '*I will put the question myself.*'"

*From the Same.*

1. The death of such a man is no subject of vulgar sorrow. Domestic affliction itself bows with resignation at an event so mature in its season, so rich in its consolations, so raised into sublimity by the grandeur of the parting scene. Of all the great orators and statesmen in the world, Mr Adams alone has, I think, lived out the full term of a long life in actual service, and died on the field of duty, in the public eye, within the halls of public council. The great majority of public men, who most resemble him, drop away satisfied, perhaps disgusted, as years begin to wane ; many break down at the meridian ; in other times and other countries, not a few have laid their heads on the block.

2. Demosthenes, at the age of sixty, swallowed poison, while the pursuer was knocking at the door of the temple in which he had taken refuge. Cicero, at the age of sixty-four, stretched out his neck from his litter to the hired assassin. Our illustrious fellow-citizen, in the fulness of his years and of his honors, upon a day that was shaking, in Europe, the pillars of a monarchy to the dust, fell calmly at his post, amidst venerating associates, and breathed his last within the Capitol ; —

3. "And, which is best and happiest yet, all this  
With God not parted from him,  
But favoring and assisting to the end.  
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,

Or knock the breast ; no weakness, no contempt,  
Dispraise, or blame, — nothing but well and fair,  
And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

*Rest of Empire.* — MELLEN.

Once more look out upon the slumbering world :  
It is a vision for no coming age ;  
The rainbow, pillowed on the distant clouds,  
Lives but its hour, and fades along the sky ;  
The sun of peace may sink, and night again  
Fall heavily upon the people ; now  
Brightens the vision of philanthropy ;  
The noblest charities are clustering round  
The altar of all Good, and forth, like stars,  
The high affections move in harmony ;  
For thee, for thee, my country, let there be  
No morrow to this day ; but let it last  
As long as lake and mountain, sky and sea —  
As long as virtue lingers on thy shores !  
War has no fellowship with thee : thou art  
Upon that envied pinnacle of power,  
Whence thou canst gaze upon the elements,  
And hear the fearful rushing of the strife,  
Secure upon thy throne of adamant.  
Thou art upon that envied pinnacle,  
From which, to grapple with rude force, thy form  
Must bow itself, and shake its golden hair,  
And scatter all its laurels in the dust.  
Let others fight for pomps and triumphs still, —  
'Tis thine to guard the glory thou hast won !  
War has no fellowship with thee : behold,  
God has put waters on the nations' way,  
And spoken in the voices of the waves —  
" Divide, and be at peace ! " — and before thee  
He rolls a wide, exhaustless ocean out,

That lifts its giant seas like barriers round,  
Proclaiming, in old Nature's eloquence,  
They are the guardians of our Eden land!  
War has no fellowship with thee : thy boast  
Is not the pride of common victories ;  
Thine is the silent march of intellect,  
The conquest of intelligence ; for thee  
Hope weaves her fairest visions, and to thee  
Peace turns her glorious eye, and sings her choral song.  
Land of my heart ! my song shall end with thee.  
O, may the ship that bears thy fortunes, still  
Ride on the waves that gladden round her path,  
With the strong arm of concord at the helm,  
And fear no wreck by trusting over much  
To some o'er-glorious weather, when a change,  
An unseen change of pilots may drive on  
The dim, dark shore of discord and of death.  
Peace be within thy walls ! — thy destiny  
Points onward to a bright inheritance,  
And for futurity, like golden bands  
That stretch in light before a coming sun,  
Glow on the wide horizon of thy years,  
And kindles with new beams the sky of time.  
Peace be within thy walls — thy palaces  
Shall be like this, the temple where we stand ;  
Thy crown shall be thy virtue, and thy fame  
Shall be the tale which coming bards shall tell,  
When, bending o'er their loud, impassioned lyres,  
They wake their chords to liberty and thee !  
When they shall hear the whispering ages say,  
Floating our morning benediction down  
In the low voice of echo to the world,  
Land of the favored free, "Peace be within thy walls !"

*Resistance of Government to Natural Rights impolitic.—*

ERSKINE.

1. Gentlemen, what we read of in books makes but a faint impression upon us, compared to what we see passing under our eyes in the living world. I remember the people of another country, in like manner, contending for a renovation of their constitution, sometimes illegally and turbulently, but still devoted to an honest end.

2. I myself saw the people of Brabant so contending for the ancient constitution of the good duke of Burgundy. How was this people dealt by? All, who were only contending for their own rights and privileges, were supposed to be, of course, disaffected to the emperor: they were handed over to courts constituted for the emergency, as this is, and the emperor marched his army through the country till all was peace — but such peace as there is in Vesuvius or *Ætna*, the very moment before they vomit forth their lava, and roll their conflagrations over the devoted habitations of mankind: when the French approached, the fatal effects were suddenly seen of a government of constraint and terror; the well-affected were dispirited, and the disaffected inflamed into fury.

3. Gentlemen, I venture to affirm, that, with other councils, this fatal prelude to the last revolution in that country might have been averted: if the emperor had been advised to make the concessions of justice and affection to his people, they would have risen in a mass to maintain their prince's authority, interwoven with their own liberties; and the French, the giants of modern times, would, like the giants of antiquity, have been trampled in the mire of their own ambition. In the same manner a far more splendid and important crown passed away from his majesty's illustrious brows—the imperial crown of America.

4. The people of that country, too, for a long season contended as subjects, and often with irregularity and turbulence, for what they felt to be their rights; and O, gentlemen, that the inspiring and immortal eloquence of that man, whose name I have so often

mentioned, had been heard with effect ! What was his language to this country when she sought to lay burdens on America ? — not to support the dignity of the crown, or for the increase of national revenue, but to raise a fund for the purpose of corruption — a fund for maintaining those tribes of hireling skipjacks, which Mr. Tooke so well contrasted with the hereditary nobility of England ! Though America would not bear this imposition, she would have borne any useful or constitutional burden to support the parent state.

5. “For that service, for all service,” said Mr. Burke, “whether of revenue, trade, or empire, my trust is in her interest in the British constitution. My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron.

6. “Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government, — they will cling and grapple to you, and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance.”

*Gratitude due to the Pilgrim Fathers.* — EVERETT.

1. If we turn our thoughts to the grand design with which America was colonized, and the success with which, under Providence, that design has been crowned, I own I find it difficult to express myself in terms of moderation. When I compare our New England, at the present day, with the New England of our fathers, a century and a half ago ; the New England on which this morning's sun rose, with that of the day we commemorate ; when I consider this abundance and prosperity, — these fertile fields, these villages, crowded with a population instinct with activity, hope, and enjoyment ; when I look at the hills cultivated, or covered with flocks, to their summits, and only so much of the forest remaining as ministers to the convenience and use of man ; when I see the roads, the bridges, the canals, the railways, which spread their busy net-work over the face of the country, quicken-



ing into intensity the exchanges of business, and the intercourse of men ; when I see the intellectual, moral, and religious growth of the community, its establishments, its institutions, its social action, and reflect that all this life, enjoyment, and plenty are placed under the invisible protection of the public peace ; when I consider, further, that what we see, and hear, and feel, and touch, of all these blessings, is perhaps the smallest part of them ; that, by the force of our example, by the blessed sympathy of light and truth, the glad tidings of political, of moral, and religious revival are destined to spread to distant regions, and flow down to the remotest generations, out of the living fountain which has been opened here ; — my heart melts within me for grief, that they, the high-souled and long-suffering fathers, — they, the pioneers of the mighty enterprise, — they, the founders of the glorious temple, must die before the sight of all these blessings.

2. O that we could call them back, to see the work of their hands ! O that our poor strains of gratitude could penetrate their tombs ! O that we could quicken into renewed consciousness the brave and precious dust that moulders beneath our feet ! O that they could rise up in the midst of us, the hopeful, the valiant, the self-devoted, and graciously accept these humble offices of commemoration ! But though they tasted not the fruit, they shall not lose the praise of their sacrifice and toils.

3. Ages shall pass away ; the majestic tree which overshadows us shall wither and sink before the blast, and we, who are now gathered beneath it, shall mingle with the honored dust we eulogize ; but the “ Flower of Essex ” shall bloom in undying remembrance ; and with every century, these rites of commemoration shall be repeated, as the lapse of time shall continually develop, in richer abundance, the fruits of what was done and suffered by our fathers !

*The Curse of a Bad Government.* — BURKE.

1. Gentlemen, bad laws are the worst kind of tyranny. In such a country as this, they are of all bad things the worst, — worse by far than any where else ; and they derive a particular malignity even from the wisdom and soundness of the rest of our institutions. For very obvious reasons, you cannot trust the crown with a dispensing power over any of your laws. However, a government, be it as bad as it may, will, in the exercise of a discretionary power, discriminate times and persons, and will not ordinarily pursue any man, when its own safety is not concerned.

2. A mercenary informer knows no distinction. Under such a system, the obnoxious people are slaves not only to the government, but they live at the mercy of every individual ; they are at once the slaves of the whole community and of every part of it ; and the worst and most unmerciful men are those on whose goodness they most depend.

3. In this situation, men not only shrink from the frowns of a stern magistrate, but they are obliged to fly from their very species. The seeds of destruction are sown in civil intercourse, in social habitudes. The blood of wholesome kindred is infected. Their tables and beds are surrounded with snares. All the means given by Providence to make life safe and comfortable, are perverted into instruments of terror and torment.

4. This species of universal subserviency, that makes the very servant, who waits behind your chair, the arbiter of your life and fortune, has such a tendency to degrade and abuse mankind, and to deprive them of that assured and liberal state of mind, which alone can make us what we ought to be, that I solemnly declare, I would sooner bring myself to put a man to immediate death for opinions I disliked, and so get rid of the man and his opinions at once, than to fret him with a feverish being, tainted with the jail distemper of a contagious servitude — to keep him above ground, an animated mass of putrefaction, corrupted himself, and corrupting all about him.

*The Death of Marmion.* — SCOTT.

Straight up the hill there rode  
Two horsemen, drenched with gore,  
And in their arms a helpless load,  
A wounded knight, they bore.  
His hand still strained the broken brand ;  
His arms were smeared with blood and sand.  
Dragged from among the horses' feet,  
With dinted shield, and hemlet beat,  
The falcon-crest and plumage gone, —  
Can that be haughty Marmion ?  
Young Blount his armor did unlace,  
And, gazing on his ghastly face,  
Said, " By Saint George, he's gone !  
The spear-wound has our master sped ;  
And see the deep cut on his head ;  
Good night to Marmion."  
" Unnurtured Blount, thy brawling cease :  
He opes his eyes," said Eustace, " peace !"  
When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,  
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare ; —  
" Where's Harry Blount ? Fitz-Eustace where ?  
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare ?  
Redeem my pennon, — charge again ! —  
Yet my last thought is England's. Fly  
To Dacre, bear my signet-ring ;  
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.  
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie :  
Tunstall lies dead upon the field ;  
His life-blood stains the spotless shield :  
Edmund is down ; — my life is reft ; —  
The admiral alone is left.  
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire, —  
With Chester charge, and Lancashire, —

Full upon Scotland's central host,  
Or victory and England's lost.  
Must I bid twice? Hence, varlets! fly!  
Leave Marmion here alone — to die.”  
They parted, and alone he lay;  
Clare drew her from the sight away,  
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,  
And half he murmured, — “Is there none,  
Of all my halls have nursed,  
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring  
Of blessed water from the spring,  
To slake my dying thirst!” —  
O woman! in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light, quivering aspen made, —  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou! —  
Scarce were the piteous accents said,  
When, with the baron's casque, the maid  
To the nigh streamlet ran;  
Forgot her hatred, wrongs, and fears;  
The plaintive voice alone she hears,  
Sees but the dying man.  
She filled the helm, and back she hied,  
And with surprise and joy espied  
A monk supporting Marmion's head;  
A pious man, whom duty brought  
To dubious verge of battle fought,  
To shrive the dying, bless the dead.  
Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,  
And, as he stooped his brow to lave, —  
“Is it the hand of Clare,” he said,  
“Or injured Constance, bathes my head?”  
Then, as remembrance rose, —  
“Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!

I must redress her woes.  
Short space, few words, are mine to spare ;  
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare ! ”  
“ Alas ! ” she said, “ the while,  
O think of your immortal weal !  
In vain for Constance is your zeal ;  
She died at Holy Isle.”  
Lord Marmion started from the ground,  
As light as if he felt no wound ;  
Though in the action burst the tide  
In torrents from his wounded side.  
“ Then it was truth ! ” he said ; “ I knew  
That the dark presage must be true. —  
I would the fiend, to whom belongs  
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,  
Would spare me but a day !  
For wasting fire, and dying groan,  
And priest slain on the altar-stone,  
Might bribe him for delay !  
It may not be ! — this dizzy trance —  
Curse on yon base marauder’s lance,  
And doubly cursed my failing brand !  
A sinful heart makes feeble hand.”  
Then, fainting, down on the earth he sunk,  
Supported by the trembling monk.  
The wars that for a space did fail,  
Now trebly thundering, swelled the gale,  
And, “ Stanley ! ” was the cry ; —  
A light on Marmion’s visage spread,  
And fired his glazing eye :  
With dying hand, above his head  
He shook the fragment of his blade,  
And shouted, “ Victory ! —  
Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley, on ! ”  
Were the last words of Marmion.



*The Silent Power of Moral Causes.* — EVERETT.

1. Let him who is inclined to distrust the efficiency of the social and moral causes which are quietly at work for the improvement of the nations, reflect on the phenomena of the natural world. Whence come the waters, which swell the vast current of the great rivers, and fill up the gulfs of the bottomless deep? Have they not all gone up to the clouds, in a most thin and unseen vapor, from the wide surface of land and sea?

2. Have not these future billows, on which navies are soon to be tossed, in which the great monsters of the deep will disport themselves, been borne aloft on the bosom of a fleecy cloud,—chased by a breeze,—with scarce enough of substance to catch the hues of a sunbeam;—and have they not descended, sometimes, indeed, in drenching rain, but far more diffusively in dewdrops, and gentle showers, and feathery snows, over the expanse of a continent, and been gathered successively into the slender rill, the brook, the placid stream, till they grew, at last, into the mighty river, pouring down its tributary floods into the unfathomed ocean?

3. Yes! let him who wishes to understand the power of the principles at work for the improvement of our race,—if he cannot comprehend their vigor in the schools of learning,—if he cannot see the promise of their efficiency in the very character of the human mind,—if, in the page of history, sacred and profane, checkered with vicissitude as it is, he cannot, nevertheless, behold the clear indications of a progressive nature, let him accompany the missionary bark to the Sandwich Islands.

4. He will there behold a people sunk, till within fifteen years, in the depths of savage and heathen barbarity, indebted to the intercourse of the civilized world for nothing but wasting disease and degrading vices, placed by Providence in a garden of fertility and plenty, but, by revolting systems of tyranny and superstition, kept in a state of want, corruption, war, and misery.

5. The Christian benevolence of a private American association casts its eyes upon them. Three or four individuals, without

power, without arms, without funds, except such as the frugal resources of private benevolence could furnish them,—strong only in pious resolutions and the strength of a righteous cause,—land on these remote islands, and commence the task of a moral and spiritual reform.

6. If ever there was a chimerical project in the eyes of worldly wisdom, this was one. If this enterprise is feasible, tell me what is not! Within less than half the time usually assigned to a generation of men, sixty thousand of individuals, in a population of one hundred and fifty thousand, have been taught the elements of human learning.

7. Whole tribes of savages have demolished their idols, abandoned their ancient cruel superstitions and barbarous laws, and adopted some of the best institutions of civilization and Christianity. It would, I think, be difficult to find, in the pages of history, the record of a moral improvement, of equal extent, effected in a space of time so inconsiderable, and furnishing so striking an exemplification of the power of the means at work, at the present day, for the education and improvement of man.

*Conquest of Canada.* — RANDOLPH.

1. I cannot refrain from smiling at the liberality of the gentleman in giving Canada to New York, in order to strengthen the northern balance of power; while, at the same time, he forewarns her that the western scale must preponderate. I can almost fancy that I see the Capitol in motion towards the falls of the Ohio; after a short sojourn, taking its flight to the Mississippi, and finally alighting on Darien; which, when the gentleman's dreams are realized, will be a most eligible seat of government for the new republic (or empire) of the two Americas!

2. But it seems, that "in 1808 we talked and acted foolishly;" and, to give some color of consistency to that folly, we must now commit a greater. Really I cannot conceive of a weaker reason, offered in support of a present measure, than the justification of a former folly. I hope we shall act a wise part, take warning by

our follies, since we have become sensible of them, and resolve to talk and act foolishly no more. It is, indeed, high time to give over such preposterous language and proceedings.

3. This war of conquest, a war for the acquisition of territory and subjects, is to be a new commentary on the doctrine that republicans are destitute of ambition ; that they are addicted to peace, wedded to the happiness and safety of the great body of their people. But, it seems, this is to be a holiday campaign : there is to be no expense of blood, or treasure, on our part ; Canada is to conquer herself ; she is to be subdued by the principles of fraternity ! The people of that country are first to be seduced from their allegiance, and converted into traitors, as preparatory to making them good citizens ! Although I must acknowledge that some of our flaming patriots were thus manufactured, I do not think the process would hold good with a whole community.

4. It is a dangerous experiment. We are to succeed in the French mode, by the system of fraternization — all is French ! But how dreadfully it might be retorted on the southern and western slaveholding states ! I detest this subornation of treason. No ; if we must have them, let them fall by the valor of our arms ; by fair, legitimate conquest ; not become the victims of treacherous seduction.

*Human Frailty.* — H. K. WHITE.

Where are the heroes of the ages past ?  
Where the brave chieftains, where the mighty ones  
Who flourished in the infancy of days ?  
All to the grave gone down. On their fallen fame  
Exultant, mocking at the pride of man,  
Sits grim *Forgetfulness*. The warrior's arm  
Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame ;  
Hushed is his stormy voice, and quenched the blaze  
Of his red eyeball. Yesterday his name  
Was mighty on the earth ; to-day, 'tis what ?  
The meteor of the night of distant years,

That flashed unnoticed save by wrinkled Eld,  
Musing at midnight upon prophecies,  
Who at her lonely lattice saw the gleam  
Point to the mist-poised shroud, then quietly  
Closed her pale lips, and locked the secret up  
Safe in the charnel's treasures.

O, how weak  
Is mortal man ! how trifling ! how confined  
His scope of vision ! Puffed with confidence,  
His phrase grows big with immortality,  
And he — poor insect of a summer's day —  
Dreams of eternal honors to his name,  
Of endless glory and perennial bays.  
He idly reasons of eternity  
As of the train of ages, — when, alas !  
Ten thousand thousand of his centuries  
Are, in comparison, a little point,  
Too trivial for account. O, it is strange,  
'Tis passing strange, to mark his fallacies.  
Behold him proudly view some pompous pile,  
Whose high dome swells to emulate the skies,  
And smile, and say, " My name shall live with this  
Till time shall be no more ;" while at his feet,  
Yea, at his very feet, the crumbling dust  
Of the fallen fabric of the other day  
Preaches the solemn lesson. — He *should* know  
That time must conquer ; that the loudest blast,  
That ever filled Renown's obstreperous trump,  
Fades in the lapse of ages, and expires.  
Who lies inhumed in the terrific gloom  
Of the gigantic pyramid ? or who  
Reared its huge walls ? Oblivion laughs, and says,  
The prey is mine. They sleep, and never more  
Their names shall strike upon the ear of man ;  
Their memory bursts its fetters.

*The Happiness and Dignity of the Unaspiring Citizen.*

PROFESSOR HADDOCK.

1. There is a simple dignity, above all accidental distinctions, in him who neither seeks office as an honor, nor shuns it as a duty. The condition is enviable, which titles cannot dignify nor applause make happier. If this condition is ever realized, it must be in the AMERICAN CITIZEN,—the sensible, reasonable, independent farmer, mechanic, or gentleman.

2. Whether he breathe our wholesome mountain airs, or prefer the stir and fever of the city, he is the last man in the world to be haunted and tortured with the lust of office. He whose heart, unquiet and dissatisfied, is yearning for something in the power of the people to bestow, is equally ignorant of his blessings and his dangers. Happy the man, who, with talents that cannot be obscured, yet courts retirement, and, conscious of virtues, yet covets neither station nor distinction; who quietly enjoys immunities for which he invokes no power but Heaven, and patiently and cheerfully fills a private station.

3. And happy will it be for the country, if no false notion of respectability, no foolish pride, no chimerical ideas of enjoyment, induce a more general discontent with the rewards of ordinary life. A dreamy impatience for promotion, restlessness amidst fountains of plenty, betray feelings incapable of being satisfied in any state, and with any measure of good. A nation of office-seekers can hardly be a nation of honest men; certainly not a quiet or a happy nation.

*Character of Rousseau.* — CARLYLE.

1. Of Rousseau and his heroism I cannot say so much. He is not what I call a strong man. A morbid, excitable, spasmodic man; at best, intense rather than strong. He had not "the talent of silence," an invaluable talent; which few Frenchmen, or indeed men of any sort in these times, excel in! The suffering man ought really "to consume his own smoke;" there is no



good in emitting *smoke* till you have made it into *fire*, — which, in the metaphorical sense too, all smoke is capable of becoming !

2. Rousseau has not depth or width, not calm force for difficulty ; the first characteristic of true greatness. A fundamental mistake to call vehemence and rigidity strength ! A man is not strong who takes convulsion-fits ; though six men cannot hold him then. He that can walk under the heaviest weight without staggering, he is the strong man. We need, forever, especially in these loud-shrieking days, to remind ourselves of that. A man who cannot *hold his peace*, till the time come for speaking and acting, is no right man.

3. Poor Rousseau's face is, to me, expressive of him. A high, but narrow, contracted intensity in it ; bony brows ; deep, straight-set eyes, in which there is something bewildered-looking, — bewildered, peering with lynx eagerness. A face full of misery, even ignoble misery, and also of the antagonism against that ; something mean, plebeian there, redeemed only by *intensity* : the face of what is called a fanatic, — a sadly *contracted* hero !

4. We name him here, because, with all his drawbacks, — and they are many, — he has the first and chief characteristic of a hero : he is heartily *in earnest* ; in earnest, if ever man was ; as none of these French philosophers were. Nay, one would say, of an earnestness too great for his otherwise sensitive, rather feeble nature ; and which indeed in the end drove him into the strangest incoherences, almost delirations. There had come, at last, to be a kind of madness in him : his ideas *possessed* him like demons ; hurried him so about, drove him over steep places !

5. Of Rousseau's literary talents, greatly celebrated, still, among his countrymen, I do not say much. — His books, like himself, are what I call unhealthy ; not the good sort of books. There is a sensuality in Rousseau. Combined with such an intellectual gift as his, it makes pictures of a certain gorgeous attractiveness ; but they are not genuinely poetical. Not white sunlight ; something *operatic* ; a kind of rose pink, artificial bedizenment. It is frequent, or rather universal, among the French, since his time. Madame de Staël has something of it ; St. Pierre ; and

down onwards to the present astonishing convulsionsary "literature of desperation," it is every where abundant.

6. That same *rose pink* is not the right hue. Look at Shakspeare, at a Goethe, even at a Walter Scott! He who has once seen into this, has seen the difference of the true from the sham-true, and will discriminate them ever afterwards.

*From a Speech on the Occasion of receiving a Message of the President, vetoing the Bill for the Establishment of a New Bank. — CLAY.*

1. On a former occasion I stated, that in the event of an unfortunate difference of opinion between the legislative and executive departments, the point of difference might be developed, and it would be then seen whether they could be brought to coincide in any measure corresponding with the public hopes and expectations. I regret that the president has not, in this message, favored us with a more clear and explicit exhibition of his views. It is sufficiently manifest that he is decidedly opposed to the establishment of a new Bank of the United States, formed after the two old models. I think it is fairly to be inferred, that the plan of the secretary of the treasury could not have received his sanction.

2. And I understand that some of our friends are now considering the practicability of arranging and passing a bill in conformity with the views of the president. Whilst I regret that I can take no active part in such an experiment, and must reserve to myself the right of determining, whether I can or cannot vote for such a bill after I see it in its matured form, I assure my friends that they shall find no obstacle or impediment in me. On the contrary, I say to them, Go on : God speed you in any measure which will serve the country, and preserve or restore harmony and concert between the departments of government. An executive veto of a Bank of the United States is an event which was not anticipated by the political friends of the president ; certainly not by me. But it has come upon us with tremendous weight,

and amidst the greatest excitement within and without the metropolis.

3. The question now is, What shall be done? What, under this most embarrassing and unexpected state of things, will our constituents expect of us? What is required by the duty and dignity of congress? I repeat, that if, after a careful examination of the executive message, a bank can be devised which will afford any remedy to existing evils, and secure the president's approbation, let the project of such a bank be presented. It shall encounter no opposition, if it should receive no support, from me. But what further shall we do?

4. Never, since I have enjoyed the honor of participating in the public councils of the nation,—a period of now nearly thirty-five years,—have I met congress under more happy or more favorable auspices. Never have I seen a house of representatives animated by more patriotic dispositions, more united, more determined, more business-like. Not even that house which declared war in 1812, nor that which, in 1815-16, laid broad and deep foundations of national prosperity, in adequate provisions for the payment of the national debt, and for the protection of American industry.

5. This house has solved the problem of the competency of a large deliberative body to transact the public business. If happily there had existed a concurrence of opinion and cordial coöperation between the different departments of government and all the members of the party, we should have carried every measure contemplated at the extra session, which the people had a right to expect from our pledges, and should have been, by this time, at our respective homes.

6. We are disappointed in one, and an important one, of that series of measures; but shall we therefore despair? Shall we abandon ourselves to unworthy feelings and sentiments? Shall we allow ourselves to be transported by rash and intemperate passions and counsels? Shall we adjourn, and go home in disgust? No! No! No! A higher, nobler, and more patriotic

career lies before us. Let us here, at the east end of Pennsylvania Avenue, do our duty, our whole duty, and nothing short of our whole duty, towards our common country.

*Duelling.* — BEECHER.

1. And now let me ask you solemnly, Will you persist in your attachment to these guilty men? Will you any longer, either deliberately or thoughtlessly, vote for them? Will you renounce allegiance to your Maker, and cast the Bible behind your back? Will you confide in men void of the fear of God and destitute of moral principle? Will you intrust life to murderers — liberty to despots? Are you patriots, and will you constitute those legislators who despise you, and despise equal laws, and wage war with the eternal principles of justice?

2. Are you Christians, and by upholding duellists will you deluge the land with blood, and fill it with widows and orphans? Will you aid in the prostration of justice — in the escape of criminals — in the extinction of liberty? Will you place in the chair of state, in the senate, on the bench of justice, or in the assembly, men, who, if able, would murder you for speaking truth? Shall your elections turn on expert shooting, and your deliberative bodies become a host of armed men? Will you destroy public morality by tolerating, yea, rewarding the most infamous crimes? Will you teach your children that there is no guilt in murder? Will you instruct them to think lightly of duelling, and train them up to destroy or to be destroyed in the bloody field? Will you bestow your suffrage, when you know that by withholding it you may arrest this deadly evil? — when this, too, is the only way in which it can be done, and when the present is perhaps the only period in which resistance can avail — when the remedy is so easy, so entirely in your power — and when God, if you do not punish these guilty men, will most inevitably punish you?

3. If the widows and the orphans, which this wasting evil has created and is yearly multiplying, might all stand before you, could you witness their tears — listen to their details of anguish?

Should they point to the murderers of their fathers, their husbands, and their children, and lift up their voice and implore your aid to arrest an evil which has made them desolate, could you disregard their cry? Before their eyes, could you approach the poll, and patronize by your vote the destroyers of their peace? Had you beheld a dying father conveyed bleeding and agonizing to his distracted family — had you heard their piercing shrieks and witnessed their frantic agony — would you reward the savage man who had plunged them in distress? Had the duellist destroyed your neighbor — had your own father been killed by the man who solicits your suffrage — had your son been brought to your door, pale in death, and weltering in blood, laid low by his hand — would you then think the crime a small one? Would you honor with your confidence, and elevate to power by your vote, the guilty monster? And what would you think of your neighbors, if, regardless of your agony, they should reward him? And yet such scenes of unutterable anguish are multiplied every year.

4. Every year the duellist is cutting down the neighbor of somebody. Every year, and many times in the year, a father is brought dead or dying to his family, or a son laid breathless at the feet of his parents. And every year you are patronizing by your votes the men who commit these crimes, and looking with cold indifference upon, and even mocking, the sorrows of your neighbor. Beware — I admonish you solemnly to beware; and especially such of you as have promising sons preparing for active life, lest, having no feeling for the sorrows of another, you be called to weep for your own sorrow; lest your sons fall by the hand of the very murderer you vote for, or by the hand of some one whom his example has trained to the work of blood.

5. With such considerations before you, why, in the name of Heaven, do you wish to vote for such men? What have they done for you, what can they do, that better men cannot as happily accomplish? And will you incur all this guilt, and hazard all these consequences, for nothing? Have you no religion, no conscience, no love to your country? no attachment to liberty,



no humanity, no sympathy, no regard to your own welfare in this life, and no fear of consequences in the life to come? O my countrymen, awake! Awake to crimes which are your disgrace — to miseries which know not a limit — to judgments which will make you desolate.

*Character of the Puritans.*—MACAULAY.

1. The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face.

2. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from Him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems, crowns of glory which should never fade away!

3. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they

looked down with contempt ; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged ; on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest ; who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away.

4. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelists and the harp of the prophet. He had been rescued by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God !

5. The Puritans brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors, and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means.

6. They went through the world like St. Artegaes's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities ; insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain ;

not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

7. Such we believe to have been the character of the Puritans. We perceive the absurdity of their manners; we dislike the gloom of their domestic habits; we acknowledge that the tone of their minds was often injured by straining after things too high for mortal reach; and we know that, in spite of their hatred of Popery, they too often fell into the vices of that bad system, intolerance and extravagant austerity. Yet, when all circumstances are taken into consideration, we do not hesitate to pronounce them a brave, a wise, an honest, and a useful body.

*Death of Hamilton.* — NOTT.

1. A short time since, and he who is the occasion of our sorrows was the ornament of his country. He stood on an eminence, and glory covered him. From that eminence he has fallen — suddenly, forever fallen. His intercourse with the living world is now ended; and those who would hereafter find him must seek him in the grave. There, cold and lifeless is the heart which just now was the seat of friendship. There, dim and sightless is the eye whose radiant and enlivening orb beamed with intelligence; and there, closed forever are those lips on whose persuasive accents we have so often and so lately hung with transport.

2. From the darkness which rests upon his tomb there proceeds, methinks, a light in which it is clearly seen that those gaudy objects which men pursue are only phantoms. In this light how dimly shines the splendor of victory — how humble appears the majesty of grandeur! The bubble which seemed to have so much solidity has burst; and we again see that all below the sun is vanity.

3. True, the funeral eulogy has been pronounced. The sad and solemn procession has moved. The badge of mourning has already been decreed, and presently the sculptured marble will

lift up its front, proud to perpetuate the name of Hamilton, and rehearse to the passing traveller his virtues.

4. Just tributes of respect! and to the living useful. But to him, mouldering in his narrow and humble habitation, what are they? How vain! how unavailing! Approach and behold, while I lift from his sepulchre its covering. Ye admirers of his greatness, ye emulous of his talents and his fame, approach, and behold him now. How pale! how silent! No martial bands admire the adroitness of his movements. No fascinated throng weep—and melt—and tremble at his eloquence. Amazing change! A shroud! a coffin! a narrow, subterraneous cabin! This is all that now remains of Hamilton! And is this all that remains of him? During a life so transitory, what lasting monument, then, can our fondest hopes erect?

5. My brethren, we stand on the borders of an awful gulf, which is swallowing up all things human. And is there, amidst this universal wreck, nothing stable, nothing abiding, nothing immortal, on which poor, frail, dying man can fasten?

6. Ask the hero, ask the statesman, whose wisdom you have been accustomed to revere, and he will tell you. He will tell you, did I say? He has already told you from his deathbed, and his illumined spirit still whispers from the heavens, with well-known eloquence, the solemn admonition—

7. “Mortals! hastening to the tomb, and once the companions of my pilgrimage, take warning, and avoid my errors. Cultivate the virtues I have recommended—choose the Savior I have chosen—live disinterestedly—live for immortality; and would you rescue any thing from final dissolution, lay it up in God.”

*Thunder-Storm.* — IRVING.

1. They came to the highlands. It was the latter part of a calm, sultry day, that they floated gently with the tide between these stern mountains. There was that perfect quiet which prevails over nature in the languor of summer heat; the turning of a

plank, or the accidental falling of an oar on deck, was echoed from the mountain side, and reverberated along the shores ; and if by chance the captain gave a shout of command, there were airy tongues that mocked it from every cliff.

2. I gazed about me in mute delight and wonder at these scenes of nature's magnificence. To the left, the Dunderberg reared its woody precipices, height over height, forest over forest, away into the deep summer sky. To the right strutted forth the bold promontory of Antony's Nose, with a solitary eagle wheeling about it ; while beyond, mountain succeeded to mountain, until they seemed to lock their arms together, and confine this mighty river in their embraces. There was a feeling of quiet luxury in gazing at the broad, green bosoms here and there scooped out among the precipices ; or at woodlands high in air, nodding over the edge of some beetling bluff, and their foliage all transparent in the yellow sunshine.

3. In the midst of my admiration, I remarked a pile of bright, snowy clouds peering above the western heights. It was succeeded by another and another, each seemingly pushing onwards its predecessor, and towering, with dazzling brilliancy, in the deep blue atmosphere ; and now muttering peals of thunder were faintly heard rolling behind the mountains. The river, hitherto still and glassy, reflecting pictures of the sky and land, now showed a dark ripple at a distance, as the breeze came creeping up it. The fish-hawks wheeled and screamed, and sought their nests on the high, dry trees ; the crows flew clamorously to the crevices of the rocks, and all nature seemed conscious of the approaching thunder-gust.

4. The clouds now rolled in volumes over the mountain tops ; their summits still bright and snowy, but the lower parts of an inky blackness. The rain began to patter down in broad and scattered drops ; the wind freshened, and curled up the waves : at length it seemed as if the bellying clouds were torn open by the mountain tops, and complete torrents of rain came rattling down. The lightning leaped from cloud to cloud, and streamed quivering against the rocks, splitting and rending the stoutest



forest-trees. The thunder burst in tremendous explosions; the peals were echoed from mountain to mountain; they crashed upon Dunderberg, and rolled up the long defile of the highlands, each headland making a new echo, until old Bull Hill seemed to bellow back the storm.

5. For a time the scudding rack and mist, and the sheeted rain, almost hid the landscape from the sight. There was a fearful gloom, illumined still more fearfully by the streams of lightning which glittered among the rain-drops. Never had I beheld such an absolute warring of the elements; it seemed as if the storm was tearing and rending its way through this mountain defile, and had brought all the artillery of heaven into action.

*Overthrow of the Apostate Angels.* — MILTON.

So spake the Son, and into terror changed  
His countenance, too severe to be beheld,  
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.  
At once the Four spread out their starry wings,  
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs  
Of his fierce chariot rolled as with the sound  
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.  
He on his impious foes right onward drove,  
Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels  
The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,  
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon  
Among them he arrived, in his right hand  
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent  
Before him, such as in their souls infixed  
Plagues; they, astonished, all resistance lost,  
All courage; down their idle weapons dropped,  
O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode,  
Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,  
That wished the mountains now might be again  
Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.  
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell

His arrows, from the fourfold-visaged Four  
Distinct with eyes ; and from the living wheels  
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes ;  
One spirit in them ruled, and every eye  
Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire  
Among th' accursed, that withered all their strength,  
And of their wonted vigor left them drained,  
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen.  
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but checked  
His thunder in mid volley ; for he meant  
Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven :  
The overthrown he raised, and, as a herd  
Of goats or timorous flock together thronged,  
Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursued  
With terrors, and with furies, to the bounds  
And crystal wall of heaven, which, opening wide,  
Rolled inward, and a spacious gap disclosed  
Into the wasteful deep ; the monstrous sight  
Struck them with horror backward, but far worse  
Urged them behind ; headlong themselves they threw  
Down from the verge of heaven ; eternal wrath  
Burned after them to the bottomless pit.

Hell heard the unsufferable noise, hell saw  
Heaven ruining from heaven, and would have fled  
Affrighted ; but strict Fate had cast too deep  
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.  
Nine days they fell ; confounded Chaos roared,  
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall  
Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout  
Encumbered him with ruin : hell at last,  
Yawning, received them whole, and on them closed ;  
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire  
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.  
Disburdened heaven rejoiced, and soon repaired  
Her mural breach, returning whence it rolled.

Sole victor, from the expulsion of his foes,

Messiah his triumphal chariot turned ;  
To meet him all his saints, who silent stood  
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,  
With jubilee advanced ; and, as they went,  
Shaded with branching palm, each order, bright,  
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,  
Son, Heir, and Lord ! to him dominion given,  
Worthiest to reign : he, celebrated, rode  
Triumphant through mid heaven, into the courts  
And temple of his mighty Father, throned  
On high ; who into glory him received,  
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

*The true Picture of Man.* — YOUNG.

A part how small of the terraqueous globe  
Is tenanted by man ! the rest a waste,  
Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands ;  
Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death.  
Such is earth's melancholy map ! but, far  
More sad ! this earth is a true map of man.  
So bounded are its haughty lord's delights  
To woe's wide empire ; where deep troubles toss,  
Loud sorrows howl, envenomed passions bite,  
Ravenous calamities our vitals seize,  
And threatening fate wide opens to devour.

What then am I, who sorrow for myself ?  
In age, in infancy, from others' aid  
Is all our hope ; to teach us to be kind,  
That nature's first, last lesson to mankind.  
The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels :  
More generous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts ;  
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.  
Nor virtue, more than prudence, bids me give  
Swollen thought a second channel : who divide,  
They weaken too, the torrent of their grief.

Take then, O world ! thy much indebted tear :  
How sad a sight is human happiness,  
To those whose thought can pierce beyond an hour !  
O thou, whate'er thou art, whose heart exults,  
Wouldst thou I should congratulate thy fate ?  
I know thou wouldst ; thy pride demands it from me.  
Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs,  
The salutary censure of a friend.  
Thou happy wretch ! by blindness thou art blest ;  
By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles.  
Know, smiler ! at thy peril art thou pleased ;  
Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.  
Misfortune, like a creditor severe,  
But rises in demand for her delay ;  
She makes a scourge of past prosperity,  
To sting thee more, and double thy distress.

Lorenzo, Fortune makes her court to thee :  
Thy fond heart dances, while the siren sings.  
Dear is thy welfare ; think me not unkind ;  
I would not damp, but to secure, thy joys.  
Think not that fear is sacred to the storm :  
Stand on thy guard against the smiles of fate.  
Is heaven tremendous in its frowns ? Most sure ;  
And in its favors formidable too :  
Its favors here are trials, not rewards ;  
A call to duty, not discharge from care ;  
And should alarm us, full as much as woes.  
Awake us to their cause, and consequence ;  
O'er our scanned conduct give a jealous eye,  
And make us tremble, weighed with our desert ;  
Awe Nature's tumult, and chastise her joys,  
Lest, while we clasp, we kill them ; nay, invert  
To worse than simple misery their charms.  
Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,  
Like bosom friendships to resentment soured,  
With rage envenomed rise against our peace.

Beware what earth calls happiness : beware  
 All joys, but joys that never can expire.  
 Who builds on less than an immortal base,  
 Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.

Mine died with thee, Philander ! thy last sigh  
 Dissolved the charm : the disenchanted earth  
 Lost all her lustre. Where her glittering towers ?  
 Her golden mountains, where ? All darkened down  
 To naked waste ; a dreary vale of tears ;  
 The great magician 's dead ! Thou poor, pale piece  
 Of outcast earth in darkness ! what a change  
 From yesterday ! Thy darling hope so near,  
 (Long-labored prize !) O, how ambition flushed  
 Thy glowing cheek ! ambition truly great,  
 Of virtuous praise. Death's subtle seed within,  
 (Sly, treacherous miner !) working in the dark,  
 Smiled at thy well-concerted scheme, and beckoned  
 The worm to riot on that rose so red,  
 Unfaded ere it fell : one moment's prey !

*Rienzi's Address to the Romans.* — MITFORD.

I come not here to talk. Ye know too well  
 The story of our thralldom. We are slaves !  
 The bright sun rises to his course, and lights  
 A race of slaves ! He sets, and his last beam  
 Falls on a slave, not such as, swept along  
 By the full tide of power, the conqueror led  
 To crimson glory and undying fame ;  
 But base, ignoble slaves — slaves to a horde  
 Of petty tyrants, feudal despots ! lords  
 Rich in some dozen paltry villages —  
 Strong in some hundred spearmen — only great  
 In that strange spell — a name.

I, that speak to ye,  
 I had a brother once — a gracious boy,



Full of gentleness, of calmest hope,  
Of sweet and quiet joy ; there was the look  
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give  
To the beloved disciple. How I loved  
That gracious boy ! Younger by fifteen years,  
Brother, at once, and son ! He left my side,  
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile  
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour  
The pretty, harmless boy was slain ! I saw  
The corse, the mangled corse ! and then I cried  
For vengeance.

Rouse, ye Romans ! Rouse, ye slaves !  
Have ye brave sons ? Look in the next fierce brawl  
To see them die. Have ye fair daughters ? Look  
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,  
Dishonored ; and, if ye dare call for justice,  
Be answered by the lash. Yet this is Rome,  
That sat on seven hills, and, from her throne  
Of beauty, ruled the world ! Yet we are Romans !  
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman  
Was greater than a king ! And once again, —  
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread  
Of either Brutus ! — once again, I swear,  
The eternal city shall be free, her sons  
Shall walk with princes.

*Death of General Harrison.* — PROFESSOR HADDOCK.

1. Such was the man we mourn. Personal popularity raised him to the lofty eminence which personal merit adorned and dignified. The circumstances of his death are of that class which sometimes give to real history an air of romance, and a pathos beyond the power of imagination itself to equal.

2. The hero and the politician had, twelve years before, retired from the scenes of public life to his quiet farm-house on the Ohio, to repose, at last, from a life of hazard and responsibility longer

and more eventful than falls to the lot of most men. There, without a dream of future honors, or a thought of higher duties, he was personally tilling his humble acres, in humble garb, by day, and resting by night in slumbers which no care disturbed.

2. By an unexpected turn of events, his name was mentioned among the candidates for the first office in his country. As if there had been some magic in the sound, the hero of Tippecanoe, the farmer of North Bend, the good man of the West, rose on the breath of popular enthusiasm, as on the bosom of a swelling sea, to the sublime height of power. Enthroned in the affections of millions, and robed in authority, he had just time to publish his principles of administration, and collect his cabinet around him; and, at the very moment of his triumph, while an expectant and confiding people were yet gazing on the spectacle, touched by death, he melted away, like a snowflake in the sun. Within one brief month was he conducted by exulting multitudes, with pæans and floating banners, to the summit of earthly ambition, and, by the same multitudes, in weeds and tears, borne down to the lowly and dark house appointed for all the living.

4. Power, empire, glory! What are ye all? O, there are moments when the offices and honors of this world appear like the bright exhalations of a summer's morning,—as unsubstantial and as transient. And yet it is a noble life to live. There is a true greatness,—real and imperishable. The man dies. But there are greater objects than to live. It is not all of life to live. The fame of honorable deeds is a perennial beneficence. The consciousness of high and pure aims, the memory of worthy actions,—over these death hath no power.

*Equality in Rank necessary to Friendship.*—KENYON.

“He who would taste of true felicity,”

Quoth Martial, “let his friends his equals be,”—

“Pares Amici,”—which Servilio hears,

And inly renders, “Let your friends be peers.”

Servilio — thus I mask a once-loved name —  
Be he our type ; the race are all the same ;  
With whom through childhood's trusting bowers I strayed,  
Conversed with schoolboy earnestness, or played ;  
Our young affections wreathed in strictest twine ;  
Of his love jealous ; all his quarrels mine ;  
And still we loved, as years familiar ran,  
From childhood up to youth, from youth to man.  
Servilio scarcely knows my name of late ;  
Servilio, now, may only know the great.

On a low pony asked, as suits, to ride,  
Him late I saw, with pity for his pride,  
Straining, in vain, behind the spanking blood,  
And happy to receive his lordship's mud.  
For days his grace's well-watched pathway trod,  
A bow perchance he wrests, or wins a nod ;  
Then, home returned, his own full pride he wakes,  
Bows like the duke, and gives the nod he takes.

You meet Servilio with his only boy,  
A very dream of love ! a living joy !  
“ Why, 'tis a cherub every heart to stir —  
Your own sweet child ? ” — “ Sir Simon's godchild, sir.”  
Ignobly proud to tell the honor done,  
And happier in the sponsor than the son !

Such are the tribe in grandeur's skirts who nest,  
And soil, with reptile crawl, his ermine vest.  
Keep us alike from cold and fawning friends.  
Where flattery begins, there friendship ends.  
Friendless the great, whom friended most we call ;  
A king — the most unfriended wretch of all !  
Where'er his palace gate its front shall rear,  
Be graved thereon, “ No friendship enters here.”

His easy days Charles Stuart — not the first —  
Best of companions, if of kings the worst,  
Whiled gayly, with a witty, merry crew ;  
Friends ! nay, not courtiers — loving all and true !

How true, how loving — tell that proving hour,  
 When Death shall lay his clay-cold hand on power ;  
 Yea, even before hath ceased the deathbed knell,  
 Let many a kingly couch, deserted, tell.

The closing hour hath passed, which, soon or late,  
 Must pass o'er all ; a monarch lies in state ;  
 In lonely state ; for love hath gone, and sorrow,  
 To plan the crowning pageant for to-morrow.  
 Now, let thy fancy pierce yon glimmering room,  
 That coffin's only guard, one sordid groom ;  
 Mark how, the prowling night-rat scarce forbid,  
 The varlet snores beside the ready lid.  
 And what his dreams ? Are they of kingly fame,  
 A weeping people, and a world's acclaim ?  
 Ah, no ! he dreams of some contested grace,  
 Trapping or plume, his perquisite of place ;  
 Mutters his greedy discontent, half loud,  
 And gropes with sleep-tied hand, to clutch the shroud.  
 Yet, e'en for him, deserted thus who dies,  
 Ere long shall statues gleam, shall columns rise,  
 And epitaphs servility shall bring :  
 Who lauds dead kingship flatters living king.

*Fallacy in supposing our Ancestors wiser than ourselves.*

SYDNEY SMITH.

1. *Our wise ancestors — the wisdom of our ancestors — the wisdom of ages — venerable antiquity — wisdom of old times.* All this cant about our ancestors is merely an abuse of words, by transferring phrases true of contemporary men to succeeding ages. Whereas, (as we have before observed,) of living men, the oldest has, *cæteris paribus*, the most experience ; of generations, the oldest has, *cæteris paribus*, the least experience.

2. Our ancestors, up to the conquest, were children in arms ; chubby boys in the time of Edward the First ; striplings under Elizabeth ; men in the reign of Queen Anne ; and we only are

the white-bearded, silver-headed ancients, who have treasured up, and are prepared to profit by, all the experience which human life can supply.

3. We are not disputing with our ancestors the palm of talent, in which they may or may not be our superiors, but the palm of experience, in which it is utterly impossible they can be our superiors. And yet, whenever the chancellor comes forward to protect some abuse, or to oppose some plan which has the increase of human happiness for its object, his first appeal is always to the wisdom of our ancestors; and he himself, and many noble lords who vote with him, are, to this hour, persuaded that all alterations and amendments on their devices are an unblushing controversy between youthful temerity and mature experience!—and so, in truth, they are—only that much-loved magistrate mistakes the young for the old, and the old for the young; and is guilty of that very sin against experience which he attributes to the lovers of innovation.

4. We cannot, of course, be supposed to maintain that our ancestors wanted wisdom, or that they were necessarily mistaken in their institutions, because their means of information were more limited than ours. But we do confidently maintain that when we find it expedient to change any thing which our ancestors have enacted, we are the experienced persons, and not they. The quantity of talent is always varying in any great nation. To say that we are more or less able than our ancestors, is an assertion that requires to be explained. All the able men, of all ages, who have ever lived in England, probably possessed, if taken all together, more intellect than all the able men now in England can boast of.

5. But if authority must be resorted to rather than reason, the question is, What was the wisdom of that single age which enacted the law, compared with the wisdom of the age which proposes to alter it? What are the eminent men of one and the other period? If you say that our ancestors were wiser than we, mention your date and year.

6. If the splendor of names is equal, are the circumstances



the same? If the circumstances are the same, we have a superiority of experience, of which the difference between the two periods is the measure. It is necessary to insist upon this; for upon sacks of wool, and on benches forensic, sit grave men, and agricultural persons in the commons, crying out, "Ancestors, ancestors! *hodie non!* Saxons, Danes, save us! Fiddlefrig, help us! Howel, Ethelwolf, protect us." Any cover for nonsense — any veil for trash — any pretext for repelling the innovations of conscience and duty!

*Speech on the Seminole War.* — CLAY.

1. Recall to your recollection the free nations which have gone before us. Where are they now?

"Gone glimmering through the dream of things that were,  
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour."

And how have they lost their liberties? If we could transport ourselves back to the ages when Greece and Rome flourished in their greatest prosperity, and, mingling in the throng, should ask a Grecian if he did not fear that some daring military chieftain, covered with glory, some Philip or Alexander, would one day overthrow the liberties of his country, the confident and indignant Grecian would exclaim, "No! no! we have nothing to fear from our heroes; our liberties will be eternal."

2. If a Roman citizen had been asked if he did not fear that the conqueror of Gaul might establish a throne upon the ruins of public liberty, he would have instantly repelled the unjust insinuation. Yet Greece fell; Cæsar passed the Rubicon, and the patriotic arm even of Brutus could not preserve the liberties of his devoted country!

3. The celebrated Madame de Staël, in her last and perhaps her best work, has said, that in the very year, almost the very month, when the president of the directory declared that monarchy would never more show its frightful head in France, Bonaparte, with his grenadiers, entered the palace of St. Cloud, and

dispersing, with the bayonet, the deputies of the people, deliberating on the affairs of the state, laid the foundation of that vast fabric of despotism which overshadowed all Europe. We are fighting a great moral battle, for the benefit not only of our country, but of all mankind. The eyes of the whole world are in fixed attention upon us. One, and the largest portion of it, is gazing with contempt, with jealousy, and with envy; the other portion, with hope, with confidence, and with affection. Every where the black cloud of legitimacy is suspended over the world, save only one bright spot, which breaks out from the political hemisphere of the west, to enlighten, and animate, and gladden the human heart. Obscure that by the downfall of liberty here, and all mankind are enshrouded in a pall of universal darkness.

5. To you, Mr. Chairman, belongs the high privilege of transmitting, unimpaired, to posterity, the fair character and liberty of our country. Do you expect to execute this high trust, by trampling, or suffering to be trampled down, laws, justice, the constitution, and the rights of the people? by exhibiting examples of inhumanity, and cruelty, and ambition?

6. When the minions of despotism heard, in Europe, of the seizure of Pensacola, how did they chuckle, and chide the admirers of our institutions, tauntingly pointing to the demonstration of a spirit of injustice and aggrandizement made by our country, in the midst of an amicable negotiation!

7. "Behold," said they, "the conduct of those who are constantly reproaching kings." You saw how those admirers were astounded, and hung their heads. You saw, too, when that illustrious man, who presides over us, adopted his pacific, moderate, and just course, how they once more lifted up their heads with exultation and delight beaming in their countenances. And you saw how those minions themselves were finally compelled to unite in the general praises bestowed upon our government.

9. Beware how you forfeit this exalted character. Beware how you give a fatal sanction, in this infant period of our republic, scarcely yet twoscore years old, to military insubordination. Remember that Greece had her Alexander, Rome her Cæsar,

England her Cromwell, France her Bonaparte ; and if we would escape the rock on which they split, we must avoid their errors.

*The Romans as Conquerors.* — PICTORIAL HISTORY.

1. The transformation of South Britain into a Roman province necessarily swept away the native government, and established another in its place ; the least of the novel characteristics of which was, that it was a government of foreigners. It was a sudden substitution of the institutions of civilization for those of a condition nearly approaching to barbarism. The Romans were certainly, as a nation, the greatest practical statesmen whom the world has yet beheld. Among other people, individuals have from time to time arisen, who have exhibited vast genius in devising schemes of government, or have shown great capacity for administration. But among the Romans alone there existed institutions which were able to insure a succession of men who were systematically taught to “sway the rod of empire.” The celebrated lines of their great poet were no mere poetical rhapsody — no vain and empty boast.

2. “Let others better mould the running mass  
Of metals, and inform the breathing brass,  
And soften into flesh a marble face ;  
Plead better at the bar ; describe the skies,  
And when the stars descend, and when they rise.  
But, Rome, 'tis thine alone, with awful sway,  
To rule mankind, and make the world obey,  
Disposing peace and war, thy own majestic way ;  
To tame the proud, the fettered slave to free ;  
These are imperial arts, and worthy thee.”

*Æneid*, vi. 848.

3. The Roman was probably the wisest oligarchy that ever existed. In Rome, unlike what we have seen happen in other oligarchies, the education of the ruling class was as carefully attended to, as jealously watched over, as the preservation of their privileges. The Roman patrician was carefully and systematically instructed in the art of war, and in such, and such only, of

the arts of peace as were to be the source of power, the foundation of dominion over those who aimed at universal dominion. Thus they made their law, and above all their *actiones legis*, — their law of procedure, — a mystery into which a plebeian could never penetrate, but with which they themselves took care to be familiar. Thus among the Romans we sometimes see the most various and apparently (at least to our modern notions on the subject) inconsistent qualities united in the same individual. Without bringing forward cases, such as that of the all-accomplished Julius Cæsar, of men of great power and extent of original genius, we might cite instances from the Roman annals of the same man being jurisconsult, general, public professor of law, pontifex maximus, consul, dictator. When we consider that to these various accomplishments were added, in the Roman, an iron discipline, and a courage cool, steady, collected, we shall not wonder that his march was to uninterrupted victory and universal empire.

4. Long after a military despotism had succeeded to the power of that mighty oligarchy, Rome still continued as much of her ancient policy as required that able men, though no longer so exclusively selected from one class, should be appointed to govern her provinces and command her armies. We have only to look at the result to be convinced that Britain was not an exception to this salutary rule.

5. The ministers of the Roman state, whether called republic or empire, the representatives of the majesty of the Roman name, were educated soldiers, jurisconsults, statesmen; and, whatever might be their errors and their vices, — and they were, no doubt, many, — they conquered, and, up to a certain point, civilized, a large portion of the world. In a greater degree than any other people have done, the Romans communicated to the nations they conquered (not merely, as is often falsely asserted, their vices, but) whatever of the blessings of civilization they themselves possessed.

6. It is interesting to an inhabitant of Great Britain at the present day, to reflect that, towards the beginning of the Christian

era, more than fifteen hundred years ago, this island actually possessed, for a period of above three hundred years, nearly the whole of the Roman civilization; that, in the second and third centuries of the Christian era, the inhabitants of Britain enjoyed personal security, and, after the payment of the Roman taxes, security of property, arts and letters, elegant and commodious buildings, and roads, to which no roads they have had since could bear comparison, till the establishment of the present railways. As we look along the line of the Greenwich railroad, and contemplate its massive yet elegant arches, its compact and solid masonry, its iron highway, and the ponderous yet compact carriages that fly along it, and reflect that the whole kingdom will soon be intersected with similar gigantic structures, we feel as if the times of Roman enterprise, as regards vastness of design and durability of workmanship, had returned. It is an inquiry of no common importance and interest to attempt to learn what were the principal features of that civilization which rose so early, and, after lasting some three centuries, was so rapidly and totally destroyed.

*The Effects and Tendencies of Christianity.* — PRESIDENT  
HOPKINS.

1. Certainly no revolution that has ever taken place in society can be compared to that which has been produced by the words of Jesus Christ. Those words met a want, a deep want, in the spirit of man. They placed in the clear sunlight of truth a solution of those profound problems and enigmas, in relation to man and his destiny, about which the philosophers only disputed. They more than confirmed every timid hope which the wisest and best of men had cherished. He pointed men to a Father in heaven, to the mansions of rest which he would prepare. He "brought life and immortality to light." He erected a perfect standard of morals, and insisted upon love to God and love to man, and he stood before men in the glorious light of his own perfect example. He spoke, and that spiritual slumber of the race which seemed the



image of death was broken up, and a movement commenced in the moral elements that has not ceased from that day to this, and that never will cease. Those who were mourning heard his voice, and were comforted; those who were weary and heavy-laden heard it, and found rest unto their souls. It stirred up feelings, both of opposition and of love, deeper than those of natural affection. It therefore set "the son against the father, and the father against the son," and caused "a man's foes to be they of his own household."

2. Having no affinity with any of the prevalent forms of idolatry and corruption, and making no compromise with them, it turned the world upside down wherever it came. Before it, the heathen oracles were dumb, and the fires upon their altars went out. It acted as an invisible and secret force on society, communing with men upon their beds by night, dissuading them from wickedness, seconding the voice of conscience, giving both distinctness and energy to its tones, now whispering, and now speaking with a voice that made the stoutest tremble, of righteousness, temperance, and of a judgment to come. It opened heaven, and spoke to the ear of hope. It uncovered that world, "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." It was stern in its rebukes of every sin, and encouraged every thing that was "pure, and lovely, and of good report." Being addressed to man universally, without regard to his condition or his nation, it paid little regard to differences of language, or habits, or the boundaries of states. Persecution was aroused; it kindled its fires, it brought forth its wild beasts. Blood flowed like water; but the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church. No external force could avail against a power like this. The word was spoken, and it could not be recalled. The hand of God had made a new adjustment in the movement of the moral world, and the hand of man could not put it back.

3. No other revolution has ever been so extensive or so radical. Moving on directly to the accomplishment of its own more immediate and higher objects, the voice of Christ has incidentally caused, not only moral, but social and civil revolutions. It has

banished idolatry and polytheism, with their inseparable degradations, and pollutions, and cruelty. Human sacrifices, offered by our own ancestors, by the Greeks, and Romans, and Carthaginians, and the ancient worshippers of Baal and Moloch, — offered now in the islands of the Pacific, and in India, and in Africa, — cease at once where Christianity comes. It was before its light had visited this continent, that seventy thousand human beings were sacrificed at the consecration of a single temple.\* It has banished the ancient games, in which men slew each other, and were exposed to the fury of wild beasts, for the amusement of the people. It has banished slavery, once so prevalent, from Europe, and from a large portion of this continent. To a great extent it has put an end to the exposure of infants. It has elevated woman, and given her the place in society which God designed she should occupy. By putting an end to polygamy, and to frequent divorces, it has provided for the cultivation of the domestic and natural affections, for the proper training of children, and for all the unspeakable blessings connected with the purity and peace, and mutual love and confidence, of Christian families. It has so elevated the general standard of morality, that unnatural crimes, and the grosser forms of sensuality, which once appeared openly, and were practised and defended by philosophers, now shrink away and hide themselves in the darkness.

4. It has diminished the frequency of wars, and mitigated their horrors. It has introduced the principle of general benevolence, unknown before, and led men to be willing to labor, and suffer, and give their property, for the good of those whom they have never seen, and never expect to see in this life. It has led men to labor for the welfare of the soul, and, in connection with such labors, to provide for the sufferings and for the physical wants of the poor ; and it is found that these two go hand in hand, and cannot be separated. If there be here and there a mistaken zealot, or a pharisaical professor of Christianity, who would seem to be zealous for the spiritual wants of men, and yet would say to

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\* Prescott's Mexico.

the hungry and the naked, "Be ye clothed and be ye fed," — at the same time giving them nothing to supply their wants, — it is also found, not only that the truest regard for the present well-being of man must manifest itself through a regard for his spiritual wants, but also that, when a regard to those wants ceases, the lower charity, which cares for the body, will decay with it. When the tree begins to die at the top, where the juices are elaborated that nourish it, it will die down.

5. Christianity alone has built hospitals for the sick and for the insane, and almshouses, and houses of refuge, and provided for the instruction and reformation of those confined as criminals. Was there ever any thing in a heathen land like what is to be seen at South Boston? What book is it that the blind are taught to read? If there had been no Bible, and no such estimate of the worth of man as that contains, can any one believe that the great work of printing for the blind would have been performed? or that the deaf and dumb would have been so provided for? When I recently saw those blind children so instructed, and heard them sing, — when I saw thoughts and feelings chasing each other like light and shade over the speaking countenance of Laura Bridgman, deaf, and dumb, and blind, — I could not but feel, though the ordinary fountains of knowledge were still sealed up, yet that in a high sense it might be said to them and to her, as Peter said to Eneas, "Jesus Christ maketh thee whole."

*The Same, continued.*

1. And what Christianity has hitherto done, it is now doing. It is to some extent embodying its force in missionary operations, and it has lost none of its original power. Men are found ready to take their lives in their hands, to forsake their country, and friends, and children, and go among the heathen, for the love of Jesus: and it is found that the same simple preaching of the cross, that was mighty of old to the pulling down of strongholds, is still accompanied with a divine power; and nations of idolaters, savages, cannibals, infanticides, are seen coming up out of the

night of paganism, and taking their place among civilized, and literary, and Christian nations.

2. These, and such as these, are the public, visible, and undeniable effects of Christianity, uniformly produced in any community in proportion as a pure Christianity prevails. To me, however, these are rather indications of a great work, than the work itself. They are but as the coral reef that appears above the surface, which is as nothing to the deep and concealed labors of the little ocean architect. Like that architect in the ocean, Christianity begins at the bottom of society, and works up. It never acts successfully upon the faculties of man as an external force. It must act through these faculties, and hence it can change public institutions and forms of government, and produce those great public effects which are noticed, only as it changes individuals.

3. How immense the work, how mighty the changes which must have been wrought in individuals, before these embodied and public effects could appear! Such institutions and effects are the results of a life, a vitality, a power; and they stand as the indices and monuments of its action. When I see the earth covered with vegetation, — when I see a vast forest standing and clothed with the green robes of summer, — I know there must have been an amazing amount of elemental action. I think how the atmosphere, and the light, and the moisture, and the earth, must have conspired together, and how the principle of vegetable life must have lifted up the mass, particle by particle, till at length it had formed the sturdy trunk, and set his “coronal” of green leaves upon the monarch of the forest.

4. And so, when I see these results, these institutions, standing in their freshness and greenness, — when I see the moral desert budding and blossoming, — I know there must have been the play of moral life, the clear shining of truth, the movement of the Spirit of God, and the deep, though, it may be, silent strugglings of the spirit of man. Then I know that conscience must have been aroused, and that there has been the anxious questioning, and the earnest struggle, and that the tear of penitence has flowed, and that the secret prayer has gone up, and that songs of hope and

salvation have taken the place of a sense of guilt and of anxious fear. Then I know that there have been holy lives and happy deaths. Such changes in individuals, and such results, who that lives in these days has not seen? Such changes and results it is the great object of Christianity to produce. When it shall produce these changes fully upon all, fitting them for heaven, then, and not till then, will its tendencies be fully carried out. Then will every thing wrong in the constitution and relations of society be displaced, and without violence, as the organization of the chrysalis is displaced by that of the bright and winged being that is enfolded within it, and society shall come forth in its perfect state. Then shall the will of God be done; and this earth, so long tempest-tossed, like a clear and peaceful lake, shall reflect the image of heaven.

*The Good Man.* — YOUNG.

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,  
What nothing less than angel can exceed,  
A man on earth devoted to the skies;  
Like ships at sea, while in, above the world.  
With aspect mild, and elevated eye,  
Behold him seated on a mount serene,  
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;  
All the black cares and tumults of this life,  
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,  
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.  
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave,  
A mingled mob! a wandering herd! he sees,  
Bewildered in the vale; in all unlike!  
His full reverse in all! What higher praise?  
What stronger demonstration of the right?  
The present all their care, the future his.  
When public welfare calls, or private want,  
They give to Fame; his bounty he conceals.  
Their virtues varnish Nature, his exalt.



Mankind's esteem they court, and he his own.  
Theirs the wild chase of false felicities ;  
His the composed possession of the true.  
Alike throughout is his consistent peace,  
All of one color, and an even thread ;  
While party-colored shreds of happiness,  
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them  
A madman's robe ; each puff of Fortune blows  
The tatters by, and shows their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than theirs ; where they  
Behold a sun, he spies a Deity.  
What makes them only smile, makes him adore.  
Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees.  
An empire in his balance weighs a grain.  
They things terrestrial worship as divine ;  
His hopes, immortal, blow them by as dust  
That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,  
Which longs in infinite to lose all bound.  
Titles and honors (if they prove his fate)  
He lays aside to find his dignity ;  
No dignity they find in aught besides.  
They triumph in externals, (which conceal  
Man's real glory,) proud of an eclipse ;  
Himself too much he prizes to be proud,  
And nothing thinks so great in man as man.  
Too dear he holds his interest to neglect  
Another's welfare, or his right invade ;  
Their interest, like a lion, lives on prey.  
They kindle at the shadow of a wrong ;  
Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on Heaven,  
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe.  
Nought but what wounds his virtue wounds his peace.  
A covered heart their character defends ;  
A covered heart denies him half his praise.  
With nakedness his innocence agrees,  
While their broad foliage testifies their fall.

Their no-joys end where his full feast begins ;  
His joys create, theirs murder future bliss.  
To triumph in existence his alone ;  
And his alone triumphantly to think  
His true existence is not yet begun.  
His glorious course was yesterday complete :  
Death then was welcome, yet life still is sweet.

*Heat.* — ARNOTT.

1. In the winter of climates where the temperature is for a time below the freezing point of water, the earth, with its waters, is bound up in snow and ice ; the trees and shrubs are leafless, appearing every where like withered skeletons ; countless multitudes of living creatures, owing either to the bitter cold or deficiency of food, are perishing in the snows ; nature seems dying or dead. But what a change when spring returns, that is, when heat returns ! The earth is again uncovered and soft, the rivers flow, the lakes are again liquid mirrors, the warm showers come to foster vegetation, which soon covers the ground with beauty and plenty. Man, lately inactive, is recalled to many duties ; his water-wheels are every where at work, his boats are again on the canals and streams, his busy fleets of industry are along the shores ; winged life in new multitudes fills the sky, finny life similarly fills the waters, and every spot of earth teems with vitality and joy.

2. Many persons regard these changes of season as if they came like the successive positions of a turning wheel, of which one necessarily brings the next ; not adverting that it is the single circumstance of change of temperature, which does all. But if the colds of winter arrive too early, they unfailingly produce the wintry scene ; and if warmth come before its time in spring, it expands the bud and the blossom, which a return of frost will surely destroy. A seed sown in an ice-house never awakens to life.

3. Again, as regards climates, the earthy matters forming the

exterior of our globe, and therefore entering into the composition of soils, are not different for different latitudes, — at the equator, for instance, and near the poles. That the aspect of nature, then, in the two situations, exhibits a contrast more striking still than between summer and winter, is owing merely to an inequality of temperature, which is permanent. Were it not for this, in both situations the same vegetables might grow, and the same animals might find their befitting support.

4. But now, in the one, namely, where heat abounds, we see the magnificent scene of tropical fertility; the earth covered with luxuriant vegetation in endless lovely variety, and even the hard rocks festooned with green, perhaps with the vine, rich in its purple clusters. In the midst of this scene, animal existence is equally abundant, and many of the species are of surpassing beauty: the plumage of the birds is as brilliant as the gayest flowers. The warm air is perfume from the spice-beds, the sky and clouds are often dyed in tints as bright as freshest rainbow, and happy human inhabitants call the scene a paradise.

5. Again, where heat is absent, we have the dreary spectacle of polar barrenness, — bare rock or mountain, instead of fertile field; water every where hardened to solidity; no rain, nor cloud, nor dew; few motions but drifting snow; vegetable life scarcely existing, and then only in sheltered places turned to the sun; and, instead of the palms and other trees of India, whose single leaf is almost broad enough to cover a hut, there are bushes and trees, as the furze and fir, having what may be called hairs or bristles, in the room of leaves.

6. In the winter time, during which the sun is not seen for nearly six months, new horrors are added — the darkness and dreadful silence, the cold benumbing all life, and even freezing mercury — a scene into which man may penetrate from happier climes, but where he can only leave his protecting ship and fires for short periods, as he might issue from a diving-bell at the bottom of the ocean. That, in these now desolate regions, heat only is wanted to make them like the most favored countries of the earth, is proved by the recent discoveries under ground of the

remnant of animals and vegetables, formerly inhabiting them, which now can live only near the equator.

7. While winter then, or the temporary absence of heat, may be called the sleep of nature, the more permanent torpor about the poles appears like its death; and when we further reflect, that heat is the great agent in numberless important processes of chemistry and domestic economy, and is the actuating principle of the mighty steam engine which now performs half the work of society, how truly may heat, the subject of our present chapter, be considered as the life or soul of the universe!

*Light.* — ARNOTT.

1. The truths now positively ascertained with respect to the nature of light and vision, are perhaps those in the wide field of human inquiry which, acting on ordinary apprehension, most forcibly place the individual, as it were, in the presence of Creative Intelligence, and awaken the most elevated thoughts of which the human mind is capable.

2. Had there been no light in the universe, all its other perfections had existed in vain. Men placed on earth would have been as human exiles with their eyes put out, abandoned on an unknown shore, of climate and productions totally new to them: every movement might be to destruction, for their perceptions would be limited by the length of their arms, and of their fearful groping steps, and the wretched beings, separating when impelled by hunger to search for food, would probably scatter to meet no more.

3. But the material of light exists, pervading all space; and certain impressions made upon it in one place rapidly spread over the universe, the progressive impression being called a *ray*, or *beam of light*. The beams of light, then, from all parts coming to every individual, may be regarded as supplementary arms or feelers belonging to the individual, and which reach to the end of the universe, so that each person, instead of being as a blind point in space, becomes nearly omnipresent. Then these limbs or

feelers have no weight ; they are never in the way ; they impede nothing, and they are only known to exist when their use is required !

4. But this miracle of light would have been totally useless, and the lovely paradise of earth would have been to man still a dark and dreary desert, had there not been the twin miracle of an organ of commensurate delicacy to perceive the light, namely, the *Eye* ; in which there is the round cornea, of such perfect transparency, placed exactly in the anterior centre of the ball, (and elsewhere it had been useless ;) then exactly behind this, the beautiful curtain, the iris, with its pupil dilating and contracting to suit the intensity of light ; and exactly behind this, again, the crystalline lens, having many qualities which only complex structure in human art can attain, and by the entering light forming on the retina beautiful pictures or images of the objects in front, the most sensible part of the retina being where the images fall.

5. Of these parts and conditions, had any one been otherwise than as it is, the whole eye had been useless, and light useless, and the great universe useless to man, for he could not have existed in it. Then, further, we find that the precious organ, the eye, is placed, not, as if by accident, somewhere near the centre of the person, but aloft, on a proud eminence, where it becomes the glorious watchtower of the soul ; and, again, not so that, to alter its direction, the whole person must turn, but in the head, which, on a pivot of admirable structure, moves while the body is at rest ; the ball of the eye, moreover, being furnished with muscles which, as the will directs, turn it, with the rapidity of lightning, to sweep round the horizon, or take in the whole heavenly concave. Then is the delicate orb secured in a strong socket of bone, and there is over this the arched eyebrow, as a cushion, to destroy the shock of blows, and with its inclined hairs to turn aside the descending perspiration which might incommode. Then is there the soft and pliant eyelid, with its beautiful fringes, incessantly wiping the polished surface, and spreading over it the pure moisture poured out by the lachrymal glands above, of which moisture the superfluity, by a fine mechanism, is



sent into the nose, there to be evaporated by the current of the breath. Still further, instead of there being only one so precious organ, there are two, lest one, by accident, should be destroyed, but which two have so entire a sympathy, that they act together as only one more perfect. Then the sense of sight continues perfect during the period of growth from birth to maturity, although the distance from the lens to the retina is constantly varying; and the pure liquid which fills the eye, if rendered turbid by disease or accident, is by the actions of life, although its source be the thick red blood, gradually restored to transparency.

6. The mind which can suppose or admit that within any limits of time, even a single such organ of vision could have been produced by accident or without design, — and still more, that the millions which now exist on earth, all equally perfect, can have sprung from accident — or that the millions of millions in past ages were all but accidents — and that the endless millions throughout the animate creation, where each requires a most peculiar fitness to the nature and circumstances of the animal, can be accident, — must surely be of extraordinary character, or must have received unhappy bias in its education.

7. As a concluding reflection with respect to vision, we may remark, that all the provisions above considered have mere utility in view, for any one of them wanting would leave a necessary link in the chain of creation wanting. But we have shown in a preceding part of the work, that if there had been white light only, susceptible of different degrees of intensity and shade, the merely useful purposes of vision would have been answered about as perfectly as with all the colors of the rainbow — which truth is instanced in the facts, that many persons do not distinguish colors, and that it imports not whether a person view objects in the morning, or at midday, or at eventide, or through plain glass or colored glass.

8. While, therefore, the existence of light generally, and of the eye, speaks of creative power and intelligence, the existence of colors, or of that lovely variety of hues exhibited in flowers, in the plumage of birds, in the endless aspects of the earth and

heavens, — in a word, in the whole resplendent clothing of nature, — because appearing expressly planned, as a source of delight to animated beings, speaks of creative benevolence, and may well excite in us, towards the Being in whom these attributes concentrate, the feelings associated in our minds, during this earthly scene, with the endearing appellation of “Father.”

*Character before Scholarship.* — G. PUTNAM.

1. It is not a small thing to make the results of age correspond in beauty and dignity to the promise of youth. It is no ordinary career that makes the almond-blossoms of age as beautiful and as desirable as the blooming roses of youth, and the drear autumn of life as lustrous and fair as the sweet spring time, and the satisfactions of the finished race as dear as the fresh-budding hopes that brightened its beginning. *That* is success, and it is no light thing to win it. Intellect alone, genius, learning, eloquence, skill, industry, ambition, — these alone never won it since the world has stood, and never will. But it can be won. Let principle, character, and soul accompany, pervade, and underlie these great intellectual instrumentalities, and it is won gloriously.

2. The most dreary and awful chapter in the world's history would be, I suspect, that which should give a true and full account of the declining years, the exit off the stage, of highly-gifted and highly-cultivated minds, but unprincipled, or low-principled, and a career conforming. It would be an account of despondency, misanthropy, and bitter disappointment; a strong man feeling himself enslaved by contemptible selfishness, and scourged and hag-ridden by the meanest passions.

3. It would bring to light that hungry, aching sense, which such minds must feel intensely then, of the worthlessness of what they had done, and the hollowness of what they had got. It would tell of the unsolaced miseries of great powers perverted, and a privileged life wasted, if no worse. It would record the real failure of existence, and the woes that haunt the harrowing consciousness of it; and yet that very failure is the *success* which

many a young scholar is pressing forward to attain, as the worthiest object and the brightest boon. Genius and intellectual culture are a fiery curse, unless the mind be disenchanted of that delusion.

4. The first thing for the scholar to do — the one thing from which all else will follow — is to give the world assurance of a man. Let each scholar bring a *man* into the field of the world, — a man, with a robust and healthy soul in him, — and he will find his work, nor need any to tell him. Let him bring into the common stock of beneficent agencies, in his own person, a lofty, generous manhood, devoted to truth, justice, and humanity, and he will have done his part. The world wants *him*, not merely his intellectual gifts and preparations, which are but his armor, his plume, and his trumpet, — *he* wants these, to make him a man of might and a man of mark ; but the world wants *him*, a true and living soul ; not his accoutrements, but him. A true and high-toned, high-principled *man* is the only legitimate and desirable result of scholarship.

5. In the beginning of this address, I said, and have endeavored to keep my word so far, that I would plead only for intellectual interests ; that Virtue should yield her supremacy, and be treated as only the servant of the intellect, taking the second seat. But she will not stay there. And in closing, I must recant my promise, and put her back. Whether from professional habit, or, as I would hope, from the resistless rightfulness of the procedure, I must put her back. Virtue will not stay in the second place. She will serve the intellect, but serve only by reigning. She must have the throne in man, or there is no rule in him but anarchy, and no end for him but defeat. She must have the making of the man, or he is but hollow armor and a whited sepulchre.

6. Yes, in reason and in fact, character goes before scholarship, invests it, includes it. Genius and learning must walk in the train of Virtue, and lackey her to her triumphs ; so only can they share them with her. The gifts of intellect, the privileges and acquisitions of scholarship, are worse than lost, unblessed of God and

unaccepted of mankind, except as they conspire obediently with their divine leader, Virtue, to furnish forth a *Man*.

*The Spirit of Freedom.* — ALISON.

1. Does, then, the march of freedom necessarily terminate in disaster? Is improvement inevitably allied to innovation, innovation to revolution? And must the philosopher, who beholds the infant struggles of liberty, ever foresee in their termination the blood of Robespierre or the carnage of Napoleon? No! The distinction between the two is as wide as between day and night — between virtue and vice. The simplest and rudest of mankind may distinguish, with as much certainty as belongs to erring mortals, whether the ultimate tendency of innovations is beneficial or ruinous — whether they are destined to bring blessings or curses on their wings.

2. This test is to be found in the character of those who support them, and the moral justice or injustice of their measures. If those who forward the work of reform are the most pure and upright in their private conduct; if they are the foremost in every moral and religious duty, most unblemished in their intercourse with men, and most undeviating in their duty to God; if they are the best fathers, the best husbands, the best landlords, the most charitable and humane of society, who take the lead; if their proceedings are characterized by moderation, and they are scrupulously attentive to justice and humanity in all their actions, — then the people may safely follow in their steps, and anticipate blessings to themselves and their children from the measures they promote.

3. But if the reverse of all this is the case; if the leaders, who seek to rouse their passions, are worthless or suspicious in private life; if they are tyrannical landlords, faithless husbands, negligent fathers; if they are skeptical or indifferent in religion, reckless or improvident in conduct, ruined or tottering in fortune; if they are selfish in their enjoyments, and callous and indifferent to the poor; if their liberty is a cloak for licentiousness, and their patriotism an

excuse for ambition ; if their actions are hasty and inconsiderate, and their measures calculated to do injustice or create suffering to individuals, on the plea of state necessity, — then the people may rest assured that they are leading them to perdition ; that the fabric of liberty never yet was reared by such hands, or on such a basis ; and that, whatever temporary triumph may attend their steps, the day of reckoning will come, and an awful retribution awaits them or their children.

4. The final result of the irreligious efforts of the French people is singularly illustrative of the moral government to which human affairs are subject, and of the vanity of all attempts to check that spread of religion which has been decreed by almighty power. When the Parisian philosophers beheld the universal diffusion of the spirit of skepticism which they had produced, — when a nation was seen abjuring every species of devotion, and a generation rising in the heart of Europe ignorant of the very elements of religious belief, — the triumph of infidelity appeared complete, and the faithful trembled and mourned in silence at the melancholy prospects which were opening upon the world.

5. Yet in this very spirit were preparing, by an unseen hand, the means of the ultimate triumph of civilized over barbaric belief, and of a greater spread of the Christian faith than had taken place since it was embraced by the tribes who overthrew the Roman empire. In the deadly strife of European ambition, the arms of civilization acquired an irresistible preponderance ; with its last convulsions the strength of Russia was immeasurably augmented, and that mighty power, which had been organized by the genius of Peter, and matured by the ambition of Catharine, received its final development from the invasion of Napoleon.

6. The Crescent, long triumphant over the Cross, has now yielded to its ascendant ; the barrier of the Caucasus and the Balkhan have been burst by its champions ; the ancient war-cry of Constantinople, “ Victory to the Cross ! ” has, after an interval of four centuries, been heard on the *Ægean* Sea ; and that lasting triumph, which all the enthusiasm of the crusaders could not



effect, has arisen from the energy infused into what was then an unknown tribe, by the infidel arms of their descendants.

7. In such marvellous and unforeseen consequences, the historian finds ample grounds for consolation at the temporary triumph of wickedness ; from the corruption of decaying he turns to the energy of infant civilization ; while he laments the decline of the principles of prosperity in their present seats, he anticipates their resurrection in those where they were first cradled ; and traces, through all the vicissitudes of nations, the incessant operation of those general laws which provide, even amid the decline of present greatness, for the final improvement and elevation of the species.

*Shylock.* — SHAKSPEARE.

*Salar.* But tell us : do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no ?

*Shy.* There I have another bad match. A bankrupt, a prodigal, who dares scarce show his head on the Rialto : a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart ! Let him look to his bond : he was wont to call me usurer ; let him look to his bond : he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy ; let him look to his bond.

*Salar.* Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh ; what's that good for ?

*Shy.* To bait fish withal : if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million ; laughed at my losses ; mocked my gains ; scorned my nation ; thwarted my bargains ; cooled my friends ; heated my enemies ; and what's his reason ? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes ? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ? is he not fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is ? If you prick us, do we not bleed ? If you tickle us, do we not laugh ? If you poison us, do we not die ? and if you

wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

*Man made for Labor. — EVERETT.*

1. Man is, by nature, an active being. He is made to labor. His whole organization, mental and physical, is that of a hard-working being. Of his mental powers we have no conception, but as certain capacities of intellectual action. His corporeal faculties are contrived for the same end, with astonishing variety of adaptation. Who can look only at the muscles of the hand, and doubt that man was made to work? Who can be conscious of judgment, memory, and reflection, and doubt that man was made to act?

2. He requires rest, but it is in order to invigorate him for new efforts; to recruit his exhausted powers; and, as if to show him, by the very nature of rest, that it is means, not end, that form of rest which is most essential and most grateful — sleep — is attended with the temporary suspension of the conscious and active powers; an image of death. Nature is so ordered, as both to require and encourage man to work. He is created with wants which cannot be satisfied without labor.

3. The plant springs up and grows on the spot where the seed was cast by accident. It is fed by the moisture which saturates the earth, or is held suspended in the air; and it brings with it a sufficient covering to protect its delicate internal structure. It toils not, neither doth it spin, for clothing or food. But man is so created, that, let his wants be as simple as they will, he must labor to supply them.

*The Murderer detected.* — WEBSTER.

1. The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances, now clearly in evidence, spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, — the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace.

2. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot, he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon : he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges ; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer ; and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given ! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death !

3. It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work ; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard ! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse ! he feels it, and ascertains that it beats no longer ! It is accomplished : the deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder : no eye has seen him ; no ear has heard him : the secret is his own, and he is safe !

4. Ah ! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all

disguises, and beholds every thing as in the splendor of noon, — such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by man.

5. True it is, generally speaking, that “murder will out.” True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven, by shedding man’s blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery : especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place : a thousand ears catch every whisper : a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene ; shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstances into a blaze of discovery.

6. Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself ; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself : it labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant ; it finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it asks no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth.

7. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him ; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion ; it breaks down his courage ; it conquers his prudence. When suspicions, from without, begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed : it will be confessed : there is no refuge from confession but suicide ; and suicide is confession.

*A Cultivated Imagination.* — AKENSIDE.

O, blest of heaven, whom not the languid songs  
Of luxury, the siren ! not the bribes  
Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils  
Of pageant honor can seduce to leave  
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store  
Of nature fair imagination culls  
To charm the enlivened soul ! What though not all  
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights  
Of envied life ; though only few possess  
Patrician treasures or imperial state ;  
Yet nature's care, to all her children just,  
With richer treasures and an ampler state,  
Endows at large whatever happy man  
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,  
The rural honors his. Whate'er adorns  
The princely dome, the column and the arch,  
The breathing marbles and the sculptured gold,  
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,  
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the spring  
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem  
Its lucid leaves unfolds ; for him, the hand  
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch  
With blooming gold and blushes like the morn.  
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings ;  
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,  
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze  
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes  
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain  
From all the tenants of the warbling shade  
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake  
Fresh pleasure, unproved. Nor thence partakes  
Fresh pleasures only ; for the attentive mind,  
By this harmonious action on her power,  
Becomes herself harmonious ; wont so oft



In outward things to meditate the charm  
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home  
To find a kindred order, to exert  
Within herself this elegance of love,  
This fair-inspired delight : her tempered powers  
Refine at length, and every passion wears  
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.  
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze  
On nature's form, where, negligent of all  
These lesser graces, she assumes the port  
Of that eternal Majesty that weighed  
The world's foundations, if to these the mind  
Exalts her daring eye, — then mightier far  
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms  
Of servile custom cramp her generous powers ?  
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth  
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down  
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear ?  
Lo ! she appeals to nature, to the winds  
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,  
The elements and seasons ; all declare  
For what the eternal Maker has ordained  
The powers of man ; we feel within ourselves  
His energy divine ; he tells the heart,  
He meant, he made us to behold and love  
What he beholds and loves, the general orb  
Of life and being ; to be great like him,  
Beneficent and active. Thus the men  
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself  
Hold converse ; grow familiar, day by day,  
With his conceptions, act upon his plan,  
And form to his the relish of their souls.

*Literature and Morals.* — PROFESSOR FRISBIE.

1. Those compositions in poetry and prose, which constitute the literature of a nation, — the essay, the drama, the novel, — it cannot be doubted, have a most extensive and powerful influence upon the moral feelings and character of the age. The very business of the authors of such works, is, directly or indirectly, with the heart. Even descriptions of natural scenery owe much of their beauty and interest to the moral associations they awaken.

2. In like manner, fine turns of expression or thought often operate more by suggestion than enumeration. But when feelings and passions are directly described, or imbodied in the hero, and called forth by the incidents of a story, it is then that the magic of fiction and poetry is complete, — that they enter in and dwell in the secret chambers of the soul, moulding it at will. In these moments of deep excitement, must not a bias be given to the character, and much be done to elevate and refine, or degrade and pollute, those sympathies and sentiments which are the sources of much of our virtue and happiness, or our guilt and misery?

3. The danger is that, in such cases, we do not discriminate the distinct action of associated causes. Even in what is presented to the senses, we are aware of the power of habitual combination. An object naturally disagreeable becomes beautiful, because we have often seen the sun shine or the dew sparkle upon it, or it has been grouped in a scene of peculiar interest. Thus the powers of fancy and of taste blend associations in the mind, which disguise the original nature of moral qualities.

4. A liberal generosity, a disinterested self-devotion, a powerful energy, or deep sensibility of soul, a contempt of danger and death, are often so connected in story with the most profligate principles and manners, that the latter are excused, and even sanctified, by the former. The impression, which so powerfully seizes all the sympathies, is one; and the ardent youth becomes almost ambitious of a character he ought to abhor. So, too, sentiments, from which, in their plain form, delicacy would revolt, are insinu-

ated with the charms of poetical imagery and expression ; and even the coarseness of Fielding is probably less pernicious than the seducing refinement of writers like Moore ; whose voluptuous sensibility steals upon the heart, and corrupts its purity, as the moonbeams, in some climates, are believed to poison the substances on which they fall.

5. But in no productions of modern genius is the reciprocal influence of morals and literature more distinctly seen than in those of the author of *Childe Harold*. His character produced the poems ; and it cannot be doubted that his poems are adapted to produce such a character. His heroes speak a language supplied not more by imagination than consciousness. They are not those machines, that, by a contrivance of the artist, send forth a music of their own,—but instruments, through which he breathes his very soul, in tones of agonized sensibility, that cannot but give a sympathetic impulse to those who hear. The desolate misanthropy of his mind rises, and throws its dark shade over his poetry, like one of his own ruined castles ; we feel it to be sublime ; but we forget that it is a sublimity it cannot have till it is abandoned by every thing that is kind, and peaceful, and happy, and its halls are ready to become the haunts of outlaws and assassins.

6. Nor are his more tender and affectionate passages those to which we can yield ourselves without a feeling of uneasiness. It is not that we can here and there select a proposition formally false or pernicious ; but that he leaves an impression unfavorable to a healthful state of thought and feeling, peculiarly dangerous to the finest minds and most susceptible hearts. They are the scene of a summer evening, where all is tender, and beautiful, and grand ; but the damps of disease descend with the dews of heaven, and the pestilent vapors of night are breathed in with the fragrance and balm ; and the delicate and fair are the surest victims of the exposure.

7. Although I have illustrated the moral influence of literature principally from its mischiefs, yet it is obvious, if what I have said be just, it may be rendered no less powerful as a means of good.

Is it not true that within the last century a decided and important improvement in the moral character of our literature has taken place? and, had Pope and Smollett written at the present day, would the former have published the imitations of Chaucer, or the latter the adventures of Pickle and Random? Genius cannot now sanctify impurity or want of principle; and our critics and reviewers are exercising jurisdiction not only upon the literary but moral blemishes of the authors that come before them.

8. We observe, with peculiar pleasure, the sentence of just indignation which the Edinburgh tribunal has pronounced upon Moore, Swift, Goethe, and in general the German sentimentalists. Indeed, the fountains of literature into which an enemy has sometimes infused poison, naturally flow with refreshment and health. Cowper and Campbell have led the muses to repose in the bowers of religion and virtue; and Miss Edgeworth has so cautiously combined the features of her characters, that the predominant expression is ever what it should be: she has shown us, not vices ennobled by virtues, but virtues degraded and perverted by their union with vices. The success of this lady has been great; but had she availed herself more of the motives and sentiments of religion, we think it would have been greater. She has stretched forth a powerful hand to the impotent in virtue; and had she added, with the apostle, "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth," we should almost have expected miracles from its touch.

9. The incorporating of religion with morality we mention, in the last place, as a means of practical influence. Those we have hitherto noticed have a more particular reference to the higher and intellectual classes; but this extends to every order in society. It is not the fountain, which plays only in the gardens of the palace, but the rain of heaven, which descends alike upon the enclosures of the rich and the poor, and refreshes the meanest shrub, no less than the fairest flower.

10. The sages of antiquity seem to have believed that morality had nothing to do with religion; and Christians of the middle age, that religion had nothing to do with morality; but, at the present day, we acknowledge how intimate and important is their

connection. It is not views of moral fitness, by which the minds of men are at first to be affected, but by connecting their duties with the feelings and motives, the hopes and fears, of Christianity. Both are necessary ; the latter, to prompt and invigorate virtue ; the former, to give it the beauty of knowledge and taste. It is heat that causes the germ to spring and flourish in the heart ; but it is light that imparts verdure to its foliage, and their hues to its flowers.

*The Beggar.* — IRVING.

1. As we were making the repast above described, and diverting ourselves with the simple drollery of our squire, a solitary beggar approached us, who had almost the look of a pilgrim. He was evidently very old, with a gray beard, and supported himself on a staff ; yet age had not bowed him down ; he was tall and erect, and had the wreck of a fine form. He wore a round Andalusian hat, a sheepskin jacket, and leathern breeches, gaiters, and sandals. His dress, though old and patched, was decent, his demeanor manly, and he addressed us with that grave courtesy that is to be remarked in the lowest Spaniard.

2. We were in a favorable mood for such a visitor ; and in a freak of capricious charity, gave him some silver, a loaf of fine wheaten bread, and a goblet of our choice wine of Malaga. He received them thankfully, but without any grovelling tribute of gratitude. Tasting the wine, he held it up to the light, with a slight beam of surprise in his eye ; then, quaffing it off at a draught, " It is many years," said he, " since I have tasted such wine. It is a cordial to an old man's heart." Then, looking at the beautiful wheaten loaf, "*Bendito sea tal pan !*" (Blessed be such bread ! ) So saying, he put it in his wallet. We urged him to eat it on the spot. " No, señores," replied he, " the wine I had to drink or leave ; but the bread I must take home to share with my family."

3. Our man Sancho sought our eye, and, reading permission there, gave the old man some of the ample fragments of our



repast, on condition, however, that he should sit down and make a meal.

4. He accordingly took his seat at some little distance from us, and began to eat slowly and with a sobriety and decorum that would have become an *hidalgo*. There was altogether a measured manner and a quiet self-possession about the old man, that made me think he had seen better days: his language, too, though simple, had occasionally something picturesque and almost poetical in the phraseology. I set him down for some broken-down cavalier. I was mistaken; it was nothing but the innate courtesy of a Spaniard, and the poetical turn of thought and language often to be found in the lowest classes of this clear-witted people. For fifty years, he told us, he had been a shepherd; but now he was out of employ, and destitute. "When I was a young man," said he, "nothing could harm or trouble me; I was always well, always gay; but now I am seventy-nine years of age, and a beggar, and my heart begins to fail me."

5. The old man was on his way to his native place, Archidona, which was close by, on the summit of a steep and rugged mountain. He pointed to the ruins of its old Moorish castle. "That castle," he said, "was inhabited by a Moorish king, at the time of the wars of Granada. Queen Isabella invaded it with a great army; but the king looked down from his castle among the clouds, and laughed her to scorn! Upon this the Virgin appeared to the queen, and guided her and her army up a mysterious path in the mountains, which had never before been known. When the Moor saw her coming, he was astonished, and, springing with his horse from a precipice, was dashed to pieces! The marks of his horse's hoofs," said the old man, "are to be seen in the margin of the rock to this day. And see, señores, yonder is the road by which the queen and her army mounted; you see it like a ribbon up the mountain side; but the miracle is, that, though it can be seen at a distance, when you come near, it disappears!"

6. The ideal road to which he pointed was undoubtedly a sandy ravine of the mountain, which looked narrow and defined at a distance, but became broad and indistinct on an approach.

7. As the old man's heart warmed with wine and wassail, he went on to tell us a story of the buried treasure left under the castle by the Moorish king. His own house was next to the foundations of the castle. The curate and notary dreamed three times of the treasure, and went to work at the place pointed out in their dreams. His own son-in-law heard the sound of their pickaxes and spades at night. What they found nobody knows; they became suddenly rich, but kept their own secret. Thus the old man had once been next door to fortune, but was doomed never to get under the same roof.

8. I have remarked, that the stories of treasure buried by the Moors, which prevail throughout Spain, are most current among the poorest people. It is thus kind Nature consoles with shadows for the lack of substantial. The thirsty man dreams of fountains and running streams; the hungry man, of ideal banquets; and the poor man, of heaps of hidden gold: nothing certainly is more magnificent than the imagination of a beggar.

*Washington.* — SPARKS.

1. The person of Washington was commanding, graceful, and fitly proportioned; his stature six feet, his chest broad and full, his limbs long, and somewhat slender, but well shaped and muscular. His features were regular and symmetrical, his eyes of a light-blue color, and his whole countenance, in its quiet state, was grave, placid, and benignant. When alone, or not engaged in conversation, he appeared sedate and thoughtful; but, when his attention was excited, his eye kindled quickly and his face beamed with animation and intelligence. He was not fluent in speech, but what he said was apposite, and listened to with the more interest as being known to come from the heart. He seldom attempted sallies of wit or humor, but no man received more pleasure from an exhibition of them by others; and, although contented in seclusion, he sought his chief happiness in society, and participated with delight in all its rational and innocent amusements. Without austerity on the one hand, or an appearance of conde-

scending familiarity on the other, he was affable, courteous, and cheerful ; but it has often been remarked, that there was a dignity in his person and manner, not easy to be defined, which impressed every one that saw him for the first time with an instinctive deference and awe. This may have arisen, in part, from a conviction of his superiority, as well as from the effect produced by his external form and deportment.

2. The character of his mind was unfolded in the public and private acts of his life ; and the proofs of his greatness are seen almost as much in the one as the other. The same qualities, which raised him to the ascendancy he possessed over the will of a nation as the commander of armies and chief magistrate, caused him to be loved and respected as an individual. Wisdom, judgment, prudence, and firmness were his predominant traits. No man ever saw more clearly the relative importance of things and actions, or divested himself more entirely of the bias of personal interest, partiality, and prejudice, in discriminating between the true and the false, the right and the wrong, in all questions and subjects that were presented to him. He deliberated slowly, but decided surely ; and, when his decision was once formed, he seldom reversed it, and never relaxed from the execution of a measure till it was completed. Courage, physical and moral, was a part of his nature ; and, whether in battle or in the midst of popular excitement, he was fearless of danger and regardless of consequences to himself.

3. His ambition was of that noble kind, which aims to excel in whatever it undertakes, and to acquire a power over the hearts of men by promoting their happiness and winning their affections. Sensitive to the approbation of others, and solicitous to deserve it, he made no concessions to gain their applause, either by flattering their vanity or yielding to their caprices. Cautious without timidity, bold without rashness, cool in counsel, deliberate but firm in action, clear in foresight, patient under reverses, steady, persevering, and self-possessed, he met and conquered every obstacle that obstructed his path to honor, renown, and success. More confident in the uprightness of his intentions than in his resources, he

sought knowledge and advice from other men. He chose his counsellors with unerring sagacity ; and his quick perception of the soundness of an opinion, and of the strong points in an argument, enabled him to draw to his aid the best fruits of their talents, and the light of their collected wisdom.

4. His moral qualities were in perfect harmony with those of his intellect. Duty was the ruling principle of his conduct ; and the rare endowments of his understanding were not more constantly tasked to devise the best methods of effecting an object, than they were to guard the sanctity of conscience. No instance can be adduced, in which he was actuated by a sinister motive, or endeavored to attain an end by unworthy means. Truth, integrity, and justice were deeply rooted in his mind ; and nothing could rouse his indignation so soon, or so utterly destroy his confidence, as the discovery of the want of these virtues in any one whom he had trusted. Weaknesses, follies, indiscretions, he could forgive ; but subterfuge and dishonesty he never forgot, rarely pardoned. He was candid and sincere, true to his friends, and faithful to all, neither practising dissimulation, descending to artifice, nor holding out expectations which he did not intend should be realized. His passions were strong, and sometimes they broke out with vehemence ; but he had the power of checking them in an instant. Perhaps self-control was the most remarkable trait of his character. It was in part the effect of discipline ; yet he seems by nature to have possessed this power to a degree which has been denied to other men.

5. A Christian in faith and practice, he was habitually devout. His reverence for religion is seen in his example, his public communications, and his private writings. He uniformly ascribed his successes to the beneficent agency of the Supreme Being. Charitable and humane, he was liberal to the poor, and kind to those in distress. As a husband, son, and brother, he was tender and affectionate. Without vanity, ostentation, or pride, he never spoke of himself or his actions, unless required by circumstances which concerned the public interests. As he was free from envy, so he had the good fortune to escape the envy of others, by stand-

ing on an elevation which none could hope to attain. If he had one passion more strong than another, it was love of his country. The purity and ardor of his patriotism were commensurate with the greatness of its object. Love of country in him was invested with the sacred obligation of a duty ; and from the faithful discharge of this duty he never swerved for a moment, either in thought or deed, through the whole period of his eventful career.

6. Such are some of the traits in the character of Washington which have acquired for him the love and veneration of mankind. If they are not marked with the brilliancy, extravagance, and eccentricity, which in other men have excited the astonishment of the world, so neither are they tarnished by the follies nor disgraced by the crimes of those men. It is the happy combination of rare talents and qualities, the harmonious union of the intellectual and moral powers, rather than the dazzling splendor of any one trait, which constitute the grandeur of his character. If the title of *great* man ought to be reserved for him who cannot be charged with an indiscretion or a vice, who spent his life in establishing the independence, the glory, and durable prosperity of his country, who succeeded in all that he undertook, and whose successes were never won at the expense of honor, justice, integrity, or by the sacrifice of a single principle, — this title will not be denied to Washington.

*Lines written in a Churchyard.* — KNOWLES.

1. Methinks it is good to be here :  
If thou wilt, let us build ; — but for whom ?  
No Elias and Moses appear,  
But the shadows of us that encompass the gloom,  
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.
2. Shall we build to Ambition ? O, no !  
Affrighted he shrinketh away ;  
For see ! they would fix him below



In a small, narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,  
To the meanest of reptiles a den and a prey.

3. To beauty ? Ah, no ! — she forgets  
The charms which she wielded before —  
Nor knows the foul worm, that he frets  
The skin, which, but yesterday, fools could adore,  
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.
4. Shall we build to the purple of Pride —  
The trappings which dizzy the proud ?  
Alas ! they are all laid aside —  
And here's neither dress nor adornment allowed,  
But the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the shroud !
5. To Riches ? Alas ! 'tis in vain —  
Who hid, in their turns have been hid —  
The treasures are squandered again —  
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,  
But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin lid.
6. To the pleasures which mirth can afford —  
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer ?  
Ah ! here is a plentiful board ;  
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,  
And none but the worm is a reveller here.
7. Shall we build to Affection and Love ?  
Ah, no ! they have withered and died,  
Or fled with the spirit above.  
Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,  
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.
8. Unto Sorrow ? The dead cannot grieve ;  
Not a sob, not a sigh, meets mine ear,  
Which compassion itself could relieve !

Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, nor fear;  
Peace, Peace is the watchword, the only one here.

9. Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?  
Ah, no! for his empire is known,  
And here there are trophies enow!  
Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,  
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown!
10. The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,  
And look for the sleepers around us to rise;  
The second to Faith, which insures it fulfilled;  
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,  
Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to the skies.

*Prince Arthur.* — SHAKSPEARE.

*Enter HUBERT and two ATTENDANTS.*

*Hubert.* Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand  
Within the arras: when I strike my foot  
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,  
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,  
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

*1 At.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

*Hub.* Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't. —

*[Exeunt Attendants.]*

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

*Enter ARTHUR.*

*Arth.* Good morrow, Hubert.

*Hub.* Good morrow, little prince.

*Arth.* As little prince (having so great a title  
To be more prince) as may be. — You are sad.

*Hub.* Indeed, I have been merrier.

*Arth.* Mercy on me!

Methinks nobody should be sad but I :  
Yet I remember, when I was in France,  
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,  
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,  
I should be as merry as the day is long ;  
And so I would be here, but that I doubt  
My uncle practises more harm to me :  
He is afraid of me, and I of him :  
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son ?  
No, indeed is't not ; and I would to Heaven  
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

*Hub.* If I talk to him, with his innocent prate  
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :  
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. *[Aside.*

*Arth.* Are you sick, Hubert ? you look pale to-day :  
In sooth, I would you were a little sick ;  
That I might sit all night, and watch with you :  
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

*Hub.* His words do take possession of my bosom.  
Read here, young Arthur. *[Showing a paper.]* How now,  
foolish rheum ! *[Aside.*

Turning dispiteous torture out of door !  
I must be brief ; lest resolution drop  
Out at mine eyes, in tender, womanish tears. ——  
Can you not read it ? Is it not fair writ ?

*Arth.* Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :  
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes ?

*Hub.* Young boy, I must.

*Arth.* And will you ?

*Hub.* And I will.

*Arth.* Have you the heart ? When your head did but ache,  
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,  
(The best I had ; a princess wrought it me,)  
And I did never ask it you again ;  
And with my hand at midnight held your head ;

And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time,  
Saying, What lack you ? and, Where lies your grief ?  
Or, What good love may I perform for you ?  
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,  
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;  
But you at your sick service had a prince.  
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,  
And call it cunning. Do, an if you will :  
If Heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,  
Why, then you must. — Will you put out mine eyes ? —  
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,  
So much as frown on you ?

*Hub.* I have sworn to do it ;  
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

*Arth.* Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it !  
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,  
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,  
And quench his fiery indignation,  
Even in the matter of mine innocence ;  
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,  
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.  
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron ?  
An if an angel should have come to me,  
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
I would not have believed no tongue, but Hubert's.

*Hub.* Come forth. Do as I bid you do. [Stamps.

*Reënter ATTENDANTS, with cord, irons, &c.*

*Arth.* O, save me, Hubert, save me ! my eyes are out,  
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

*Hub.* Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

*Arth.* Alas ! what need you be so boisterous rough ?  
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.  
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound !  
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb ;  
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,  
Nor look upon the iron angrily :  
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,  
Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Hub.* Go, stand within ; let me alone with him.

*1 At.* I am best pleased to be from such a deed. [*Exeunt.*

*Arth.* Alas ! I then have chid away my friend ;  
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart : —  
Let him come back, that his compassion may  
Give life to yours.

*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourself.

*Arth.* Is there no remedy ?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Arth.* O Heaven ! — that there were but a mote in yours,  
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,  
Any annoyance in that precious sense !  
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,  
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

*Hub.* Is this your promise ? Go to, hold your tongue.

*Arth.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues  
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :  
Let me not hold my tongue ; let me not, Hubert !  
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,  
So I may keep mine eyes ; O, spare mine eyes ;  
Though to no use, but still to look on you !  
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,  
And would not harm me.

*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.

*Arth.* No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with grief,  
Being create for comfort, to be used  
In undeserved extremes : see else yourself ;  
There is no malice in this burning coal ;  
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,  
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.



*Arth.* And if you do, you will but make it blush,  
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert :  
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes ;  
And, like a dog that is compelled to fight,  
Snatch at his master that doth tar him on.  
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,  
Deny their office : only you do lack  
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,  
Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.

*Hub.* Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eyes  
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :  
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same very iron to burn them out.

*Arth.* O, now you look like Hubert ! All this while  
You were disguised.

*Hub.* Peace : no more. Adieu ;  
Your uncle must not know but you are dead :  
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.  
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,  
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
Will not offend thee.

*Arth.* O Heaven ! — I thank you, Hubert.

*Hub.* Silence ; no more. Go closely in with me ;  
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

*Blessings of Domestic Life.* — J. S. BUCKMINSTER.

1. Let me lead you, last of all, back to your families, and refresh you with the sight of the blessings of your domestic life. Indeed, if I were to search for a spot where you could best observe the effect of the blessings we have already enumerated, and best feel the peculiar happiness of your social condition, I should only open the door to your own firesides, and place you in the circle of your children and your friends. There it is, indeed, that you ought to enjoy the united influences of all the other advantages we have mentioned. If you are not happy there, the

fault is not in your circumstances, but in your dispositions. For when we consider the enviable state of the domestic relations among us, of husband and wife, of parents and children, we are at a loss to suggest any improvement, except in the use of these advantages.

2. Notwithstanding the rapid encroachment of luxury, it has not yet so corrupted our modes of life under the pretence of refining them, that parents are daily separated from their children. You may, at any time, collect them around you, refresh yourselves with their innocence, watch their budding talents and virtues, and enjoy their happiness. The intercourse between you and your offspring is not disturbed by any foolish customs and formalities; no rights of primogeniture enter, to kindle jealousies and coldness. As they grow up successively, they gradually pass into your companions, your friends, and at last your counselors — perhaps your stay and consolation.

3. So abundant are our means of living, that your children are not driven unprovided for from the paternal roof, to seek elsewhere a precarious support. No officer of despotism bursts open your doors, to drag the reluctant youth to be sacrificed on the field of battle, nor does every mail bring you intelligence, which makes your heart bleed, of some new exposures or new sufferings which they are called to endure. So various and accessible are our means of education, also, that parents may always have some new pleasures in expectation from the improvement of their children. Soon they become qualified to partake of your own intellectual pursuits. Their curiosity keeps yours awake, their improvement rewards you; and the domestic circle every day brightens with new accessions in intelligence and pleasure.

4. Thus they grow up with you at home; and here, at least, this blessed name yet expresses a reality, a substantial good, a sanctuary, a refuge from the troubles of life, the very centre of our national happiness. And when the fear and love of God dwell under your roofs; when his worship purifies and makes holy these domestic enjoyments; when your prayers, as they ascend morning and evening, draw closer the sacred ties of parent and child,

brother and sister — But I need not dwell on the minutiae of your blessings; I need not paint, what your hearts, if they are rightly attuned, will represent to you with more vividness and reality. Go home then, — for you have a home, — and tell your children what great things God has done for us.

5. This recital of our blessings, however grateful it may be to the mind, is yet attended with two considerations, which press upon our attention. The first is, How little have we ourselves contributed to these advantages! They seem in truth to be the gifts of Providence alone, for we can hardly trace them to any positive causes. When we reflect upon our social and domestic lot, one thing is always evident, — that if all the good we find can be traced to the care of a most gracious Providence, all the evil to which we are exposed may be traced directly to those passions which the most favorable state of society cannot always suppress, to those corruptions which grow, alas! and ripen under the very sunshine of our prosperity. The other consideration, which may make us all tremble, is, How long shall this state of prosperity last? Has God given us a pledge of uninterrupted security and good fortune? or does not its continuance depend much upon ourselves? If the cup of our prosperity intoxicates us, will it not fall at last from our hands, and be dashed in pieces?

6. My friends, let us think, before we part, of the duties which our very happiness imposes upon us. Ought we not, first of all, most gratefully and humbly to adore the distinguishing goodness of God? Perhaps we have hitherto overlooked the real foundation of our happiness; perhaps, if we have been sensible of the good, we have not thought of the Author. We have entered this garden of God, and carelessly cropped the flowers with which it is filled, and thought them planted only for our gratification. This is not the condition on which any of God's gifts are bestowed.

*Demosthenes.* — NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

1. The most prominent feature in his orations, as has been justly remarked, is argument. He never declaims till he has

first reasoned ; he seems to disdain to inflame our passions till he has overpowered our understanding. Few authors can bear a comparison with him in the originality and ingenuity of his arguments ; in their close connection with the point proposed and with each other ; in the succinctness, perspicuity, and energy with which they are stated ; in the sagacity and *generalship*,—if the term may be allowed,—with which he directs his force to those points where his adversary is most vulnerable, and himself most powerful ; in all those qualities, in short, which constitute a powerful and accomplished logician.

2. But though an acute and close, he is by no means a dry and cold reasoner ; he bears no resemblance to those who state their sentiments with the calmness, as well as the precision, of mathematical demonstration. His argument seems to flow from his heart, as well as his intellect, and is equally impassioned with the declamation of other orators. His declamation, on the other hand, has much of the closeness and terseness which we find displayed in the ablest arguments. We perceive in it nothing vague or extravagant, nothing florid or redundant, nothing strained or ostentatious ; it always seems to enforce and illustrate, as well as to ornament, the arguments to which it refers, and appears to be introduced not only naturally but necessarily.

3. It is scarcely possible, however, to divide the speeches of Demosthenes, like those of most other orators, into argumentative and declamatory passages. Logic and rhetoric are blended together, from the beginning to the end ; the speaker, while always clear and profound, is always rapid and impassioned. The vivid feeling, displayed at intervals by other orators, bursts forth in Demosthenes with every sentence. We are forcibly reminded of the description of lightning in Homer :—

“By turns one flash succeeds as one expires,  
And heaven flames thick with momentary fires.”

4. Were we called upon to state, what more than any thing else distinguished Demosthenes from all other orators, we should answer, his constant and complete forgetfulness of himself in his

subject. His object, in his most celebrated orations, (with the exception of that on the Crown,) was to thwart and overthrow the ambitious projects of Philip of Macedon, to rouse his countrymen to a course of conduct worthy of themselves and their illustrious ancestry.

5. That Philip was aiming at the sovereignty of Greece ; that he feared and hated the Athenians, as the irreconcilable opponents to his schemes of aggrandizement ; that he was hostile to the city of Athens, to every thing which it contained, to the very ground on which it stood, but to nothing so much as its free government,—these were the ideas which seemed to penetrate and absorb the very soul of Demosthenes, and which he put forth all his strength in impressing on the minds of his hearers.

6. His exordium, though highly finished, is generally brief ; he throws himself into the midst of his subject, and seems to have neither time nor thought for any thing besides. To gain the assent, and not the applause, of the audience, is his single object : his aim seems to be to direct the councils of Athens, utterly regardless of the credit which success may reflect on himself ; and he appears to think as little of the skill which he shall display as an orator, as he who is fighting for his life thinks of the grace which he shall exhibit in the management of his weapons.

7. When we consider that it is the well-known property of this enthusiastic sincerity to communicate itself from the speaker to his audience ; that, connected even with moderate abilities, it seldom fails to command a respectful attention ; that it is of itself often sufficient to give a temporary interest to the most airy extravagance,—it requires little reflection to perceive what effects it must produce, when united with the talents of Demosthenes. By no author is he excelled in the power of engaging and rivetting our attention. We feel ourselves in the grasp of a giant, and are hurried along in the course of his argument with unceasing and breathless interest.

8. While, however, we dwell thus forcibly on the entire devotion of Demosthenes to his great purpose, we would not be understood to imply that his orations are devoid of all remarks of



general application. He looks intensely on his subject, but it is with the eye of a consummate statesman; his remarks centre in a single point, but they are drawn from a wide circumference. Almost every one of his speeches abounds in maxims of the most profound kind, and the most universal interest, not formally ushered forth in the garb of philosophy, but, like every thing which he utters, springing naturally from his subject, and bearing strongly upon it.

9. That the mind soon loses its dignity if given up to low and grovelling pursuits; that it is the leading duty of a true patriot never to fear responsibility; that no community can ever be great, if it suffer its conduct to be entirely determined by external circumstances; that it is for him who has received benefits to cherish them in his memory, while the giver should be the first to forget them,—these, and numerous other political and moral truths, of equal moment, are all enforced with the greatest clearness and vigor by Demosthenes. We consider him, in short, as the most striking illustration of the rule subsequently laid down by Horace, in the trite passage, “*Ars est celare artem.*” His eloquence always strikes us as the true eloquence of nature, the language of a strong mind under high excitement.

*The Murdered Traveller.* — BRYANT.

1. When Spring to woods and wastes around  
Brought bloom and joy again,  
The murdered traveller's bones were found,  
Far down a narrow glen.
2. The fragrant birch, above him, hung  
Her tassels in the sky;  
And many a vernal blossom sprung,  
And nodded, careless, by.
3. The red bird warbled, as he wrought  
His hanging nest o'erhead,

And fearless, near the fatal spot,  
Her young the partridge led.

4. But there was weeping far away,  
And gentle eyes, for him,  
With watching many an anxious day,  
Grew sorrowful and dim.
5. They little knew, who loved him so,  
The fearful death he met,  
When shouting o'er the desert snow,  
Unarmed, and hard beset ; —
6. Nor how, when round the frosty pole  
The northern dawn was red,  
The mountain wolf and wildcat stole  
To banquet on the dead ; —
7. Nor how, when strangers found his bones,  
They dressed the hasty bier,  
And marked his grave with nameless stones,  
Unmoistened by a tear.
8. But long they looked, and feared, and wept,  
Within his distant home,  
And dreamed, and started as they slept,  
For joy that he was come.
9. So long they looked — but never spied  
His welcome step again,  
Nor knew the fearful death he died  
Far down that narrow glen.

*Roderick Dhu and Malcolm.* — SCOTT.

Twice through the hall the chieftain strode ;  
The wavings of his tartans broad,  
And darkened brow, where wounded pride  
With ire and disappointment vied,  
Seemed, by the torch's gloomy light,  
Like the ill demon of the night,  
Stooping his pinions' shadowy sway  
Upon the nighted pilgrim's way ;  
But, unrequited love, thy dart  
Plunged deepest its envenomed smart,  
And Roderick, with thine anguish stung,  
At length the hand of Douglas wrung ;  
While eyes that mocked at tears before,  
With bitter drops were running o'er.  
The death-pangs of long-cherished hope  
Scarce in that ample breast had scope,  
But, struggling with his spirit proud,  
Convulsive heaved its checkered shroud,  
While every sob — so mute were all —  
Was heard distinctly through the hall ;  
The son's despair, the mother's look,  
I'll might the gentle Ellen brook.  
She rose, and to her side there came,  
To aid her parting steps, the Græme.  
Then Roderick from the Douglas broke ; —  
As flashes flame through sable smoke,  
Kindling its wreaths, long, dark, and low,  
To one broad blaze of ruddy glow,  
So the deep anguish of despair  
Burst, in fierce jealousy, to air —  
With stalwart grasp his hand he laid  
On Malcolm's breast and belted plaid ;  
“ Back, beardless boy ! ” he sternly said,

“ Back, minion ! hold'st thou thus at naught  
The lesson I so lately taught ?  
This roof, the Douglas, and that maid,  
Thank thou for punishment delayed.”  
Eager as greyhound on his game,  
Fiercely with Roderick grappled Græme ;  
“ Perish my name, if aught afford  
Its chieftain safety, save his sword ! ”  
Thus, as they strove, their desperate hand  
Griped to the dagger or the brand ;  
And death had been — But Douglas rose,  
And thrust between the struggling foes  
His giant strength . . . “ Chieftains, forego !  
I hold the first who strikes, my foe.  
Madmen, forbear your frantic jar !  
What ! is the Douglas fallen so far,  
His daughter's hand is deemed the spoil  
Of such dishonorable broil ? ”  
Sullen and slowly they unclasp,  
As struck with shame, their desperate grasp ;  
And each upon his rival glared,  
With foot advanced, and blade half bared.

Ere yet the brands aloft were flung,  
Margaret on Roderick's mantle hung ;  
And Malcolm heard his Ellen's scream,  
As faltered through terrific dream.  
Then Roderick plunged in sheath his sword,  
And veiled his wrath in scornful word :  
“ Rest safe till morning ; pity 'twere  
Such cheeks should feel the midnight air !  
Then mayst thou to James Stuart tell,  
Roderick will keep the lake and fell,  
Nor lackey, with his free-born clan,  
The pageant pomp of earthly man.  
More would he of Clan-Alpine know,  
Thou canst our strength and passes show.

Malise, what, ho ! ” — his henchman came ; —  
“ Give our safe-conduct to the Græme.”  
Young Malcolm answered, calm and bold,  
“ Fear nothing for thy favorite hold.  
The spot an angel deigned to grace,  
Is blessed, though robbers haunt the place :  
Thy churlish courtesy for those  
Reserve, who feel to be thy foes.  
As safe to me the mountain way  
At midnight, as in blaze of day,  
Though, with his boldest at his back,  
Even Roderick Dhu beset the track.”

*Address to Rev. E. Carey. — R. HALL.*

1. Few things more powerfully tend to enlarge the mind than conversing with great objects and engaging in great pursuits. That the object you are pursuing is entitled to that appellation will not be questioned by him who reflects on the infinite advantages derived from Christianity to every nation and clime where it has prevailed in its purity, and that the prodigious superiority which Europe possesses over Asia and Africa is chiefly to be ascribed to this cause. It is the possession of a religion which comprehends the seeds of endless improvement ; which maintains an incessant struggle with whatever is barbarous, selfish, or inhuman ; which, by unveiling futurity, clothes morality with the sanction of a divine law, and harmonizes utility and virtue in every combination of events, and in every stage of existence — a religion which, by affording the most just and sublime conceptions of the Deity, and of the moral relations of man, has given birth at once to the loftiest speculation and the most childlike humility, uniting the inhabitants of the globe into one family, and in the bonds of a common salvation. It is this religion which, rising upon us like a finer sun, has quickened moral vegetation, and replenished Europe with talents, virtues, and exploits, which, in spite of its physical disadvantages, have rendered it a paradise, the delight



and wonder of the world. An attempt to propagate this religion among the natives of Hindostan may perhaps be stigmatized as visionary and romantic ; but to enter the lists of controversy with those who would deny it to be great and noble, would be a degradation to reason.

2. On these principles the cause of missions has recently been sustained in parliament, and the propriety and expedience of attempting the propagation of Christianity in India demonstrated by arguments and considerations suited to the meridian of such assemblies. We feel ourselves highly indebted to those distinguished senators who exerted their eloquence on that occasion, and have no hesitation in asserting, that a more wise and magnanimous measure was never adopted by an enlightened legislature, than that of facilitating the communication of Christian knowledge to the subjects of our Eastern empire. As a political measure, nothing more unexceptionable or beneficial can be conceived. It is not in this light, however, we would wish you to regard your present undertaking. What may satisfy the views of a statesman ought not to satisfy a Christian minister. It is the business of the former to project for this world ; of the latter, for eternity. The former proposes to improve the advantages and to mitigate the evils of life ; the latter, the conquest of death and the achievement of immortality. They proceed in the same direction, it is true, as far as they go ; but the one proceeds infinitely farther than the other.

3. In the views of the most enlightened statesmen, compared to those of a Christian minister, there is a littleness and limitation which is not to be imputed in one case as a moral imperfection, nor in the other as a personal merit ; the difference arising purely from the disparity in the subjects upon which they respectively speculate. Should you be asked, on your arrival in India, as it is very probable you will, what there is in Christianity which renders it so inestimable in your eyes, that you judged it fit to undertake so long, dangerous, and expensive a voyage for the purpose of imparting it, — you will answer, without hesitation, it is the power of God to salvation ; nor will any view of it short of this,

or the inculcation of it for any inferior purpose, enable it to produce even those moralizing and civilizing effects it is so powerfully adapted to accomplish.

4. Christianity will civilize, it is true, but it is only when it is allowed to develop the energies by which it sanctifies. Christianity will inconceivably ameliorate the present condition of being,—who doubts it? Its universal prevalence, not in the name, but in reality, will convert this world into a semi-paradisiacal state; but it is only while it is permitted to prepare its inhabitants for a better. Let her be urged to forget her celestial origin and destiny, to forget that *she came from God, and returns to God*; and, whether she is employed by the artful and enterprising, as the instrument of establishing a spiritual empire and dominion over mankind, or by the philanthropist as the means of promoting their civilization and improvement, she resents the foul indignity, claps her wings and takes her flight, leaving nothing but a base and sanctimonious hypocrisy in her room.

5. Preach it then, my dear brother, with a constant recollection that such is its character and aim. Preach it with a perpetual view to eternity, and with the simplicity and affection with which you would address your dearest friends, were they assembled round your dying bed. While others are ambitious to form the citizen of earth, be it yours to train him for heaven; to raise up the temple of God from among the ancient desolations; to contribute your part towards the formation and perfection of that eternal society which will flourish in inviolable purity and order, when all human associations shall be dissolved, and the princes of this world shall come to nought. In the pursuit of these objects, let it be your ambition to tread in the footsteps of a Brainerd and a Schwartz; I may add, of your excellent relative, with whom we are happy in perceiving you to possess a congeniality of character, not less than an affinity of blood.

6. But should you succeed beyond your utmost hope, expect not to escape the ridicule of the ungodly or the censure of the world; but be content to sustain that sort of reputation, and run that sort of career invariably allotted to the Christian missionary;

where, agreeably to the experience of St. Paul, obscurity and notoriety, admiration and scorn, sorrows and consolations, attachments the most tender and opposition the most violent, are interchangeably mingled.

7. But whatever be the sentiments of the world, respecting which you will indulge no excessive solicitude, your name will be precious in India, your memory dear to multitudes, who will reverence in you the instrument of their eternal salvation; and how much more satisfaction will accrue from the consciousness of this, than from the loudest human applause, your own reflections will determine. At that awful moment when you are called to bid a final adieu to the world, and to look into eternity,—when the hopes, fears, and agitations which sublunary objects shall have occasioned, will subside like a feverish dream, or a vision of the night,—the certainty of belonging to the number of the saved will be the only consolation; and when to this is joined the conviction of having contributed to enlarge that number, your joy will be full.

8. You will be conscious of having conferred a benefit on your fellow-creatures, you know not precisely what, but of such a nature that it will require all the illumination of eternity to measure its dimensions and ascertain its value. Having followed Christ in the *regeneration*, in the preparatory labors accompanying the renovation of mankind, you will rise to an elevated station in a world where the scantiest portion is a *far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory*, and a conspicuous place will be assigned you in that unchanging firmament, where those who have turned many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

*Right of Public Discussion.*—R. HALL.

1. However some may affect to dread controversy; it can never be of ultimate disadvantage to the interests of truth or the happiness of mankind. Where it is indulged in its full extent, a multitude of ridiculous opinions will no doubt be obtruded upon the

public ; but any ill influence they may produce cannot continue long, as they are sure to be opposed with at least equal ability, and that superior advantage which is ever attendant on truth. The colors with which wit or eloquence may have adorned a false system will gradually die away, sophistry be detected, and every thing estimated at length according to its true value. Publications, besides, like every thing else that is human, are of a mixed nature, where truth is often blended with falsehood, and important hints suggested in the midst of much impertinent or pernicious matter ; nor is there any way of separating the precious from the vile but by tolerating the whole. Where the right of unlimited inquiry is exerted, the human faculties will be upon the advance ; where it is relinquished, they will be of necessity at a stand, and will probably decline.

2. If we have recourse to experience, — that kind of enlarged experience in particular which history furnishes, — we shall not be apt to entertain any violent alarm at the greatest liberty of discussion : we shall there see that to this we are indebted for those improvements in arts and sciences which have meliorated in so great a degree the condition of mankind. The middle ages, as they are called, the darkest period of which we have any particular accounts, were remarkable for two things — the extreme ignorance that prevailed, and an excessive veneration for received opinions ; circumstances which, having been always united, operate on each other, it is plain, as cause and effect.

3. The whole compass of science was in those times subject to restraint ; every new opinion was looked upon as dangerous. To affirm the globe we inhabit to be round was deemed heresy, and for asserting its motion the immortal Galileo was confined in the prisons of the Inquisition. Yet it is remarkable, so little are the human faculties fitted for restraint, that its utmost rigor was never able to effect a thorough unanimity, or to preclude the most alarming discussions and controversies. For no sooner was one point settled than another was started ; and as the articles on which men professed to differ were always extremely few and subtile, they came the more easily into contact, and their animosities

were the more violent and concentrated. The shape of the tonsure, or manner in which a monk should shave his head, would then throw a whole kingdom into convulsions.

4. In proportion as the world has become more enlightened, this unnatural policy of restraint has retired, the sciences it has entirely abandoned, and has taken its last stand on religion and politics. The first of these was long considered of a nature so peculiarly sacred, that every attempt to alter it, or to impair the reverence for its received institutions, was regarded, under the name of heresy, as a crime of the first magnitude. Yet, dangerous as free inquiry may have been looked upon when extended to the principles of religion, there is no department where it was more necessary, or its interference more decidedly beneficial. By nobly daring to exert it when all the powers on earth were combined in its suppression, did Luther accomplish that reformation which drew forth primitive Christianity, long hidden and concealed under a load of abuses, to the view of an awakened and astonished world.

5. So great is the force of truth when it has once gained the attention, that all the arts and policy of the court of Rome, aided throughout every part of Europe by a veneration for antiquity, the prejudices of the vulgar, and the cruelty of despots, were fairly baffled and confounded by the opposition of a solitary monk. And had this principle of free inquiry been permitted in succeeding times to have full scope, Christianity would at this period have been much better understood, and the animosity of sects considerably abated.

6. Religious toleration has never been complete even in England; but having prevailed more here than perhaps in any other country, there is no place where the doctrines of religion have been set in so clear a light, or its truth so ably defended. The writings of Deists have contributed much to this end. Whoever will compare the late defences of Christianity by Locke, Butler, or Clark, with those of the ancient apologists, will discern in the former far more precision and an abler method of reasoning than in the latter; which must be attributed chiefly to the superior spirit of



inquiry by which modern times are distinguished. Whatever alarm, then, may have been taken at the liberty of discussion, religion, it is plain, hath been a gainer by it; its abuses corrected, and its divine authority settled on a firmer basis than ever.

*The Same, continued.*

1. Though I have taken the liberty of making these preliminary remarks on the influence of free inquiry in general, what I have more immediately in view is to defend its exercise in relation to government. This being an institution purely human, one would imagine it were the proper province for freedom of discussion in its utmost extent. It is surely just that every one should have a right to examine those measures by which the happiness of all may be affected. The control of the public mind over the conduct of ministers, exerted through the medium of the press, has been regarded by the best writers, both in our country and on the continent, as the main support of our liberties. While this remains, we cannot be enslaved; when it is impaired or diminished, we shall soon cease to be free.

2. Under pretence of its being seditious to express any disapprobation of the *form* of our government, the most alarming attempts are made to wrest the liberty of the press out of our hands. It is far from being my intention to set up a defence of republican principles, as I am persuaded whatever imperfections may attend the British constitution, it is competent to all the ends of government, and the best adapted of any to the *actual* situation of this kingdom. Yet I am convinced there is no crime in being a republican, and that while he obeys the laws, every man has a right to entertain what sentiments he pleases on our form of government, and to discuss this with the same freedom as any other topic. In proof of this, I shall beg the reader's attention to the following arguments.

3. We may apply to this point in particular the observation that has been made on the influence of free inquiry in general, that it will issue in the firmer establishment of truth and the over-

throw of error. Every thing that is really excellent will bear examination; it will even invite it; and the more narrowly it is surveyed, to the more advantage it will appear. Is our constitution a good one? It will gain in our esteem by the severest inquiry. Is it bad? Then its imperfections should be laid open, and exposed. Is it, as is generally confessed, of a mixed nature, excellent in theory, but defective in its practice? Freedom of discussion will be still requisite to point out the nature and source of its corruptions, and apply suitable remedies. If our constitution be that perfect model of excellence it is represented, it may boldly appeal to the *reason* of an enlightened age, and need not rest on the support of an implicit faith.

4. Government is the creature of the people, and that which they have created they surely have a right to examine. The great Author of nature, having placed the right of dominion in no particular hands, hath left every point relating to it to be settled by the consent and approbation of mankind. In spite of the attempts of sophistry to conceal the origin of political right, it must inevitably rest at length on the acquiescence of the people. In the case of individuals, it is extremely plain. If one man should overwhelm another with superior force, and, after completely subduing him under the name of government, transmit him in this condition to his heirs, every one would exclaim against such an act of injustice. But whether the object of this oppression be one or a million, can make no difference in its nature, the idea of equity having no relation to that of numbers.

5. Mr. Burke, with some other authors, are aware that an original right of dominion can only be explained by resolving it into the will of the people, yet contend that it becomes inalienable and independent by length of time and prescription. This fatal mistake appears to me to have arisen from confounding the right of dominion with that of private property. Possession for a certain time, it is true, vests in the latter a complete right, or there would be no end to vexatious claims; not to mention that it is of no consequence to society where property lies, provided its regulations be clear and its possession undisturbed. For the same

reason, it is of the essence of private property to be held for the sole use of the owner, with liberty to employ it in what way he pleases consistent with the safety of the community.

6. But the right of dominion has none of the qualities that distinguish private possession. It is never indifferent to the community, in whose hands it is lodged; nor is it intended in any degree for the benefit of those who conduct it. Being derived from the will of the people explicit or implied, and existing solely for their use, it can no more become independent of that will than water can rise above its source. But if we allow the people are the true origin of political power, it is absurd to require them to resign the right of discussing any question that can arise either upon its form or its measures, as this would put it forever out of their power to revoke the trust which they have placed in the hands of their rulers.

7. If it be a crime for a subject of Great Britain to express his disapprobation of that form of government under which he lives, the same conduct must be condemned in the inhabitant of any other country. Perhaps it will be said a distinction ought to be made on account of the superior excellence of the British constitution. This superiority I am not disposed to contest, yet cannot allow it to be a proper reply, as it takes for granted that which is supposed to be a matter of debate and inquiry. Let a government be ever so despotic, it is a chance if those who share in the administration are not loud in proclaiming its excellence.

8. Go into Turkey, and the pachas of the provinces will probably tell you that the Turkish government is the most perfect in the world. If the excellence of a constitution, then, is assigned as the reason that none should be permitted to censure it, who, I ask, is to determine on this its excellence? If you reply, every man's own reason will determine, you concede the very point I am endeavoring to establish,—the liberty of free inquiry; if you reply, our rulers, you admit a principle that equally applies to every government in the world, and will lend no more support to the British constitution than to that of Turkey or Algiers.

*Uses of the Atmosphere.* — BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

1. (The analytical method we have followed in studying the chemistry of the atmosphere, has had the necessary advantage of compelling us to pursue it bit by bit, and, as it were, piecemeal. We must now try to conceive of the atmosphere as a whole, and to realize clearly the idea of its unity. And what a whole ! what a unity it is ! It possesses properties so wonderful, and so dissimilar, that we are slow to believe that they can exist together. It rises above us with its cathedral dome, arching towards that heaven of which it is the most familiar synonyme and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the apostle John saw in his visions — “a sea of glass like unto crystal.” So massive is it, that when it begins to stir, it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests, like snowflakes, to destruction before it. And yet it is so mobile, that we have lived years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all, and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous, that iron shivers before it like glass ; yet a soap-bell sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it aside with its wing.

2. It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us. Its warm south winds bring back color to the pale face of the invalid ; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow and make the blood mantle in our cheeks ; even its north blasts brace into new vigor the hardened children of our rugged clime. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of midday, the chastened radiance of the gloaming, and the “clouds that cradle near the setting sun.” But for it, the rainbow would want its “triumphal arch,” and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands round the heavens. The cold ether would not shed its snow-feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall, nor hailstorm, nor fog diversify the face of the sky. Our naked globe would turn its tanned, unshad-

owed forehead to the sun, and one dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things.

3. Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and, without warning, plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers; so that the shadows of evening gather by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads; and each creature space to find a place of rest, and to nestle to repose. In the morning, the gairish sun would at one bound burst from the bosom of night, and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his coming, and sends at first but one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and by and by a handful, and so gently draws aside the curtains of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eyelids open, and, like man, she goeth forth again to her labor till the evening.

4. To the ear it brings all the sounds that pulsate through it — the grave eloquence of men; the sweet songs and happy laughter of women; the prayers and praises which they utter to God; the joyous carols of birds; the hum of insect wings; the whisper of the winds when they breathe gently, and their laughter and wild choruses when they shriek in their wrath; the plashing of fountains; the murmur of rivers; the roaring of cataracts; the rustling of forests; the trumpet-note of the thunder; and the deep solemn voice of the everlasting sea. Had there been no atmosphere, melody nor harmony would not have been, nor any music. The earth might have made signs to the eye, like one bereft of speech, and have muttered from her depths inarticulate sounds; but nature would have been voiceless, and we should have gazed only on shore “where all was dumb.” To the last of the senses the air is not less bountiful than to the others. It gathers to itself all perfumes and fragrance; from bean-fields in flower, and meadows of new-mown hay; from hills covered with wild thyme, and gardens of roses. The breezes, those “heavy-winged thieves,” waft them hither and thither, and the sweet south wind “breathes upon bands of violets, stealing and giving odor.”



5. Such is a faint outline of the atmosphere. The sea has been called the pathway of the nations, but it is a barrier as well as a bond between them. It is only the girdling and encircling air which flows above and around all, that makes the "whole world kin." The carbonic acid with which our breathing fills the air, to-morrow will be speeding north and south, and striving to make the tour of the world. The date-trees that grow round the fountains of the Nile will drink it in by their leaves ; the cedars of Lebanon will take of it, to add to their stature ; the cocoa-nuts of Tahiti will grow riper upon it ; and the palms and bananas of Japan change it into flowers.

6. The oxygen we are breathing was distilled for us some short time ago by the magnolias of the Susquehanna, and the great trees that skirt the Orinoco and the Amazon. The giant rhododendrons of the Himmalayas contributed to it, the roses and myrtles of Cashmere, the cinnamon-trees of Ceylon, and forests older than the flood buried deep in the heart of Africa, far behind the Mountains of the Moon. The rain which we see descending was thawed for us out of icebergs which have watched the pole-star for ages ; and lotus lilies sucked up from the Nile and exhaled as vapor the snows that are lying on the tops of our hills.

7. The earth is our mother, and bears us in her arms ; but the air is our foster-mother, and nurses each one. Men of all kindreds, and peoples, and nations, four-footed beasts and creeping things, fowls of the air, and whales of the sea, old trees of the forest, mosses wreathed upon boughs, and lichens crumbling on stones, drink at the same perennial fount of life which flows freely for all. Nursed at the same breast, we are of one family — plants, animals, and men ; and God's "tender mercies are over us all." Must we strive, by rule of logic and absolute demonstration, to shut up each reader into a corner, and compel him to acknowledge that the atmosphere was not self-created, but was made by Him "who stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in" ? Is there any one who can resist exclaiming, "O Lord ! how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all" ?

*French Army as it appeared before and after the Battle of Buzaco.* — RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PENINSULA.

1. On the twenty-sixth we again moved, and, fording the Mondego, climbed the lofty Sierra de Buzaco, and found ourselves on the right of Wellington's army, and in order of battle. Our position extended nearly eight miles along this mountainous and rocky ridge, and the ground on which we formed, inclining with a slope to our own rear, most admirably concealed both the disposition and the numbers of our force. My regiment had no sooner piled arms, than I walked to the verge of the mountain on which we lay, in the hope that I might discover something of the enemy. Little, however, was I prepared for the magnificent scene which burst on my astonished sight.

2. Far as the eye could stretch, the glittering of steel, and clouds of dust raised by cavalry and artillery, proclaimed the march of a countless army; while, immediately below me, at the feet of those precipitous heights on which I stood, their pickets were already posted; thousands of them were already halted in their bivouacs, and column too after column, arriving in quick succession, reposed upon the ground allotted to them, and swelled the black and enormous masses. The numbers of the enemy were, at the lowest calculation, seventy-five thousand, and their host formed in three distinct and heavy columns; while to the rear of their left, at a more considerable distance, you might see a large encampment of their cavalry, and the whole country behind them seemed covered with their train, their ambulance, and their commissariat.

3. This, then, was a French army; here lay before me the men who had once, for nearly two years, kept the whole coast of England in alarm; who had conquered Italy, overrun Austria, shouted victory on the plains of Austerlitz, and humbled, in one day, the power, the pride, and the martial renown of Prussia, on the field of Jena. To-morrow, methought, I may, for the first time, hear the din of battle, behold the work of slaughter, share the honors of a hard-fought field, or be numbered with the slain.

I returned slowly to the line ; and, after an evening passed in very interesting and animated conversation, though we had neither baggage nor fires, we lay down, rolled in our cloaks, and with the stony surface of the mountain for our bed, and the sky for our canopy, slept or thought away the night.

4. Two hours before break of day, the line was under arms ; but the two hours glided by rapidly and silently. At last, just as the day dawned, a few distant shots were heard on our left, and were soon followed by the discharge of cannon, and the quick, heavy, and continued roll of musketry. We received orders to move, and support the troops attacked ; the whole of Hill's corps, amounting to fourteen thousand men, was thrown into open column, and moved to its left in steady double quick, and in the highest order.

5. I cast my eye back to see if I could discover the rear of our divisions ; eleven thousand men were following ; all in sight, all in open column, all rapidly advancing in double quick time. No one but a soldier can picture to himself such a sight ; and it is, even for him, a rare and a grand one. It certainly must have had a very strong effect on such of the enemy as, from the summit of the ridge, which they had most intrepidly ascended, beheld it, and who, ignorant of Hill's presence, thought they had been attacking the extreme of the British right. We were halted exactly in rear of that spot, from which the seventy-fourth regiment, having just repulsed a column, was retiring in line, with the most beautiful regularity, its colors all torn with shot. Here a few shells flew harmlessly over our line, but we had not the honor of being engaged. The first wounded man I ever beheld in the field was carried past me at this moment ; he was a fine young Englishman, in the Portuguese service, and lay helplessly in a blanket, with both his legs shattered by cannon shot. He looked pale, and big drops of perspiration stood on his manly forehead ; but he spoke not—his agony appeared unutterable. I secretly wished him death—a mercy, I believe, that was not very long withheld.

6. About this time, Lord Wellington, with a numerous staff,

galloped up, and delivered his orders to General Hill, immediately in front of our corps; I therefore distinctly overheard him. "If they attempt this point again, Hill, you will give them a volley, and charge bayonets; but don't let your people follow them too far down the hill." I was particularly struck with the style of this order, so decided, so manly, and breathing *no doubt* as to the repulse of any attack; it confirmed confidence. Lord Wellington's orders, on the field, are all short, quick, clear, and to the purpose.

7. The French, however, never moved us throughout the day; their two desperate assaults had been successfully repelled, and their loss, as compared to ours, exceedingly severe. From the ridge, in front of our present ground, we could see them far better than the evening before; arms, appointments, uniforms, were all distinguishable. They occupied themselves in removing their wounded from the foot of our position; but as none of their troops broke up, it was generally concluded that they would renew their attacks on the morrow. In the course of the day, our men went down to a small brook, which flowed between the opposing armies, for water; and French and English soldiers might be seen drinking out of the same narrow stream, and even leaning over to shake hands with each other. One private, of my own regiment, actually exchanged forage caps with a soldier of the enemy, as a token of regard and good will. Such courtesies, if they do not disguise, at least soften the horrid features of war.

8. The view of the enemy's camp by night, far exceeded, in grandeur, its imposing aspect by day. Innumerable and brilliant fires illuminated all the country spread below us; while they yet flamed brightly, the shadowy figures of men and horses, and the glittering piles of arms, were all visible. Here and there, indeed, the view was interrupted by a few dark patches of black fir, which, by a gloomy contrast, heightened the effect of the picture; but, long after the flames expired, the red embers still emitted the most rich and glowing rays, and seemed, like stars, to gem the dark bosom of the earth, conveying the sublime ideas of a firmament spread beneath our feet.

*Character of Howard.* — J. FOSTER.

1. In this distinction [*decision*] no man ever exceeded, for instance, or ever will exceed, the late illustrious Howard. The energy of his determination was so great, that if, instead of being habitual, it had been shown only for a short time on particular occasions, it would have appeared a vehement impetuosity ; but by being unintermitted, it had an equability of manner which scarcely appeared to exceed the tone of a calm constancy, it was so totally the reverse of any thing like turbulence or agitation. It was the calmness of an intensity, kept uniform by the nature of the human mind forbidding it to be more, and by the character of the individual forbidding it to be less.

2. The habitual passion of his mind was a measure of feeling almost equal to the temporary extremes and paroxysms of common minds ; as a great river in its customary state is equal to a small or moderate one when swollen to a torrent. The moment of finishing his plans in deliberation, and commencing them in action, was the same. I wonder what must have been the amount of that bribe, in emolument or pleasure, that would have detained him a week inactive after their final adjustment. The law which carries water down a declivity was not more unconquerable and invariable than the determination of his feelings towards the main object.

3. The importance of this object held his faculties in a state of excitement which was too rigid to be affected by lighter interests, and on which, therefore, the beauties of nature and of art had no power. He had no leisure feeling which he could spare, to be diverted among the innumerable varieties of the extensive scene which he traversed ; all his subordinate feelings lost their separate existence and operation, by falling into the grand one. There have not been wanting trivial minds to mark this as a fault in his character. But the mere men of taste ought to be silent respecting such a man as Howard ; he is above their sphere of judgment.

4. The invisible spirits who fulfil their commission of philanthropy among mortals do not care about pictures, statues, and



sumptuous buildings; and no more did he, when the time in which he must have inspected and admired them would have been taken from the work to which he had consecrated his life.\* The curiosity which he might feel was reduced to wait till the hour should arrive when its gratification should be presented by conscience, which kept a scrupulous charge of all his time, as the most sacred duty of that hour. If he was still at every hour, when it came, fated to feel the attractions of the fine arts but the second claim, they might be sure of their revenge; for no other man will ever visit Rome under such a despotic consciousness of duty as to refuse himself time for surveying the magnificence of its ruins. Such a sin against taste is very far beyond the reach of common saintship to commit. It implied an inconceivable severity of conviction that he had *one thing to do*; and that he who would do some great thing in this short life must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces, as, to idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity.

5. His attention was so strongly and tenaciously fixed on his object, that, even at the greatest distance, as the Egyptian Pyramids to travellers, it appeared to him with a luminous distinctness, as if it were nigh, and beguiled the toilsome length of labor and enterprise by which he was to reach it. It was so conspicuous before him, that not a step deviated from the direction, and every movement and every day was an approximation. As his method referred every thing he did and thought to the end, and as his exertion did not relax for a moment, he made the trial, so seldom made — what is the utmost effect which may be granted to the last possible efforts of a human agent; and, therefore, what he did not accomplish, he might conclude to be placed beyond the sphere of mortal activity, and calmly leave to the immediate disposal of Providence.

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\* Mr. Howard, however, was not destitute of taste for the fine arts. His house at Cardington was better filled with paintings and drawings than any other, on a small scale, that we ever saw. — *R. Hall.*

*Obstacles to the Introduction of Christianity.* — N. A. REVIEW.

1. Obstacles which opposed the introduction of Christianity were formidable beyond what can now easily be imagined. They existed in the customs, opinions, prejudices, and perverseness of the Jews, to whom it was first preached, and in the spiritual darkness and moral degradation of the Gentiles. The Jews had early received the books of Moses as of divine authority, and the writings of the Prophets were considered no less the word of God. It is certain that the descendants of Abraham separated themselves at a very early period from the rest of the world, were governed by laws essentially different from other nations, and became distinguished by modes of life, and habits of thinking, feeling, and acting, peculiar to themselves.

2. The demonstrations, which they had perpetually before them, of being under the special guidance of the Supreme Being, quickened their pride, caused them to magnify their privileges, and to fancy themselves superior to other nations. From numerous intimations in their prophetic writings, they had long expected the coming of the Messiah. In him they were looking for a prince, a judge, a redeemer, a deliverer; but it was from their political troubles, and their distresses as a nation, from which they fondly imagined he would deliver them. When Christ appeared, they had become a degraded province, and were suffering under the cruel tyranny of the Romans.

3. Such was the political condition of the Jews, such their national prejudices, and such their expectations in regard to the character of the Messiah, and the objects of his mission. These were powerful obstacles to the introduction of a religion like that of Jesus Christ. How would the people believe *him* to be their long-expected Messiah, whose character and conduct were so opposite to all their anticipations? Instead of coming in the splendor and power of a prince, he appeared an humble peasant of Galilee, a province proverbial for its poverty and insignificance, and from which it had long been the belief that no good thing could come. He did nothing to promote their political

aggrandizement ; he placed before them no prospects of military glory and conquest ; and instead of offering to rescue them from bondage, he chided them for their rebellious spirit, and commanded them to submit to their condition.

4. And further, the religious impressions of the Jews presented another obstacle. They believed their religion to come immediately from God. With them, civil and religious laws were the same. Their national concerns, their religious ceremonies, and the occupations of private life, were regulated by the same rules. The *religion* of the Jews mingled with all their intercourse, and gave a tone to their thoughts, their habits, their manners. In this consisted the whole compass of their education. It was an entire system of law and morality, of faith and piety. No Jew had any conception that it could be improved or altered. It was the glory of his nation, the foundation of its present existence, and the hope of its future greatness and prosperity. With these impressions, nothing could be more remote from the minds and feelings of the Jews, than that any change was either necessary or possible in their religion.

5. But these are a part only of the obstacles with which the Christian religion had to contend. It was also to be preached to the Gentiles. And what was there in its character to recommend it to them ? Or, rather, what was there which was not at war with all their prejudices, prepossessions, and religious ceremonies ? In the first place, the Jewish nation itself had become a by-word to the rest of the world. Their customs, and the exclusive nature of their laws, had raised barriers between them and every other nation. The contempt with which they affected to regard their neighbors was returned in full measure.

6. Next, the character which Christ sustained while on earth was not one which would command the respect of the Gentiles, any more than the Jews. How could they believe the divine nature and authority of his doctrines, when they had no knowledge of the God of Israel, by whose power he acted, and by whose spirit he was enlightened ? Confirmed in a mythology and worship of their own, which were rendered sacred by the most

cherished associations, and all that was dear to them in the memory of their ancestors, how could they believe that a Jew of Nazareth had been sent from heaven to proclaim a system of divine truths, that should overthrow and root up the system which they regarded with so much veneration, and that should work an entire revolution in the morals, manners, and religion of the world ?

7. Again, the manner in which Christ died was calculated to excite abhorrence in the minds both of the Jews and the heathens, or Gentiles. The death of the cross was one to which only the worst of criminals were condemned. No doctrine could have been proposed to the people at which they would so suddenly revolt, and which they would so immediately reject, as the doctrine of the cross. And yet this doctrine was a prominent feature in the preaching of the apostles. No doctrine could be more unpopular, or do greater violence to the prejudices of all parties, — the high and low, the wise and ignorant ; yet the apostles persevered in preaching it ; they resorted to no schemes of compromise ; they maintained a stern integrity, and firm adherence to truth, without yielding to the vices, the follies, or the weaknesses of men. They preached the gospel as it had been delivered to them by their divine Master, leaving it to find its own way into the heart and the understanding, without attempting to remove or diminish the vast obstacles, which stood like the mountains of ages to oppose its progress.

8. It may be added, also, that the moral character and the purifying spirit of the Christian religion, its precepts and commands, were totally at variance with the morals and manners of the whole world at that period ; so that the religion of Jesus had not only to contend with the prejudices, the firmly-rooted opinions, and the hereditary customs of all nations, but also their passions, their vices, their inclinations, their worldly propensities, and worldly affections.

*Christian Martyrs.* — SAURIN.

1. Speak, ye martyrs of Jesus Christ, tell us what influence the infinite God has over the soul. Be ye our divines and philosophers. What did ye feel, when, penetrating through a shower of stones, ye cried, "Behold, we see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God"? What did ye feel, when, experiencing all the rage of a cruel Nero, ye exulted, — "We rejoice in hope of the glory of God"? But this is not the whole of the believer's joy. The expectation of arriving at great happiness by means of tribulation, may naturally produce a patient submission to tribulations. But here is something more. "We rejoice," says St. Paul, "in hope of the glory of God. And not only so," adds he, (weigh this expressive sentence, my brethren,) "not only so;" it is not only "the hope of the glory of God" that supports and comforts us; "not only so; but we glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope; and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us."

2. What did ye feel, when your executioners, not being able to obtain your voluntary adoration of their idols, endeavored to obtain it by force; when, refusing to offer that incense which they had put into your hands, ye sang, "Blessed be the Lord, who teacheth our hands to war and our fingers to fight"? What did ye feel, when, wrapping your heads in the few rags that persecution had left you, ye refused to look at the worship of idols, and patiently submitted to be bruised with bastinadoes, condemned to the galleys, and chained to the oars? What did ye feel, when, in that painful situation, ye employed the remainder of your strength to look upward, and to adore the God of heaven and earth?

3. It is God who supports his creature amidst all these torments, and he alone can infinitely diversify and extend his sensibility. None but he can excite in the soul those ineffable pleasures of which we have no ideas, and which we can express by no names,



but which will be the objects of our eternal praises, if they be the objects of our present faith and hope. It is God, and only God, who can communicate happiness in this manner. None of this power is in the hand of man. "Who art thou," spiritual creature, "to be afraid of a man?"

*Cure of Melancholy.* — WILCOX.

1. Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?  
Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold?  
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?  
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold:  
'Tis when the rose is wrapp'd in many a fold  
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there  
Its life and beauty; not when, all unrolled,  
Leaf after leaf, its bosom rich and fair  
Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.
2. Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,  
Lest these lost years should haunt thee on the night  
When death is waiting for thy numbered hours  
To take their swift and everlasting flight;  
Wake ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite,  
And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed;  
Do something — do it soon — with all thy might;  
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,  
And God himself inactive were no longer blessed.
3. Some high or humble enterprise of good  
Contemplate till it shall possess thy mind,  
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,  
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined;  
Pray Heaven with firmness thy whole soul to bind  
To this thy purpose — to begin, pursue,  
With thoughts all fixed and feelings purely kind,

Strength to complete, and with delight review,  
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

4. No good of worth sublime will Heaven permit  
To light on man as from the passing air ;  
The lamp of genius, though by nature lit,  
If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,  
Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare ;  
And learning is a plant that spreads and towers  
Slow as Columbia's aloe, proudly rare,  
That 'mid gay thousands, with the suns and showers  
Of half a century, grows alone before it flowers.
5. Has immortality of name been given  
To them that idly worship hills and groves,  
And burn sweet incense to the queen of heaven !  
Did NEWTON learn from fancy, as it roves,  
To measure worlds, and follow where each moves ?  
Did HOWARD gain renown that shall not cease,  
By wanderings wild that nature's pilgrim loves ?  
Or did PAUL gain heaven's glory and its peace,  
By musing o'er the bright and tranquil isles of Greece ?
6. Beware lest thou, from sloth, that would appear  
But lowliness of mind, with joy proclaim  
Thy want of worth ; a charge thou couldst not hear  
From other lips, without a blush of shame,  
Or pride indignant ; then be thine the blame,  
And make thyself of worth ; and thus enlist  
The smiles of all the good, the dear to fame ;  
'Tis infamy to die and not be missed,  
Or let all soon forget that thou didst e'er exist.
7. Rouse to some work of high and holy love,  
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know, —

Shalt bless the earth while in the world above ;  
The good begun by thee shall onward flow  
In many a branching stream, and wider grow ;  
The seed that, in these few and fleeting hours,  
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,  
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,  
And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers.

*Sunset in September.* — WILCOX.

The sun now rests upon the mountain tops —  
Begins to sink behind — is half concealed —  
And now is gone : the last faint, twinkling beam  
Is cut in twain by the sharp rising ridge.  
Sweet to the pensive is departing day,  
When only one small cloud, so still and thin,  
So thoroughly imbued with amber light,  
And so transparent, that it seems a spot  
Of brighter sky, beyond the farthest mount,  
Hangs o'er the hidden orb ; or where a few  
Long, narrow stripes of denser, darker grain,  
At each end sharpened to a needle's point,  
With golden borders, sometimes straight and smooth,  
And sometimes crinkling like the lightning stream,  
A half hour's space above the mountain lie ;  
Or when the whole consolidated mass,  
That only threatened rain, is broken up  
Into a thousand parts, and yet is one,  
One as the ocean broken into waves ,  
And all its spongy parts, imbibing deep  
The moist effulgence, seem like fleeces dyed  
Deep scarlet, saffron light, or crimson dark,  
As they are thick or thin, or near or more remote,  
All fading soon as lower sinks the sun,  
Till twilight end. But now another scene,  
To me most beautiful of all, appears :

The sky, without the shadow of a cloud,  
Throughout the west is kindled to a glow  
So bright and broad, it glares upon the eye,  
Not dazzling, but dilating with calm force  
Its power of vision to admit the whole.  
Below, 'tis all of richest orange dye ;  
Midway, the blushing of the mellow peach  
Paints not, but tinges the ethereal deep ;  
And here, in this most lovely region, shines,  
With added loveliness, the evening star.  
Above, the fainter purple slowly fades,  
Till changed into the azure of mid-heaven.

Along the level ridge, o'er which the sun  
Descended, in a single row arranged,  
As if thus planted by the hand of art,  
Majestic pines shoot up into the sky,  
And in its fluid gold seem half-dissolved.  
Upon a nearer peak, a cluster stands  
With shafts erect, and tops converged to one,  
A stately colonnade, with verdant roof ;  
Upon a nearer still, a single tree,  
With shapely form, looks beautiful alone ;  
While, farther northward, through a narrow pass  
Scooped in the hither range, a single mount  
Beyond the rest, of finer smoothness seems,  
And of a softer, more ethereal blue,  
A pyramid of polished sapphire built.

But now the twilight mingles into one  
The various mountains ; levels to a plain  
This nearer, lower landscape, dark with shade,  
Where every object to my sight presents  
Its shaded side ; while here upon these walls,  
And in that eastern wood, upon the trunks  
Under thick foliage, reflective shows  
Its yellow lustre. How distinct the line  
Of the horizon, parting heaven and earth !

*Misery of an Ignorant Old Age.* — FELLTHAM.

1. As old age is not only a collection of diseases, but even a disease of itself, and, by the decree which Providence hath passed upon man, incurable save by death, the best thing next to a remedy is, a diversion or an abatement of the malady. The cold Corelian cannot change his clime; yet, by firs and fires, he can preserve himself in a boisterous winter. The drum and fife can sometimes drown the battle's noise, when there is no way to escape it. And what thing is there within the fathom of man's industry that can so well support him under the decays and infirmities of age, as knowledge, study, and meditation? With this, a man can feast at home alone, and in his closet put himself into whatever company shall best please him — with youth's vigor, age's gravity, beauty's pleasantness, with peace or war, as best he likes.

2. Virtuous study will relieve the tediousness of decrepit age, and the divine raptures of contemplation will beguile the weariness of the pillow and the chair. It makes him not unpleasing to the young, revered by the aged and beloved by all.

3. A gray head with a wise mind, enriched by learning, is a treasury of grave precept, experience, and wisdom. It is an oracle to which the lesser wise resort to know their fate. He that can read and meditate, need not think the evening long, or life irksome; it is, at all times, a fit employment and a particular solace to him who is bowed down with years. Without this, an old man is but the lame shadow of what he once was. They honor him too far that say that he is twice a child. There is something in children that carries a becoming prettiness with it, which is pleasing and of grateful relish. But ignorant old age is the worst picture that time can draw of man. It is a barren vine in autumn; a leaky vessel, ready to fall to pieces at every remove; a map of mental and corporeal weakness; not pleasing to others, and a burden to himself. His ignorance and imbecility condemn him to idleness, which, to the active soul, is more irksome than any employment.



4. What can such a one do, when strength of limb shall fail, and the love of those pleasures which helped him to misspend his youth, shall, through time and languid age, become dull and blunted? Abroad he cannot stir to amuse himself with what passes in the world; nor will others be fond of coming to him, when they shall find nothing but a man composed of diseases and complaints, who, for want of knowledge, hath not discourse to keep reason company. Like the cuckoo, he may be left to his own moulting in some hollow cell; but since the voice of his spring is gone, (which yet was all the note he had to take us with,) he is no longer listened to, and in his melancholy hole he lazeth his life away.

5. If study were valuable for nothing else, yet it would be highly so for this — that it makes a man his own companion, without either the charge or the cumber of company. He is neither obliged to humor nor to flatter. He may hear his author speak as far as he likes, and leave him when he does not please him, nor will he be angry though he be not of his opinion. It is also the guide of youth, to manhood a companion, and to old age a cordial and an antidote. If I die to-morrow, my life to-day will be somewhat the sweeter for knowledge. The answer was good which Antisthenes gave, when he was asked what fruit he had reaped of all his studies. “By them,” said he, “I have learned both to live and discourse with myself.”

*Consequences of abolishing the Sabbath.* — J. S. STONE.

1. Yes, — abolish the Sabbath, and you obliterate from the soul that crowd of delightful, holy, and sanctifying associations, which now cluster around the peaceful day, and throw into its evening meditations, and on the memory of its scenes, the godly man's fairest type and brightest anticipations of his REST in heaven. Abolish the Sabbath, and the ordinances of grace close their channels and cease to bless; the sound of social and public prayer is hushed; and the authoritative publication of God's word sends no ray of light, no arrow of truth, into the darkened sinner's heart.

2. Abolish the Sabbath, and the blooming promises of the Sabbath school are blasted, the minds of its myriads of young immortals revert again to untaught, unblessed ignorance and sin: asylums and hospitals, those offsprings of Christianity, fall into ruins; and the blind, and deaf, and dumb, the diseased, and lame, and lunatic, wander the earth once more, with scarce a gift from charity; while institutions for the spread of the gospel through tracts, and Bibles, and missionaries of the cross, perish, with the zeal that now supports them, from the church of Christ; and the dark clouds of error, superstition, and blood, which we now see rolling away from heathen lands, settle back again to drench those lands in misery.

3. Abolish the Sabbath, and — how shall I finish the picture? Man forgets or denies his God; the Bible is burned amidst the orgies of blasphemy; religion is banished from earth to heaven; and human society either reverts to the barbarism of idolatry, in which the soul, rendered almost irrational, offers its prayers and praises, bows down in blind adoration, and presents its sacrifices, and human victims, and spoils of chastity, to molten images, and reptiles, and devils; or falls back upon that state of civil anarchy and confusion, in which, though the light of science and philosophy may shine, yet the light of heavenly truth is extinguished, and the wild passions of men let loose, while crime and bloodshed and war shake thrones and kingdoms, and confound the elements of society in one wide waste of moral chaos!

4. All this is not bare conjecture. The world has already looked with the eye of sober experience on a great part of the scene, as connected with a temporary abolition of the Sabbath near the beginning of the French revolution, yet fresh in the memory of living multitudes. That abolition was not, indeed, the single cause of all the atrocities which followed. But the Sabbath was one of the great barriers which stood in the way of their furious outbursting; and it must needs be swept down before the floods of irreligion, impiety, and civilized butchery could rush, unopposed, through the land. And if its abolition had become both universal and perpetual, nothing could have saved the human

race from all that has been described, but as plain a miracle as that in which “the sun stood still upon Gibeon, and the moon in the Valley of Ajalon!”

5. The Sabbath, in the sanctions of its divine authority, and in the influence of its stated sanctification, is one of the main props that uphold the existence of the true religion, and of a knowledge of the true God; that sustain a good public moral conscience, and that support the broad and lofty fabric of human society and of civil government. To the church of Christ the Sabbath is an Ararat amidst a deluge of sin. So long as it stands unmoved, the ark of the Christian’s hope rests in safety on its top, bearing high the families of the faithful above the wasting flood, and preserving them for a renovated world in eternity. And to the whole race of man it is a Bethel on the plains of Canaan. It opens to them not only “the house of God,” but also the gate of heaven. Annihilate the Sabbath, and that gate is shut. The influences of God, like angels of mercy, no longer ascend and descend to comfort and to bless his creatures.

6. Would God, then, that this subject could be impressed, in all its solemnity and power, on the hearts of all orders of men — upon rulers and subjects, upon high and low, upon rich and poor. The result would be peace, prosperity, and permanency to all the institutions of our country, civil and religious. A day bright with hope would dawn on the world. And the example of statesmen, of philosophers, and of humbler Christians, would make the Sabbath what it was designed to be, and from its blessed influences draw down millennial rest and glory upon man!

*Thanksgiving.* — J. HAMILTON.

1. Adoration is devout meditation on what Jehovah *is*, — the praise of the divine perfections. Thanksgiving is delighted meditation on what the Lord has *done* for us or others, — praise for his mercies. Such praise is “comely.” Just as there is meanness in constant murmuring, so there is a gracefulness and majesty in habitual gratitude. And it is “pleasant.” It is not the full purse

or the easy calling, but the full heart, the praising disposition, which makes the blessed life ; and of all personal gifts, that man has got the best who has received the quick-discerning eye, the promptly-joyful soul, the ever-praising spirit.

2. And, my dear friends, in searching for the materials of gratitude, you have not far to go. If you have a lawful pursuit,—a business to which, with a clear conscience, you can devote your energy,—and a possession which raises you above the woes of penury ; if you have contentment within, and affection around, you are a wealthy and a favored man. Your daily lot may well be your daily wonder ; and when other texts are exhausted, you may find a theme for thanksgiving in your very home—an *hosanna* in the blazing hearth, and a *jubilate* in each joyful voice and merry sound that echoes through your dwelling.

3. But there are signal mercies, memorable interpositions, and marvellous deliverances, which should be signalized by memorable thanksgivings. Remarkable interpositions are rare, but that life is rarer in which there has been no remarkable rescue—no signal interposition of Providence. Just see. Is there any one here present whose life has moved so smoothly that no accident ever endangered it, and that he cannot quote the time when there was but a hair-breadth betwixt him and death ? The boat was upset, but you were saved. You intended going by the vessel that foundered at sea, but were unaccountably hindered. You passed along, and three seconds afterwards the tottering wall crashed down. You still preserve the hat that was grazed by the bullet, or the book that received the shot instead of yourself. And how did you feel at the time ?

4. When you fell from the precipice, or were thrown headlong from your startled steed, and rose uninjured, did all your bones say, “ Who is like unto thee, O Lord ” ? When you just escaped the fatal missile, was gratitude to your gracious Preserver your first emotion ? or did you merely thank your stars and congratulate yourself on your singular luck ? And when the active arm saved you from drowning, or from being crushed to death in the crossing, when deposited on the place of safety, you were pale, or you

laughed wildly, or you clung to the arm of your deliverer, for the danger was dreadful ; but have you since praised the Lord for *his* goodness, and for his wonderful work in saving you then ? And do you adoringly remember it still ? “ Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.”

*Ministerial Example.* — G. SPRING.

1. Not a few of the moral defects of ministers depend upon their natural temperament. Those who have the fewest imperfections are not always the best men ; and for the obvious reason that they may have the fewest excellences. They may not be capable, from their natural temperament, of possessing strong and striking excellences ; and on this account their imperfections may be comparatively few. It may be difficult to detect them in an imprudent or an idle word, because their disposition is naturally retiring and taciturn, and they rarely speak at all, except in the pulpit. You may not be able to reproach them with rash or imprudent conduct, because they are men of shrinking diffidence, and, instead of throwing themselves amid scenes of exciting interest, they leave such scenes to men of a different spirit.

2. Well do I remember a minister in this community, now gathered to his fathers, who, if judged by his imperfections, would meet a severe verdict ; but who, when estimated by his excellences, has scarcely left his equal behind him. I loved and honored him, because, whoever else was backward, he was always ready with his hand, his heart, his time, and his money, for every good word and work. There may be quite as much of the power of godliness in the more animated as in the more tame ; while there may be, and ordinarily are, more visible imperfections in the former than in the latter. Men there have been who have deeply mourned over these constitutional exposures ; while it is quite obvious they would not have possessed the manly and vigorous piety for which they were distinguished, nor have achieved that which they were raised up to achieve, without them.



3. There were natural traits in the character of the apostle Peter which rendered him rash and presumptuous, and which led to his fall ; yet, had he been more phlegmatic and cold, while he would have avoided the infamy of denying his Master, he never would have so proved himself his self-denying and enthusiastic disciple. Imperfections there were in the character of Martin Luther ; and they were imperfections which a certain class of men in our own day would have severely rebuked ; nay, some modern churches would have called him to account for them. But without the natural temperament to which they are obviously to be attributed, he never would have been the distinguished reformer. We forget his errors when we read his commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians, and see him before the diet at the city of Worms. He might have been as mild and circumspect as Melancthon, and Protestantism might have been strangled in its cradle.

4. We are no believers in an unsocial Christianity ; nor do we desire to see its ministers unsocial and cheerless. This might be in keeping with the dark ages of Rome, but it has no alliance with the cheered spirit of the gospel. Cheerlessness is not piety ; gloom and depression are not piety. Some of the best, and most devoted, and most successful ministers I have ever known, have been distinguished for their attractive cheerfulness.

5. There are not wanting those who impugn the character of the Christian ministry, because they do not carry the *solemnity* of the pulpit into all the scenes of social life. Many, indeed, are the scenes of social life where the solemnity of the pulpit is called for ; nor in any of them are the dignity and proprieties of the ministerial character unfitting. But as well might secular time be transformed into the Sabbath, and the busy scenes of the world into the formal services of the sanctuary, as the emotions of the pulpit pervade the uniform intercourse of a minister either with the people of God or the men of the world. Levity and worldliness are sufficiently out of place in him who is an ambassador of God to guilty men ; but affected solemnity is even worse.

6. Ministers there are who are so solemn that you never see a

smile, or a pleasant expression, upon their countenances ; they are absolutely *fearful*. There is no piety in this. Were an angel from heaven to dwell with men, his spirit and example would be a perpetual rebuke to such ministers. Christianity, though of divine origin, is not the religion of angels ; it is ingrafted on the human nature. Angels would delight to be its preachers ; but the treasure is committed to men ; the whole arrangement is adapted to what is human ; and while its great object is to purify and elevate, it is no part of its design to terrify. It is not a sort of personified apathy, nor is it some ghostly messenger, that lives only among the tombs ; it moves among men as the messenger of Heaven's tenderest mercy ; and though, wherever it goes, it rebukes iniquity, its footsteps are radiant with light and love. It multiplies the joys of men, and only admonishes them that they may not be sinful joys.

*The Same, continued.*

1. We shall with difficulty be persuaded that we have given too much importance to these thoughts on the subject of ministerial example. It is in vain to talk about piety where there is not sterling value, and an example that is worthy of the gospel we preach. I would allow a minister every indulgence that is not sinful, and that is not hurtful to the souls of men. I would be bound by the code of a high morality, and hold myself responsible for every breach of it ; but I would not be bound by the caprices of men. We should be watchful, even in things that are lawful, not to throw a stumbling-block in the way of others. "All things are lawful for me," says Paul, "but all things are not expedient." He would not eat the flesh, nor drink the wine, offered in oblation on heathen altars, no, not "while the world standeth," if "it caused his brother to offend."

2. There is no part of a minister's example that may be deemed unimportant, which seriously affects the interests of religion in the world. We may think little of these things abstractly ; but they are of great moment in their bearing upon the cause of God. Men may be fatally led astray by the wrong impressions they

receive from the heedless and untender walk of Christian ministers. We may sometimes complain of restricted influence, when the fault is our own. If all the disciples of Christ ought to be "living epistles, known and read of all men," much more his ministers. We depreciate this method of teaching. Men are not to be instructed by records and proofs merely; they reject the divine testimony even when it is spread before their minds. But there is one species of evidence which they find it hard to resist; it is the consistent example of its ministers. There is no preaching like a holy life. It is a death-blow to the church of Rome, that so many of its ministers are ungodly and wicked men. No church can prosper without an exemplary ministry. Mitred heads and apostolical succession are little matters compared with "the things that are of good report."

3. We are humbled in view of some of the thoughts we have suggested, and therefore dwell on them, perhaps, to the weariness of our readers. It is not enough for ministers to be men of piety; it must be a piety that lives, and acts itself out. Preaching is not piety. Men will not give the pulpit credit for a religion which it does not exemplify; nor ought they to do so. It is not the eloquence of the pulpit alone that they look for. It is the silent eloquence of a heavenly example. The short epitaph inscribed by Nazianzen on the tomb of Basil, was, "His words were thunder, his life lightning."

4. Where the life of a minister is conformed to the law of God, and illustrates the power of his gospel; where the truth of Christ shines out in the walk and conversation; where the *whole* testimony which a minister bears is in favor of the gospel he preaches, and no part of it is arrayed against another part, but all bears the same witness,—it is not easily denied. The pulpit needs no more efficiency than that which, under the favor of its great Author, it possesses the means of exerting. Let it faithfully apply itself to these, and it lives only to bless the world. Its light is destined to shine not more in acts of splendid brilliancy, than in that steady, uniform brightness, which is lighted at the altar which is within the veil.

*Hymn to Death.* — W. HERBERT.

What art thou, O relentless visitant,  
Who, with an earlier or later call,  
Dost summon every spirit that abides  
In this our fleshly tabernacle? Death!  
The end of worldly sorrowing and joy,  
That breakest short the fantasies of youth,  
The proud man's glory, and the lingering chain  
Of hopeless destitution! the dark gate  
And entrance into that untrodden realm,  
Where we must all hereafter pass! Art thou  
An evil, or a boon? that some shrink back  
With shuddering horror from the dreaded range  
Of thine unmeasured empire; others plunge  
Unbidden, goaded by the sense of ill,  
Or weariness of being, into the abyss!  
And should we call those blest who journey on  
Upon this motley theatre, through life  
Successful, unto the allotted term  
Of threescore years and ten, even so strong,  
That they exceed it? or those who are brought down  
Before their prime, and, like the wingéd tribes,  
Ephemeral, children of the vernal beam,  
Just flutter round the sweets of life and die? —  
An awful term thou art; and still must be,  
To all who journey to that bourn, from whence  
Return is none, and from whose distant shore  
No rumor has come back of good or ill,  
Save to the faithful; and even they but view  
Obscurely things unknown and unconceived,  
And judge not even, by what sense the bliss,  
Which they imagine, shall hereafter be  
Enjoyed or apprehended. And shall man  
Unbidden rush on that mysterious change,  
Which, whether he believe or mock the creed

Of those who trust, awaits him, and must bring  
Or good, or evil, or annihilate  
The sense of being, and involve him quite  
In darkness upon which no dawn shall break? —  
Fearful and dreaded must thy bidding be  
To such as have no light within, vouchsafed  
From the Most High, no reason for their hope;  
But go from this firm world into the void  
Where no material body may reside,  
By fleshly cares polluted, and unmeet  
For spiritual joy; and ne'er have known,  
Or, knowing, have behind them cast the love  
Of their Redeemer, who thine awful bonds,  
Grim Potentate, has broken, and made smooth  
The death-bed of the just through faith in him.  
How oft, at midnight, have I fixed my gaze  
Upon the blue, unclouded firmament,  
With thousand spheres illumined, each perchance  
The powerful centre of revolving worlds!  
Until, by strange excitement stirred, the mind  
Has longed for dissolution, so it might bring  
Knowledge, for which the spirit is athirst,  
Open the darkling stores of hidden time,  
And show the marvel of eternal things,  
Which, in the bosom of immensity,  
Wheel round the God of nature. Vain desire!  
Illusive aspirations! daring hope!  
Worm that I am,— who told me I should know  
More than is needful, or hereafter dive  
Into the counsel of the God of worlds?  
Or ever, in the cycle unconceived  
Of wondrous eternity, arrive  
Beyond the narrow sphere, by him assigned  
To be my dwelling wheresoe'er? Enough  
To work in trembling my salvation here,  
Waiting thy summons, stern, mysterious Power,



Who to thy silent realm hast called away  
All those whom nature twined around my breast  
In my fond infancy, and left me here  
Denuded of their love ! Where are ye gone ?  
And shall we wake from the long sleep of death,  
To know each other, conscious of the ties  
That linked our souls together, and draw down  
The secret dewdrop on my cheek, whene'er  
I turn unto the past ? or will the change  
That comes to all, renew the altered spirit  
To other thoughts, making the strife or love  
Of short mortality a shadow past,  
Equal illusion ? Father, whose strong mind  
Was my support, whose kindness as the spring  
Which never tarries ! mother, of all forms  
That smiled upon my budding thoughts most dear !  
Brothers ! and thou, mine only sister ! gone  
To the still grave, making the memory  
Of all my earliest time a thing wiped out,  
Save from the glowing spot, which lives as fresh  
In my heart's core, as when we last in joy  
Were gathered round the blithe paternal board !  
Where are ye ? Must your kindred spirit sleep  
For many a thousand years, till by the trump  
Roused to new being ? Will affections then  
Burn inwardly, or all our loves gone by  
Seem but a speck upon the roll of time,  
Unworthy our regard ? This is too hard  
For mortals to unravel, nor has He  
Vouchsafed a clew to man, who bade us trust  
To him our weakness, and we shall wake up  
After his likeness, and be satisfied.

*Heaven.* — MRS. MILES.

The earth all light and loveliness, in summer's golden bowers,  
Smiles in her bridal vesture clad, and crowned with festal flowers,  
So radiantly beautiful, so like to heaven above,  
We scarce can deem more fair that world of perfect bliss and love.  
Is this a shadow faint and dim of that which is to come ?  
What shall the unveiled glories be of our celestial home,  
Where waves the tree of life, where streams of bliss gush free,  
And all is glowing in the light of immortality ?

To see again the home of youth, when weary years have passed,  
Serenely bright, as when we turned and looked upon it last ;  
To hear the voice of love ; to meet the rapturous embrace ;  
To gaze through tears of gladness on each dear familiar face, —  
O, this indeed is joy, though here we meet again to part ;  
But what transporting bliss awaits the pure and faithful heart,  
When it shall meet the loved and lost, those who have gone before,  
Where every tear is wiped away, where partings come no more !

When on devotion's seraph wing the spirit soars above,  
And feels thy presence, Father, Friend, God of eternal love,  
Joys of the earth, ye fade away before the living ray  
Which gives to the rapt soul a glimpse of pure and perfect day ;  
A gleam of heaven's own light, though now its brightness scarce  
appears

Through the dim shadows which are spread around this vale of tears.  
But thine unclouded smile, O God, fills that all-glorious place  
Where we shall know as we are known, and see thee face to face.

*The United States.* — BANCROFT.

1. The United States of America constitute an essential portion of a great political system, embracing all the civilized nations of the earth. At a period when the force of moral opinion is rapidly increasing, they have the precedence in the practice and the

defence of the equal rights of man. The sovereignty of the people is here a conceded axiom, and the laws, established upon that basis, are cherished with faithful patriotism. While the nations of Europe aspire after change, our constitution engages the fond admiration of the people, by which it has been established. Prosperity follows the execution of even justice ; invention is quickened by the freedom of competition ; and labor rewarded with sure and unexampled returns. Domestic peace is maintained without the aid of a military establishment ; public sentiment permits the existence of but few standing troops, and those only along the seaboard and on the frontiers. A gallant navy protects our commerce, which spreads its banners on every sea, and extends its enterprise to every clime.

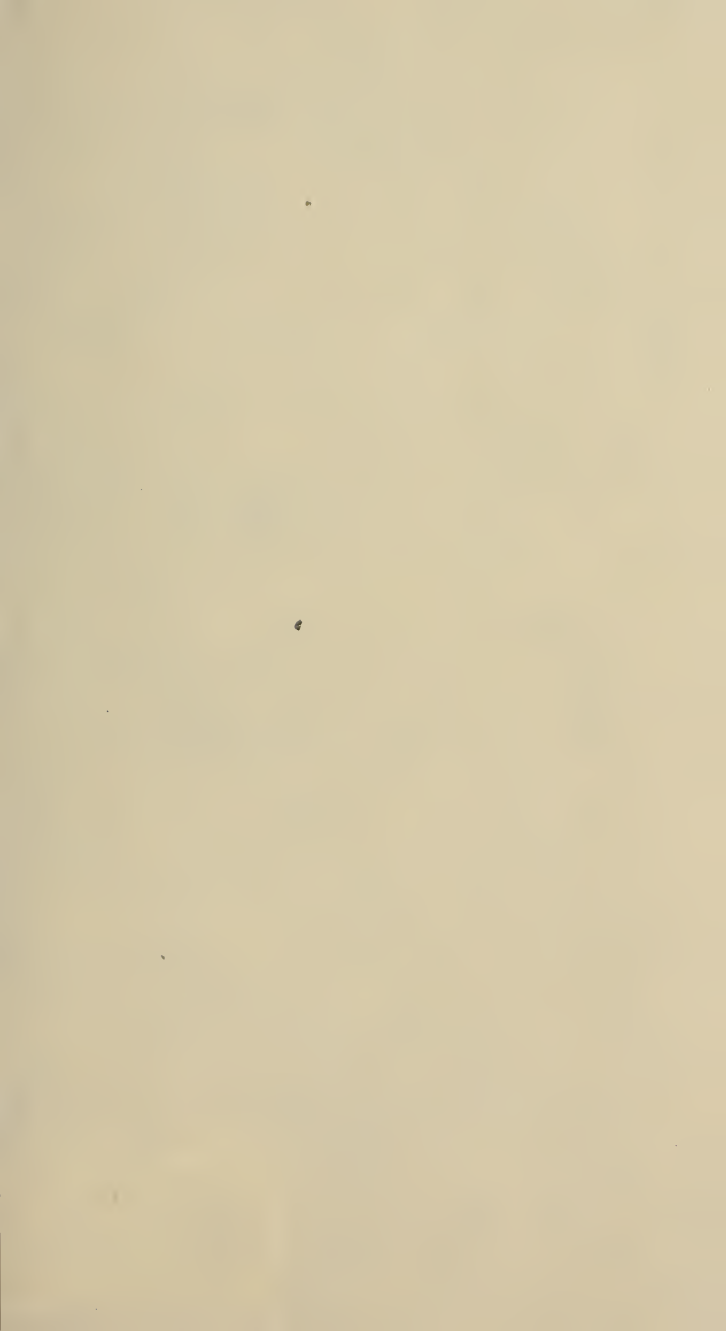
2. Our diplomatic relations connect us on terms of equality and honest friendship with the chief powers of the world, while we avoid entangling participation in their intrigues, their passions, and their wars. Our national resources are developed by an earnest culture of the arts of peace. Every man may enjoy the fruits of his industry ; every mind is free to publish its convictions. Our government, by its organization, is necessarily identified with the interests of the people, and relies exclusively on their attachment for its durability and support. Even the enemies of the state, if there are any among us, have liberty to express their opinions undisturbed, and are safely tolerated, where reason is left free to combat their errors.

3. Nor is the constitution a dead letter, unalterably fixed ; it has the capacity for improvement ; adopting whatever changes time and the public will may require, and safe from decay, so long as that will retains its energy. New states are forming in the wilderness ; canals, intersecting our plains and crossing our highlands, open numerous channels to internal commerce ; manufactures prosper along our watercourses ; the use of steam on our rivers and railroads annihilates distance by the acceleration of speed. Our wealth and population, already giving us a place in the first rank of nations, are so rapidly cumulative, that the former is increased fourfold, and the latter is doubled, in every period of twenty-two or twenty-three years.

4. There is no national debt ; the community is opulent, the government economical, and the public treasury full. Religion, neither persecuted nor paid by the state, is sustained by the regard for public morals and the convictions of an enlightened faith. Intelligence is diffused with unparalleled universality ; a free press teems with the choicest productions of all nations and ages. There are more daily journals in the United States than in the world beside. A public document of general interest is, within a month, reproduced in at least a million of copies, and is brought within the reach of every freeman in the country.

5. An immense concourse of emigrants, of the most various lineage, is perpetually crowding to our shores ; and the principles of liberty, uniting all interests by the operation of equal laws, blend the discordant elements into harmonious union. Other governments are convulsed by the innovations and reforms of neighboring states ; our constitution, fixed in the affections of the people, from whose choice it has sprung, neutralizes the influence of foreign principles, and fearlessly opens an asylum to the virtuous, the unfortunate, and the oppressed of every nation.

6. And yet it is but little more than two centuries since the oldest of our states received its first permanent colony. Before that time, the whole territory was an unproductive waste. Throughout its wide extent the arts had not erected a monument. Its only inhabitants were a few scattered tribes of feeble barbarians, destitute of commerce and of political connection. The axe and the ploughshare were unknown. The soil, which had been gathering fertility from the repose of centuries, was lavishing its strength in magnificent but useless vegetation. In the view of civilization the immense domain was a solitude.





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